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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

EDINBURGH:
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Drawn by Dr Memes from a Sketch by David — Engd by W H Lizars

NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY.

TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

CONSTABLE & Co. EDINBURGH 1831.

EMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," &c.

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

METTERNICH — VIEWS OF SOULT AND MURAT — BONAPARTE'S LETTER TO FRANCIS — CAMPAIGN OF 1809 — PLANS OF THE ARCHDUKE — SCHILL — DUKE OF BRUNSWICK — PRISON OF CŒUR DE LION — SMUGGLING — DISTRESS — JEROME — STAPS THE ASSASSIN — HIS EXAMINATION AND CHARACTER — TREATY OF RAAB — DEMOLITION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE — RETURN TO PARIS — THE POPE CARRIED AWAY FROM ROME — AN EXCOMMUNICATION — MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON WITH MARIA LOUISA — COMMERCIAL DECREES.

The empire of Bonaparte was based only upon his sword; and it seemed as if all Europe must rise in arms to second his gigantic ambition. Contingents of troops were demanded from the German states, and this gave rise to an immense correspondence at least. But, as it was impossible to satisfy his requisitions, notes and orders were consigned to the portfolio, and the troops remained in their country. What folly to look for resources in the North against the North! At this time Metternich, since so well

known, had for more than a year filled the situation of Austrian envoy at Paris, and seconded, by grace in the drawing-room, his more profound address in the cabinet. His object was to encourage the resentful tone of spirit at home, to which the absence of French troops from Germany, and the contest in Spain, gave still greater energy, with better hopes. Russia, too, was sounded: but, occupied as the Russians then were with the Swedes and Turks, Austria could count upon her neutrality, if not assistance. In truth, Russia must have rejoiced to behold France once more engaged in mortal struggle with Austria; and would, without doubt, have profited by her success, to fall upon a recent enemy, who had *constrained* her to peace. It is inconceivable, then, how, in this state of affairs, Napoleon could have been so blinded to the relations between these two powers, as to claim the assistance of Russia in his contest with Austria. The accession of the Emperor Alexander to the interview at Erfurth, was rather an act of courtesy than of policy.

In fine, all that passed on the Continent wrought to the advantage of England. The continental powers were exhausting their forces in wars against France; while France, herself, notwithstanding the immensity of her resources, and the indefatigable activity of her chief, was failing amid her very triumphs. The English had been driven from Spain, but had returned. They selected Portugal as their place of landing, which country had, in fact, become as a colony to them, and thence marched against Marshal Soult. The marshal left Spain to meet them. Any other than Soult would, perhaps, have been thrown into embarrassment, how to surmount the obstacles which he had to combat. Much has been said of his desire to proclaim himself king of Portugal. Bernadotte informed me, in passing through Hamburg, that there had been much discussion on the subject at head-quarters, after the battle of Wagram.

He gave no credit to the report, and I am pretty certain, Napoleon likewise disbelieved it. Soult had rendered too good service at Austerlitz, for the Emperor to lend an ear to such rumours. Nevertheless this affair still rests in obscurity, which cannot be removed till some person, fully acquainted with that intrigue, chooses to speak out freely. We do not write history by doubts, hints, and suppositions, but by actual disclosures, and established facts.

Since I have thus been led on to the chapter of *presumed* ambition, while engaged with so much of real aspirings, I may just state here what I know, with tolerable certainty, concerning Murat's hopes of succeeding the Emperor. The following are the facts: — When Romanzow returned from the unsuccessful mission to London, as already noticed, the Emperor was at Bayonne. Bernadotte, who had an agent (for whom, by the way, he paid soundly) at Paris, told me one day that his private despatch informed him of Murat's having expressed the idea that he might one day succeed. Flatterers encouraged Murat in this chimerical expectation, whence they hoped to derive something to their own profit. I know not to what extent the Emperor was informed, nor what he said of this news, but Bernadotte pledged himself for its truth. But, after all, it would be wrong to infer important conclusions from an expression probably uttered in the thoughtlessness of the moment, especially knowing Murat's vivacity of temperament, which often brought out imprudencies: the results, however, were always to be apprehended with one of Napoleon's disposition, who, thanks to the fashion of his service, could at any time easily dispose of a man, when he was, or deemed himself to be, somewhat important.

During the heat of the contest with Spain, which he directed in person, Napoleon learned, that Austria, for the first time, had called out her Landwehre, (militia.) I had previously received most valuable

intelligence on these movements through the director of the *Hamburg Correspondent*. That paper, circulating to the extent of sixty thousand copies, had its agents every where, and, among others, one of the functionaries in the war office at Vienna received for his information six thousand francs (£250) yearly. From this source we learned, that Austria was arming and calling in all the resources of her powerful monarchy. The despatches which I transmitted probably received also their corroboration from other quarters. Be this as it may, the Emperor now confided operations in the Peninsula to his generals, and set out for Paris, where he arrived in the end of January, 1809. He had been in Spain only since the commencement of November, and his presence had recalled victory to our standards. But, if the insurgent troops were defeated, the inhabitants, far from submitting, evinced more and more hostility to Joseph's cause, and it was by no means probable that he would ever sit in peace on the throne of Madrid.

I have already laid before the reader the letter from the Emperor of Austria, sent to Napoleon on the interview at Erfurth. The answer to that communication, dictated by a species of prophetic anticipation on the part of Napoleon, I preferred postponing till now, where its introduction falls in more directly with the train of events.

"Sir, my Brother,—I thank your imperial and royal majesty for the letter you have been pleased to write, and which Baron de Vincent has delivered to me. I never entertained a doubt of your majesty's honourable intentions; but for a moment I was not without fear of beholding hostilities renewed between us. There is, at Vienna, a faction which affects apprehension, in order to precipitate your cabinet into violent measures, which will be the cause of misfortunes greater than any that have preceded. As master, I was in a condition to have dismembered the

monarchy of your majesty, or at least to have left it less powerful. I desired not this. What your empire is, it is through my forbearance — the best proof this of our accounts being closed, and that I have no farther designs upon your territories. I am ever ready to guarantee the integrity of your majesty's monarchy. I never will undertake any thing adverse to the grand interests of your realm. Your majesty, however, ought not again to bring under discussion what has been settled by a war of fifteen years' duration; every thing tending to interrupt tranquillity is to be avoided. Your last levy might have provoked hostilities, had I apprehended a combination with Russia in these preparations. I have just broken up the camp of the Confederation. One hundred thousand of my troops are on their march for Boulogne, for the renewal of my projects against England. I had reason to believe, when I had the pleasure of seeing your majesty, and had concluded the treaty of Presburg, that our affairs were settled for ever, and that I might bend my whole attention to the maritime war, without being opposed or distracted. Let your majesty distrust all those who, by harping on the dangers of the monarchy, disturb your own peace, that of your family, and of your people; they alone are to be feared — they alone evoke the dangers which they pretend to dread. By an upright, frank, and candid bearing, your majesty will secure to your subjects and to yourself that happiness, of which, after so many troubles, there must be so much need; and be assured of having in me, a man decided never to undertake any thing against your leading interests. Let your transactions shew confidence, and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days is simplicity and truth. Let me beseech your majesty to explain any causes of uneasiness as they occur; I will instantly dissipate them. Let your majesty permit me one word more: your majesty should be guided by your own judgment — your own feelings; they are much

superior to those of your advisers. I entreat your majesty to construe my letter in good part, and to discover nothing therein which is not for the welfare and tranquillity of Europe, and of your majesty."

From the tone of superiority assumed by Napoleon in this letter, as if he had been writing to one of the petty princes of the Confederation, there could be little doubt of a new war quickly taking place. The whole was in a spirit calculated to rouse the offended pride of the representative of the Cæsars. But, for a time, the preparations of Francis, though upon the largest scale, were secret, and ostensibly defensive merely. Metternich, while he avoided all direct explanations, constantly averred, according to instructions, the peaceful desires of his court. Austria hesitated to step forth the first to the combat; but, at length, yielding to the overt solicitations of England, and the underhand instigations of Russia — above all, seduced by the subsidies of the former — she declared herself, and commenced hostilities, not against France, but against our allies of the Confederation of the Rhine.

The first declaration of hostile intentions occurred on the 9th April, 1809, in the shape of a note addressed by Prince Charles, commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, to the General of the French troops in Bavaria, and couched in these terms: —

"According to a declaration of his majesty the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor Napoleon, I advertise the general-in-chief commanding the French army in Bavaria, that I have an order to advance with the troops under my command, and to treat as enemies all those who shall oppose resistance."

A copy of this note was forwarded by a courier to Strasburg, and thence by telegraph to Paris. The Emperor, surprised, but not disconcerted, received the news at St Cloud, on the 11th of April, and, in two hours, was upon the road to Germany. The

complication of the affairs in which he now found himself engaged, seemed to give new impetus to his activity. When he appeared at the army in Bavaria, neither his troops, nor even his guard, had yet been able to transport themselves thither. He threw himself at the head of the Bavarians: in six days after Napoleon's departure from Paris, the army of the Archduke, who had passed the Inn, found itself menaced. The Emperor's head-quarters were at Donawerth, whence he addressed to his soldiers one of those brief, energetic proclamations, which effected prodigies; and this one alone, forwarded to me by an extraordinary courier, actually tranquillized the north of Germany, ready as all were to declare against him.

"Soldiers!—The territory of the Confederation has been violated. The Austrian general commanded us to flee the very aspect of his arms, and abandon our allies. I am here with the speed of lightning. Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the Austrian monarch came to my bivouac in Moravia: you heard him implore my clemency, and swear to me the amity of a brother. Victors as we were in three wars, Austria owes all to our generosity: triply is she perjured! Our past success holds forth a sure pledge of the victory that awaits us. Forward, then! and at your presence let our foes acknowledge their conquerors!"

I had now an explanation of the urgency of preceding demands for contingencies from the circle to which I was accredited. These, as already mentioned, were again and again reiterated in February, at the time when the camp of the Confederation had been broken up, and the French troops withdrawn, not for the purpose of encamping at Boulogne, as Napoleon had announced to the Emperor of Austria, but of being directed against Spain. All this vast complication of events doubtless proved fatal to Europe, and,

in the end, even to France, whatever might be her success, but supplied an occasion for a brilliant display of the Emperor's genius. In like manner as his favourite poet Ossian loved to strike his lyre amid the tempest, so political convulsion seemed to awaken redoubled energies in his own dark spirit.

During the campaign of 1809, and at its commencement especially, the advance of Napoleon was even more rapid than in the struggle of 1805. But I do not attempt a full detail of proceedings: I limit myself, as formerly, to recollections, interesting in themselves, little known, and which fell under my own knowledge; but which, at the same time, throw light upon the whole campaign. When the Emperor had been informed of the attack directed by the Austrians against Bavaria, his orders were instantly expedited to all officers commanding divisions, to hasten their march towards the theatre of action. The Prince of Ponte Corvo was called among the rest, and received the Saxons under his orders,—a situation with which he was by no means satisfied. Bonaparte never forgave the 18th Brumaire. "We are," writes Bernadotte to me, on the 6th, "in presence of the Austrians: they are very strong in Bohemia, and in my front; and I have scarcely got together fifteen thousand Saxons."*

The promptitude of Napoleon was never more necessary than during the campaign of 1809; his decision in marching upon Vienna was a masterstroke, and anticipated the plots, well laid as they were, in case of a check, to overturn his government in the north. England, intoxicated by some success in Portugal and Spain, had employed the whole machinery of her intrigues, and had arranged an expedition in our quarter, which the success of the grand army alone prevented. This expedition was to con-

* General Damas, an excellent man, who fell in the campaign of Moscow, was appointed to succeed Bernadotte as governor in Hamburg.—*Translator.*

sist of ten thousand men. Field artillery, clothing, muskets, and stores of every kind, were already collected in Heligoland, and Mr Canning had been written to by the Austrian cabinet, urging the descent. It was the Archduke's design, to concentrate, in the heart of Germany, a great mass of troops, composed of the corps of Generals Amende and Radozwowitz, and the English troops, who were to be joined by the expected insurgents, on their march through the northern states. The English cabinet would have wished that the Archduke had advanced a little way farther; but he preferred hazarding the diversion to compromising the safety of the monarchy, by departing from its habitual inactivity, and risking the passage of the Danube, in the face of an adversary never to be surprised, and who calculated all possible contingencies. To ensure the success of the expedition, however, Field-marshal Kienmacker was sent with a large reinforcement, and a numerous staff, to take the command in Saxony and Franconia, with directions to prosecute the invasion vigorously. In adopting this plan of campaign, the Archduke hoped that the Emperor of France would either detach a strong division to the support of his allies, or would leave them to their own defence. In the former case, the Archduke would have retained great superiority over the grand army, thus diminished; and, in the latter, all was prepared in Hesse, Hanover, and other northern states, for a revolt of the inhabitants, on the approach of the English and Austrian armies.

But all these arrangements were rendered naught, by the Emperor's new system of war, which consisted in pouncing upon the capital; thus paralysing the enemy in the very centre of his strength, and forcing him speedily to sue for peace. He was master of Vienna before England had even organized the intended expedition. In the commencement of July, indeed, the English did approach Cuxhaven, with twelve small vessels of war. Here they disembarked

four or five hundred seamen, with some fifty marines, and planted a standard upon one of the outworks. The day after this landing, the English in Denmark evacuated Copenhagen, after destroying a battery erected by the naval forces. On quitting Cuxhaven, they arrested Desarts, agent for the consulate at Hamburg, who, on being reclaimed as a citizen, was provisionally set at liberty by Lord Stuart.

But to return to the Emperor's progress. Setting out from Paris on the 11th, we have seen him, on the 17th, at Donawerth, in active operations at the head of the Bavarians: on the 23d, he was master of Ratisbon. In the engagement which preceded his entrance into that city, Napoleon was wounded in the heel; the hurt, slight indeed, could not induce him to quit for an instant the field of battle. Between Donawerth and Ratisbon, also, by a brilliant achievement, as skilful as it was daring, Davoust gained and merited his title of Prince of Eckmühl. Before quitting Ratisbon, the Emperor issued to his soldiers another of his brief addresses:—

"You have justified my anticipations, and have supplied numbers by bravery. In the course of a few days we have triumphed in the three battles of Thann, D'Abensberg, and Eckmühl, also in the engagements of Peissing, Ladshut, and Ratisbon. The enemy, intoxicated by a perjured cabinet, seemed to have no longer preserved any remembrance of us. You have shewn yourselves to be more terrible than ever. Lately our enemies had invaded the territories of our allies; but a little while, and they flattered themselves with carrying the war into the bosom of our country; to-day, defeated and terror-struck, they are in disordered flight. Already my advanced guard has passed the Inn: before a month, we shall be in Vienna."

Fortune seemed then to sport her favours in terms

of this boasting, for a month had not elapsed when another proclamation from the Emperor announced to his soldiers their entrance into the Austrian capital. But, while he was thus marching from triumph to triumph, we at Hamburg, and the places adjacent, had a neighbour whose presence inspired any thing but security. This was the famous Prussian partizan, Major Schill, who, after exercising his freebooting in Westphalia, had thrown himself into Mecklenburg, whence, as I learned, he designed to surprise our city. He had said in Westphalia, that in Hamburg should be paid the contributions levied from Jerome's kingdom. At the head of six hundred hussars, well mounted and full of audacity, with some fifteen hundred foot, badly armed, he carried the small fortress of Domitz, in Mecklenburg, on the 15th May. From this station he sent out parties, who raised contributions on both sides of the Elbe, stopped and plundered the public diligences, inquiring eagerly after news from England. This partizan inspired great terror in his progress; requisitions, when not granted, were taken by force. He advanced to Bergdorf, within twelve miles of Hamburg, capturing Wismar, summoning Stralsund, and forcing the Duke of Mecklenburg, though he had protected and granted lands to the officer, Count Moleke, who pursued him, to seek safety in flight. The alarm at Hamburg became general. Some even talked of bribing Schill to depart, but more firm counsels prevailed; I consulted with the magistracy, took measures for a defence, and sent, under a strong escort, into Holstein, the customhouse chest, with a million in gold. At the same time I despatched to Schill's leaguer a dexterous spy, who so frightened the marauder, bold as he was, by descriptions of our means and resolutions of defence, that, breaking up his camp, and, leaving us on his left, he marched upon Lubeck, which, being without defence, could offer none. A single hussar of his band had outstripped the main body, and, presenting himself alone at the gate, demanded admittance, and billets for two

or three thousand men, who were coming. The guard of the customhouse were about to fire upon this daring prowler, when he scampered off at full gallop. Such was the spirit of the foray. But Schill's farther progress was soon barred. Lieutenant-General Gratien set out from Berlin in pursuit, by order of the Prince of Neufchatel, with three thousand five hundred Swedes and Hollanders. These, some days after, having hemmed in his corps, at Stralsund, Schill defended himself to the last, and, after an engagement of two hours, the chief being killed, the whole band was destroyed or dispersed.

A war of brigandage, such as that carried on by Schill, cannot be honourably acknowledged by any power which respects itself; yet the English government, always on the watch to excite and support wars of sedition and marauding, sent to Schill the brevet of colonel, and the complete uniform of his new rank, with the assurance that his whole band should thenceforth be in the pay of England. This famous partizan had soon an imitator of a more elevated rank, in the Duke of Brunswick-Oels, who, in August of the same year, pursued an equally adventurous and more successful career. At the head of about two thousand men, more or less, he spread dismay along the left bank of the Elbe, and entered Bremen on the 5th. An officer of the Duke's presented himself at the house of the French consul, who had fled, and demanded two hundred louis, (£160,) otherwise he would give orders to pillage. The person who had been left in charge persuaded the officer to accept of eighty louis, for which the honest robber gave an acknowledgment in the duke's name. The Brunswickers, being pursued by the troops of Westphalia, under General Reubell, quitted Bremen on the evening of the 6th, endeavouring to gain Holland in all haste. On the 7th, the pursuers entered that town, and set out again in pursuit. Meanwhile, three to four thousand English disembarked at Cux-

haven, but, as before, without effecting any thing. The Duke of Brunswick, always pursued, had traversed Germany, from the confines of Bohemia to Elsfleth, a small sea-port on the left bank of the Weser, where he arrived on the 7th, one day's march in advance of his pursuers. Here he seized all the means of transport, and, embarking his troops, reached Heligoland in safety. General Reubell was very improperly disgraced, as if by his negligence the duke had escaped. This unjust punishment produced a bad effect upon the public mind.

Such is the history, or rather adventures, of two men, of whom the former was really remarkable for his dauntless bravery: they both inflicted much mischief, and might have opened all eyes to what the free bands of Germany would be able to achieve, when the day of her emancipation arrived.

Rapp, who had resumed his functions near the Emperor's person, as aide-de-camp, during the second campaign of Vienna, related to me one of those traits or judgments of Napoleon, which, from him, when compared with events which have since occurred, seemed like sympathetic foresights of his own destiny. One day, while a few marches from Vienna, the Emperor, who kept a guide by him to give the names of all the villages, and explain the smallest ruin which he passed on his march, perceived crowning an eminence the decayed remains of an ancient fortalice: "These," said the guide, "are the ruins of the castle of Diernstein." Napoleon suddenly stopped, assumed a meditative air, and continued for some time motionless, gazing on the ruins. Then turning to Marshal Lannes, who accompanied him on horseback, "Look," said the Emperor; "behold the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion. He, like us, went to Syria and Palestine. The Lion-Heart, my brave Lannes, was not braver than thou, though more fortunate than I, at Acre. A duke of Austria sold him to an emperor of Germany, who shut him up yonder. These were

the times of barbarism. How different from our civilization! It has been seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, when I could have made him my prisoner. Well, well; I shall treat him again exactly in the same way. Yet it is not I who will this—it is the age: crowned heads must now be respected. A conqueror in a stronghold!"*

A few days afterwards the Emperor was at the gates of Vienna; but, this once, access to the capital was not so easy as in 1805. The fortunate hardihood of Lannes then opened the gates; but the marshal's days were numbered; he fell soon after the conversation above, in the battle of Wagram. The Archduke Ferdinand, shut up in the city, determined on defending his post, though the French were already in possession of the principal suburbs. In vain were different flags of truce sent in; the bearers were not only refused admittance, but even maltreated, and one of them almost massacred by the populace. A bombardment then commenced, and the city was soon wrapt in flames. The Emperor, being informed

* Richard occupied at least two separate places of confinement,—the first Diernstein, and the second, whence he was ransomed, Gresshenstein. The latter stands upon a wooded and romantic steep, on the right bank of the Danube, closely overlooking its broad and rapid stream, here divided by numerous islands, and about twenty-five miles above Vienna. This feudal stronghold is still in good repair, and occasionally inhabited, for a week or two, as a hunting seat, by its noble owner, Prince Lichtenstein. A pilgrimage to this spot is remembered as a most delightful excursion. Richard's prison, a room in the second story of a square tower, with walls twelve feet thick, remains exactly as when "a king was its captive." In one angle still stands his bed, or rather *den*, built of squared oak beams; and round the walls are inscribed names in languages both of Europe and Asia. "Lionheart" I found to be a household word among the surrounding peasantry; and, from a maiden, who was seated by a murmuring brook, decking her head with wild flowers, and singing, I procured several stanzas, attributed, from time immemorial, to the English monarch.—*Translator.*

that one of the archduchesses had remained in Vienna detained by illness, gave orders to cease firing. Strange destiny of Napoleon! this archduchess was Maria Louisa! Vienna at last capitulated, and the Emperor then, as of old, established at Schœnbrunn, did not fail to remind his soldiers, in a new proclamation, what he had predicted in his last address:—

"Soldiers!—A month after the enemy had passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour, we entered Vienna. Landwehres, levies *en masse*, ramparts created by the powerless resentment of the princes of the house of Lorraine, have been unable to support your mere looks. The princes of that house leave their capital, not as soldiers of honour, who yield to the circumstances of war, but like perjured men pursued by their own remorse. Flying from Vienna, their adieus to its inhabitants were murder and conflagration. Like Medea, they have strangled their children with their own hands. Soldiers! the population of Vienna, using the words of the deputation from its suburbs, disheartened and abandoned, will become the objects of your attention. I take under my especial protection all the peaceable inhabitants; as to turbulent and wicked men, I shall make them examples of summary justice, Soldiers! be kind to the poor peasants—to that honest people who have so many claims to your esteem; let us cherish no pride of success; let us behold therein a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured!"

Who would have thought, after this proclamation, in which the Emperor of Austria was treated with so little respect, that the campaign would terminate in Napoleon becoming his son-in-law? Besides, I have always thought, that this mania of Bonaparte in insulting his enemies was bad policy; but my observations on this point were invariably ill received.

If, again, it be asked, why I thus convert to my

own purposes Napoleon's proclamations, while preserving a religious silence in respect to his bulletins? the answer is obvious: The former, with the exception of predictions not always verified, were founded in fact: they stated particulars known to those who had been personally actors; but the latter were intended for the people of France and foreign countries, and too well justified the proverb, "Mendacious as a bulletin."

But the Emperor had undertaken too many things at once, for these all equally to succeed. While engaged so prosperously in the heart of Germany, his commercial decrees were sadly infringed along its coasts. In some places, notwithstanding his beloved Continental System, things went on as in times of peace. And—commodities still more obnoxious than any other manufactured or imported by his enemy—her news and newspapers circulated, as if England and France had been on the best footing possible. At Hamburg, however, the acts were not so overt, but that, by secret means, colonial productions were smuggled in to a great extent. More than six thousand individuals chiefly of the populace, were employed in this contraband trade, going and returning twenty times in the day, between Altona and Hamburg, with goods so concealed, as decency prohibits my describing. I may mention two, however, out of many ingenious instances of more wholesale dealings. Between these towns lay a piece of ground, whence materials were brought to repair one of the principal streets of Hamburg. During the night, the sand pits were filled with brown sugar, which, of course, nearly resembled the paving materials in colour. With this sugar the small carts which conveyed these materials were filled, the load covered with paper, and a layer of sand, some inch thick, laid over the whole. The searching rods of the excisemen easily penetrated to the bottom; they saw nothing but sand, and the whole went on merrily. As may be supposed, the street

continued long under repair, those concerned being in no haste to mend their ways: and, as this happened to be the road to my country house, I complained of the delay without knowing the cause. The custom-house men made the same discovery, that the paving advanced with marvellous slowness; and seized, one luckless day, the whole of the carts. So it became necessary to fall upon some other contrivance.

Upon the right bank of the Elbe, between Altona and Hamburg lies a small village, inhabited by sailors, labourers in the harbour, and a considerable number of respectable proprietors. Their burial place is within the city of Hamburg. Well, it was observed that a more than ordinary number of hearses, but with all the proper decorations and customary rites, passed from this small place. Astonished at the extreme mortality which appeared suddenly to have fallen upon their worthy neighbours without the walls, the excise at length ventured to interrogate one of the defunct. Dead men, they say, tell no tales: and, truly, so it happened here, for, some how or other, the lamented deceased could not be found, though most amply provided in the commodities of coffee, sugar, vanilla, indigo, &c. Once more, a branch of trade was knocked up.

Penalties and confiscations overwhelmed the delinquents; but these did not prevent, sometimes even by force, the people from struggling against a fiscal barbarism, which, instead of injuring England, was bringing ruin on the Continent, by forcing us to pay four or five prices for colonial produce. But, jealous as he was, above all things, of what men said, no matter what they thought of him, Napoleon, during the campaign, sent me order upon order to watch the journals. At length I settled the matter, by obtaining, from the Syndic Censor, that nothing should be inserted in the journals of Hamburg, from the other newspapers of Germany, except such

articles as had previously appeared in the French journals!

My recollections of 1809 now carried me forward to another of Bonaparte's birth-days. He had introduced a new saint into the calendar under the name of St Napoleon, and appointed the festival for his own birth-bay, the 15th August. The coincidence of this date with the day of the Assumption, gave occasion to the most inconceivable adulation. Will my readers believe, that the words I am now to quote were pronounced from the pulpit? "God, in his sacred mercy, made choice of Napoleon to be his representative upon earth. The Queen of Heaven* has deigned to mark, by the most munificent of gifts, the anniversary of that day which witnessed her reception into the celestial mansions. Holy Virgin! it was not without an especial dispensation of thy love for the French, and of thine all powerful influence with thy Son, that, to the chief of these thy solemn days, should belong the birth of the great Napoleon. God decreed that from thy sepulchre should spring a hero!" I might treat to other specimens, but disgust withholds me; and certainly the episcopal mandaments of the empire would form a curious collection.

This 15th of August, so favourable to the growth and practice of flattery, was, on the present occasion, a most auspicious day for those personages who were named princes of Wagram, Esseling, and Eckmühl, and to seven others, created dukes at the same time. There was here something positive; yet have we vapid declaimers against such titles, recommended as they were by a good endowment. But let us see these men put to the proof,—would they have hesitated? *Credat Judæus!* I, too, had my luck on this day. After the ceremonial at Hamburg, I made a short excursion to Lubeck. During my brief stay

* So the Romish Church terms the Virgin Mary.

in that place, arrived a certain Pollon d'Alix, calling himself a native of Neufchatel, whose appearance, demeanour, and acquaintances liked me not. I felt a strong presentiment to arrest the man. This was a measure I had much repugnance to enforce, even in cases of actual culpability: still the presentiment was strong: I did order his arrest; which hardly effected, a letter reached me from Westphalia, having been expedited afterwards to Lubeck, recommending, by all means, to secure this said Pollon d'Alix, as a most dangerous person. He was introduced, with recommendations, to the police at Paris, who best know what became of him.

At this time the King of Westphalia was on a tour through his states, and had advanced to no great distance from Hamburg. Of all Bonaparte's brothers, he had been least known to me; and, of all the family, evidently possessed the smallest claims to personal esteem. I have in my possession only two of his letters, one of which, dated 23d November, 1802, is already before the reader.* The other, of the 6th September, 1809, runs as follows:—

"Monsieur Bourrienne,—I shall be at Hanover on the 10th: if it were possible for you to come there and pass twenty-four hours, it would be agreeable to me. I should then be able to remove all the difficulties which may arise in negotiating the loan which I wish to raise in the Hanse Towns. I have pleasure in believing that you will do all in your power to forward the affair. At the present moment, this loan, as respects my kingdom, is an operation of extreme importance. I offer *securities more than sufficient;* but it will be of no service to me unless granted for at least two years.

"JEROME NAPOLEON."

* See Vol. II. p. 186.

Now, I ask, is it not most amusing, on comparing these two letters, seven years distant in date, to find, that Jerome, lieutenant of a cutter, and Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia, had but one and the same object in writing,—to ask for money? The naval officer's concern was easily got over, at the expense of only a few epithets, lanched by the First Consul against *the dirty little rascal*, as he then termed Jerome; but the affair of his Majesty of Westphalia required more delicate management. Jerome wished to borrow from Hamburg the sum of three millions of francs, (£125,000;) but, notwithstanding his Westphalian Majesty's "more than sufficient securities," no lenders would untie their purse-strings. However, without employing my influence as minister of France, which I dared not do without consulting the Emperor, I prevailed upon the senate to grant one hundred thousand francs, towards paying the arrears due to his troops; and a farther sum of two hundred thousand, (in all £12,500,) for clothing and other necessaries, for his soldiers were in want of every thing. This will appear from the fact, that he first equipped twenty-five of his own body guard, the members of which had before been literally naked. The misery which at this time reigned throughout Germany, both among the allies and enemies of France, may be gathered from an expression of the King of Bavaria. I use his very words to one of the imperial household: "If things continue thus, we may shut shop, and put the key under the door."

Jerome, though sadly disappointed, seemed to consider himself under some obligation, and sent me, some days after, his portrait, in a box set with diamonds, with a letter, thanking me for what I had done for his unfortunate soldiers. This, I can safely say, gave me no pleasure, as I wished to have no favours from the Bonaparte family; but it never entered my brain to refuse the present of a crowned head. Napoleon was not of the same opinion. Courier after

courier brought reproaches for having accepted, without consulting him, and orders for me to return, "this mark of special regard," for so had I designated the miniature in a general despatch to the foreign minister. I sent back the box with the brilliants, and retained the portrait. Napoleon, however, had been led to apprehend that there was something irregular in the loan, which probably irritated him, and I had great trouble in proving, though he was at last convinced, that Jerome had behaved with all due propriety. As to the loan actually effected, the senators rejoiced in coming off so well; for they dreaded a visit from the Westphalian division, and that would have cost much more.

We return to Napoleon at Vienna; who, after the decisive battle of Wagram, became involved in apparently endless negotiations with Austria. His patience failing, he formed a plan to revolutionize and dismember Hungary; but, though the design was at this period maturely considered and even settled, the urgency of other affairs caused its being abandoned. I was not, however, surprised in the least on receiving the intelligence of the proposed revolution, for it only recalled one instance more of a return by the Emperor to the projects of Bonaparte, which I, myself, had assisted in raising. Thus, I had noted, that one evening, before the treaty of Campo-Formio, he said to Berthier and me,—"There might be something done with Hungary; if the Austrian government does not speedily come to a conclusion, an insurrection in that country would do no harm; and nothing can be more easy. The Hungarians have not the same apathy as the inhabitants of the other Austrian provinces."

While negotiations were going on, the Emperor visited all the corps of his army, and the field of battle of Wagram, which had lately witnessed one of those feats of arms, success in which is the more glorious that it has been bravely contested. In the camp

before Vienna, also, he instituted the order of the "Three Fleeces," an institution which was never practically realized. But he did not always amuse himself so harmlessly in conceiving designs; he now executed one which alienated many minds in France. Five days after the bombardment of Vienna, that is to say, on the 17th of May, Napoleon promulgated a decree, by which the Papal States were united to the empire, and Rome declared an imperial city. Whether this was good or bad policy, we shall see hereafter; meanwhile, it was a usurpation without courage, and, considering the individual relations which had subsisted between the parties, an act of base ingratitude.

At Vienna, too, Napoleon received intelligence of the disaster at Talavera de la Reyna. My letters from head-quarters described his being greatly affected, and making no secret of the pain inflicted by the loss thus sustained by his arms. I believe him to have been strongly attached to the conquest, just in proportion to its difficulties: this conquest he now beheld, if not wrested from his grasp, at least become doubtful in the dark chances of futurity. At Talavera, began also to be known in Europe the name of a man, who, perhaps, might not have been without some glory, had not a great reputation been attempted to be claimed for him. This formed the brilliant debût of Arthur Wellesley, whose final successes, however they might have been gained, were attended with such vast results.*

* I render the exact *meaning*, but cannot pretend to assign the import of this passage, as understood by my original. The Duke of Wellington defeated, in succession, his most skilful marshals, and, finally, Napoleon himself. How low, then, must be considered their renown, if that of their conqueror be not great indeed! Among the many coincidences to be found in the life of Bonaparte, it is not one of the least singular, that, in 1805, at *Vienna*, he should have learned the disastrous conflict of Trafalgar; and, again, at *Vienna*, in 1809, the English victory of Talavera: each intimation, too, given in the very midst of triumphant negotiations, and each striking at the vitals of his

While we experienced this check in the Peninsula, the English attempted an expedition into Holland, where they had already made themselves masters of Walcheren. This conquest, indeed, they were obliged speedily to abandon; but as the peace between Austria and France was still under discussion, in consequence of the armistice of Znaim, the reverses of the latter prolonged the settlement of conditions, the former expecting that new defeats might render these less objectionable. These delays occasioned Napoleon great irritation. He burned to be revenged on the sole enemies that remained, Spain and Britain. The Spanish affairs, especially, engaged his attention, for the battle of Talavera had struck at his military renown. This was not, however, the sole motive which induced him to relax somewhat in his pretensions with Austria.

Germany, at this time, presented a scene of suffering which it is impossible to describe; this was increased by the presence of foreign troops, always grievous, whatever care the French generals might employ to maintain discipline; and to misery, illuminism had added the evils of fanaticism. As the only means of delivering Germany, a young man formed the design of assassinating Napoleon, whom the unfortunate youth regarded as her scourge. Rapp and Berthier were close by the Emperor when the assassin was secured, and I congratulate myself on laying before the world the following details, the only exact and authentic ones which have yet appeared on this mysterious affair. General Rapp and myself had pledged ourselves to mutual confidence on the attempt of Staps, which he witnessed, and that of another still more extraordinary enthusiast, with the particulars of which, as will hereafter appear, I alone am fully acquainted.

strength. The first annihilated his marine; the second lanched a blow which, followed up, laid prostrate the colossus of his military power. — *Translator.*

"We were at Schœnbrunn,"—I give Rapp's own narrative, as entered in my notes at the time,—"where the Emperor was holding a review. I had for some time remarked a young man, at the extremity of a column, whom, just as the troops were about to defile, I observed to advance towards the Emperor, at that moment standing between Berthier and myself. The Prince of Neufchatel (Berthier), supposing he had a petition to present, went up and directed him to apply to me, as I happened to be the aide-de-camp on service for the day. The youth returned for answer, that it was with Napoleon himself he wished to speak, and Berthier again told him to address himself to me. He then removed to a short distance, still repeating that he wanted to speak to Napoleon. A second time he advanced, and approached very close to the Emperor. I desired him to fall back, speaking in German, and stating, that, after parade, if he had any thing to ask, he would be heard. I marked him with attention, for his insisting began to render me suspicious. I observed that he had his right hand thrust into the left breast pocket of his surtout, whence he allowed a paper to appear. I know not by what chance, but my eye at this moment met his: I was struck with his expression, and with a certain air of determination, which appeared to me constrained. Seeing an officer of the gendarmerie standing near, I desired him to secure the young man, without violence, and to detain him quietly in the chateau, till after parade. All this passed in less time than my relation has occupied, and as every body's attention was at that moment taken up with the review, no one remarked the occurrence. Soon afterwards I received information that a large carving knife had been found upon the prisoner, who had given his name Staps. I went instantly for Duroc, and we proceeded together to the room where Staps had deen confined. We found him seated on a bed,

thoughtful, but not intimidated. Near him lay a portrait of a young female, his pocket book, and a purse containing only two pieces of gold. [Rapp, I think, told me these were two old louis-d'or.] First," continued Rapp, " I asked him his name? he replied, 'I will confess only to Napoleon.' Again, I asked what use he meant to make of the knife? Always the same answer,—'I will confess to no one but Napoleon.'—'Did you,' added I, 'intend it for an attempt against his life?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Why?'—'I shall make no answer, save to Napoleon.'

" This, altogether, appeared to me so strange, that I conceived it my duty to inform the Emperor. On relating what had passed, he betrayed a slight degree of anxiety; for you know," added Rapp, " how strongly he is haunted with ideas of assassination. After a pause, he desired me to order the young man to be brought in; but gave me this direction in a tone, such as neither you nor I ever knew him to assume. He continued to pass his right hand across his forehead, and regarded with scrutinizing glance all present. Berthier, Bernadotte, Savary, Duroc, besides myself, were there; and I remarked, that the Emperor fixed his eyes alternately upon several of us, although he might have known well that amongst us there was not one who would have hesitated to sacrifice life to do him service. Two gensdarmes, according to the orders I had been charged with transmitting, brought Staps into his presence. The poor youth, spite of his intended crime, exhibited in his personal appearance something prepossessing, by which it was impossible not to feel interested. I would willingly have heard him give denial of criminal intentions; but how the devil save a young fellow who was bent on his own destruction? 'Do you speak French?' demanded the Emperor. Staps replied, that he spoke the language very imperfectly. As you know," continued Rapp, " that, next to yourself, I am the best German scholar in the imperial

court, the duty of interrogating in that language devolved upon me. But in this examination I was merely interpreter. Such was Napoleon's eagerness to know the replies, that, in the following dialogue, the Emperor and Staps are the speakers; I was only the instrument of communication, rendering the Emperor's questions into German, and the responses into French.

"*Emperor*, 'Whence came you?'—*Staps*, 'From Narremberg.'—'What is your father's profession?'—'He is Protestant minister there.'—'How old are you?'—'Eighteen.'—'What were you to do with your knife?'—'Kill you.'—'You are mad, young man; you are one of the illuminati.'—'I am not mad; I do not know the meaning of illuminati.'—'You are ill, then?'—'I am not ill; I am in perfect health.'—'Why would you kill me?'—'Because you are the cause of the misfortunes of my country.'—'Have I done any injury to you?'—'To me, as to every German.'—'By whom were you sent?—who instigated you to this crime?'—'No one; it is my intimate conviction, that, in slaying you, I render the greatest service to my country and to Europe, which armed my hand.'—'Is this the first time you have seen me?'—'I saw you at Erfurth, at the time of your interview with the Emperor of Russia.'—'Had you not then the intention of killing me?'—'No; I believed you would not again make war upon Germany. I was one of your greatest admirers.'—'How long have you been in Vienna?'—'Ten days.'—'Why did you delay so long before attempting your design?'—'Eight days ago I arrived in Schœnbrunn, intending to kill you; but the parade had just ended. I postponed the execution of my attempt till to-day.'—'You are insane, I tell you, or you are ill.'

"Here the Emperor desired Corvisart to be sent for. Staps inquired who was Corvisart? 'A physician,' I replied. 'It needs not,' said the youth;

after which he kept silence till the doctor arrived. During this interval Staps exhibited the most astonishing composure. The moment Corvisart entered, Napoleon gave him orders to feel the young man's pulse, which he did immediately, when Staps said 'Is it not so, sir? am I not quite well?'—'The young gentleman,' said Corvisart, addressing the Emperor, 'is in perfect health.'—'Did I not speak truly?' resumed Staps, pronouncing these words with a sort of satisfaction. I really was astonished at the coolness and impassibility of Staps; and Napoleon himself seemed as if in momentary amazement at the young man's firmness. After some brief pause, the Emperor thus resumed:—'Your brain is disordered. You will cause the ruin of your family. I will grant your life if you will ask my pardon for the crime which you designed to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry.'—'I want no pardon; I feel the liveliest regret for not having succeeded.'—'The devil! it appears crime is nothing to you.'—'To kill you is no crime—it is a duty.'—'Whose portrait was that found upon you?'—'It is that of a young person whom I love.'—'She will doubtless be much afflicted by your adventure.'—'She will be afflicted only at my failure; she abhors you as much as I do.' *—'But, after all this, if I pardon you, will you not be thankful to me?'—'I will kill you not the less.'

"Napoleon," continued Rapp, "exhibited a state of stupefaction such as I had never witnessed in him. The replies of Staps, and his unshaken resolution, had reduced him to a condition that I cannot describe. He ordered the prisoner to be removed. When the latter had been led away, 'Behold,' said Napoleon to us, 'the results of the illuminism which infests

* This *amiable* young lady,—fit specimen of what German novels can effect,—was, I have been given to understand, a relation, and resided with the parents of Staps.

Germany. These are fine principles, on my word, and charming lights, which transform youth into assassins! But there is no remedy against illuminism; a sect cannot be destroyed at the cannon's mouth.' After some farther declamation against the illuminati, Napoleon, with Berthier, withdrew to his cabinet, and the event, which it was endeavoured to conceal, became the subject of conversation to the inhabitants of the castle of Schœnbrunn. In the evening the Emperor sent for me; 'Rapp,' said he, 'truly the occurrence of the morning is most extraordinary. I cannot believe that this young man alone could conceive the design of assassinating me. There is something more at the bottom. I shall not easily be convinced that the courts of Berlin and Wismar are strangers to the affair.'—'Sire, permit me,' said I, 'to tell your majesty, that these suspicions appear to me groundless. Staps is an isolated individual; his calm countenance, and even his fanaticism, are proofs of this.'—'But I tell you,' interrupted the Emperor, 'that there are women in this plot—furies thirsting for vengeance: could I obtain evidence, I would have them seized in the midst of their court!' —'Ah! sire, it is impossible that man or woman in these courts could have harboured so atrocious a design.'—'I am by no means sure of that: was it not they who stirred on Schill against us while we were at peace with Prussia? But patience—we shall see one day.'—'But, sire, Schill's affairs had nothing in common with this attempt of Staps.'—You know," pursued Rapp, "how desirous the Emperor always is that every one should go in with his opinion. I had a proof of it here; for, all at once dropping his familiarity of address, he continued, in the same tone of voice, however, 'You speak in vain, Monsieur le General; they like us not, neither at Berlin nor Wismar. I know the furious enmity of these women —but patience. You will write to General Lauer;

it is his duty to examine Staps; say especially that I recommend to him to extract some confession.'

"I wrote in terms of these instructions, but in vain; Staps adhered to the declaration given to the Emperor; his placidity and resignation never for a moment forsook him, and he persisted in saying, that he alone was the contriver and sole confidant of his design. Still the Emperor was so struck by the enterprize of Staps, that he spoke again to me on the subject, a few days after, when we were to leave Schœnbrunn. We were alone, when he remarked to me,—'That unfortunate Staps, I cannot get him out of my mind. When I think of him, my thoughts are lost in perplexity. No—I cannot conceive that a young man of his age—a German, one who had received a good education; above all, a Protestant, could have imagined and designed to execute such a crime. Consider for a moment; the Italians are regarded as a nation of assassins; well! not one Italian ever attempted my life. It is beyond my comprehension. Inform yourself of the manner in which Staps died, and let me know.' I made the necessary inquiries at General Lauer; it appeared that Staps, whose attempt was made on the 23d of October, was executed on the 27th, at seven in the morning, and had not tasted food from the 24th. On provisions being brought, he refused to eat, saying, 'I have strength sufficient to carry me to death.' When informed that peace was concluded, he expressed great sorrow, and a trembling passed over his whole frame. Having reached the place of execution, he cried out with a loud voice, 'Hail, liberty! Germany for ever! Death to the tyrant!'—and fell."

Such was Rapp's recital to me, while we walked together in the garden of the old hotel of Monctmorin, which the general then inhabited. He likewise shewed me the knife with which Staps had intended to perpetrate the deed, and which the Emperor had given him. It was nothing more than an ordinary

carving knife. Another important circumstance connected with this adventure, and which I drew from a different, but not less authentic, source, is, that the attempt of Staps both hastened the conclusion and influenced the conditions of peace. After the battle of Wagram, conferences, as is generally known, were opened at Raab. Although, by this time, peace had become equally necessary to both powers, they were not in the same condition to enforce it; but, beaten as she was, Austria still held by certain reservations. M. de Champagny, plenipotentiary on the part of France, had brought Prince Lichtenstein, representative of Austria, to concede the most important demands,—those relating to the proposed limitations of territory. But new difficulties were started by Napoleon, whose requisitions increased in proportion to the facile concessions of Austria. Negotiations were thus suspended, nor had the envoys met for several days, when the enterprize of Staps took place. Immediately after the examination of the young fanatic, as above related, Napoleon sent for M. de Champagny.—"Where are the negotiations?" The minister described their situation at last meeting. —"I desire that they be immediately resumed. Conclude: I wish peace: do not demur for a few millions more or less in the amount of the indemnity I require from Austria: yield that point. I wish to finish: I leave that matter to you."

The promptitude of the minister did not admit time for the Emperor to retract: the same evening the conferences were resumed, the conditions in debate discussed, settled, and signed, before morning. I know that, on the morrow, when the plenipotentiary presented himself at the levee, with the treaty ready for signature, Napoleon hardly examined it, approved of all, signed, and signified his satisfaction with the despatch that had been used. This was the way to serve Napoleon. How often have I seen him leave his cabinet with sage and moderate resolutions; then,

on traversing the ranks of his soldiers, whom he had been accustomed to behold victorious under his guidance, relapse into his gigantic ideas, lay his prudent determinations aside, and lanch forth into the vague and imaginative of an ambitious futurity. By the treaty thus concluded, through the promptitude of the plenipotentiaries, and without doubt hastened by the attempted crime of the youthful enthusiast, whom Napoleon believed might be only one of many, the ancient edifice of the German empire was overthrown. Francis II. Emperor of Germany, became Francis I. Emperor of Austria. Unlike his namesake of France, the newly created Francis I. could not say, "All is lost, save honour." Honour had been not a little compromised, but all else was not lost. Nevertheless, the Austrian monarchy had to sustain grievous sacrifices: as had been the case in 1805, Napoleon took care of himself and his allies. Austria ceded to the sovereigns of the Confederation of the Rhine, the countries of Saltzburg, and Bergtolsgaden, with a portion of Upper Austria; and to France, the district of Goritzia, the territory of the Montifalcone, the government and city of Trieste, the circle of Willach in Carinthia, and all the countries situated on the right bank of the Saave to the confines of Bosnia, with Carniola and a part of Croatia, Fiume, and the coast of Hungary, with Istria. The grand-duchy of Warsaw was augmented by Western Galitzia and Cracovia. Russia also came in for part of the spoils of Austria, as she had previously shared those of Prussia; and received the remainder of Galitzia, for having kept up an army of observation of thirty thousand men, which, doubtless, would have fallen upon Napoleon, had he been beaten! So much new work for geographers,—a class of men much indebted to the Emperor. The countries added to France were immediately thrown under one general government, and designated the Illyrian Provinces. By these acquisitions, Napoleon became minister of

both sides of the Adriatic; and Austria, shut out from all foreign commerce, by the loss of Trieste and her sea coast, had been obliged to agree to a peace, which, from these very causes, could not be lasting.

After consenting to these so advantageous conditions, Napoleon was so urgent to quit the country where new imitators of Staps might spring up, that he set out before he had ratified the preliminaries of peace, announcing his intention of doing so on reaching Munich. In all haste, therefore, he repaired to Nymphemburg, where the court of Bavaria waited his arrival; afterwards visited the King of Wirtemberg, whom he found the most intellectual sovereign in Europe; and by the end of October was at Fontainbleau. When the Emperor quitted the last place for Paris, he made the distance on horseback, and with such rapidity, that only a single horseman of his whole escort had been able to keep up with him; and, attended by this one guard alone, he entered the court of the Tuileries.

I return to some intervening events. We have seen, by the decree of the 17th May, that the papal states were united to the empire. This was an impolitic measure, with respect both to Protestants and Catholics; the former beheld the oppression of a feeble old man, the latter saw in that oppression an insult to the head of their religion. Napoleon again calculated that the triple tiara of Rome would easily bend before the new double crown of France, and rushed, without consideration, into a violence which he did not foresee would arm both prejudice and humanity against him. On the other hand, the Pope miscalculated his means of resistance, and renewed the papal extravagancies of the dark ages. I was sure of my agents, yet could scarcely credit the veracity of the following document, which, as I never saw it elsewhere, may here gratify and astonish the reader who finds that a papal excommunication was

actually pronounced and promulgated against an Emperor of France in the 19th century.

"By the authority of Almighty God, of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and by Our own, we declare that you, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and all your abettors, in consequence of the outrage which you have committed, have incurred excommunication, under which (according to the form of our apostolic bulls, as in similar instances, published in the usual places of this city) we declare all those to have fallen, who, since the last horrible invasion of our city, which took place on the 22d February last, have committed, as well in Rome as in the ecclesiastical states, the outrages against which we have remonstrated, not only by the numerous protestations made by our secretary of state, which have been successively replaced, but also by our two consistorial instruments of the 14th March, and 11th July, 1808. We equally declare excommunicated all those who have been mandataries, abettors, and councillors, and whosoever hath co-operated in the execution of those acts, or shall have himself committed them."

In the supposition that the above must surely have been one of the apocryphal writings of the church, I transmitted a copy to Fouché, who, in his reply, left me in no doubt as to its authenticity. I know also, that, when the Emperor was informed, at Vienna, of the moral opposition, the only weapon to which he could resort, employed by the Pope, he shewed some uneasiness as to the probable consequences of the affair. But, as he never drew back, especially when he found himself engaged on the worse side, he explained his intentions, so as to let his devoted partizans seem to act, without compromising himself by positive orders. These facts I give for certain; the rest is known to all the world, namely, that, during the night between the 5th and 6th July, the Pope was carried off from Rome by General Radet. The unfortunate pontiff was passed from city to city, for then it was who

should *not* receive the illustrious captive. From Florence, Eliza forwarded him to Turin; from Turin, the Prince Borghese expedited him into the interior of France; and, finally, Napoleon sent him back to reside in Savona, under keeping of his brother-in-law; thus ingeniously recalling to Prince Borghese, that he owed his rank, before an imperial alliance, to Paul V. In these pleasure jaunts, his Holiness's guard of honour was a squad of gendarmerie. But in all the varied phases of this troublesome transaction, and blameable as it certainly was, the Pope could not easily persuade men that Heaven took pleasure in avenging promptly the cause of the chief of holy mother church, since the very morning which followed his abduction from the chair of St Peter, lighted up the day of Wagram.

It was at Fontainbleau, during the residence, as mentioned above, which preceded Napoleon's hurried entrance into Paris, that Josephine, who had gone to meet him, at the former place, first heard of the divorce; the design of which Napoleon had again agitated even at Schœnbrunn. But I postpone the sorrows and tribulations of the unhappy Josephine, until the time when she herself declared them to me in her retreat at Malmaison. It was also at Fontainbleau that Montalivet was named minister of the interior. At this period, the letters from Paris entertained us with perpetual accounts of the brilliant condition presented by the capital during the winter of 1809–10; and, above all, of the magnificence of the imperial court, where the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Wirtemberg attended the levee of the Emperor, eager to thank the hero who had elevated them to the rank of sovereigns.

I was the first at Hamburg who received intelligence of the projected marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. This news reached me by two different expresses within two days. The first courier announced merely the intention; the

second, confirming the despatches of the preceding evening, represented this grand alliance as a thing settled. Who would have said of Bonaparte, on the day he pawned his watch at my brother's, that the hand of an Archduchess of Austria awaited him? All was fantastic, prodigious, inexplicable, in his destiny. At the same time, it is impossible to describe the effect produced by that event in the north of Germany. From all parts, merchants received orders to purchase Austrian stock, in which an extraordinary rise took place immediately. The joy was universal and deeply felt; the confidence of long peace seemed confirmed; the hope of a termination to the bloody rivalship of France and Austria appeared certain; and, if I may judge by the intelligence received from the interior of France, and other countries, the sentiment was the same throughout. Whilst all minds were thus absorbed in the reflections awakened by this alliance, the Emperor caused notification to be made to the different courts of Europe, that the grand-duchy of Frankfort had been ceded to Prince Eugene, the prince primate having constituted him his heir.

We have already seen, that, in the commencement of 1810, broke out the difference between Napoleon and his brother Louis, and that Holland was then united to the empire. This province first received the visit of its new empress. The journey took place immediately after the pompous ceremonies of the marriage at Paris, on the 2d of April. Napoleon returned to Compeigne, where he had first met his bride on the 28th of March, and remained there with her eight days. Afterwards he set out for St Quentin, once more visited the canal, and was rejoined by the Empress Maria Louisa. After visiting various parts of Holland and Belgium, the greatest rejoicings every where hailing their approach, they returned, by way of Ostend, Lille, and Normandy, to St Cloud, on the 1st June, 1810.

Notwithstanding the universal and sincere joy occasioned by the events just narrated, war with England and Spain still continued, and increased the misery arising from the Continental System, which every day augmented. The Hanse towns had refused to pay the French soldiers, who had neither money nor necessaries. There must be a term to all sacrifices; and from these towns, once so flourishing through commerce, that source of wealth being dried up, nothing more could be extracted. Present want, and former exactions, rendered them unable to satisfy this unjust requisition. Holland, again, was utterly ruined by the same anti-social system, which, in the end, proved the ruin, or principal cause of ruin, to its author. In this state of things, the spirits of men were kept in perpetual agitation and uncertainty, by the almost daily promulgation of decrees of the senate, announcing the union of states to the empire. During the present year, or since the treaty of Schœnbrunn, the limits of imperial France had thus been extended by the swallowing up of small communities on all sides, and seemed progressively and indefinitely advancing. In the midst of this complication of distress, all minds were filled with a desperate hatred, by a decree, which I cannot call other than infernal, issued by Napoleon, and worthy of the darkest ages of barbarism, commanding the destruction of all the colonial produce and manufactures of England, throughout the empire, and wherever his power could enforce this mad sacrifice. In the interior of France, this was severe enough; but no conception can be formed of the desolation thus wrought in commercial districts. What so cruel as to burn, in vast quantities, before men's eyes, the very articles—the first necessaries of life—for which they were starving? This insane measure was urged by an impatient animosity against England, rendered still fiercer by the capture of the Isle of France, of which she had just gained possession. To prevent

such miserable devastation in the north, I proposed to the Emperor, to admit such colonial produce as might be bonded in Holstein, at an *ad valorem* duty of thirty, and upon some articles forty, per cent. I knew the holders would willingly agree to pay a legal duty not more than the expense of smuggling, while all consequent risk was removed, and, by this measure, which fortunately was conceded, a saving to the treasury accrued of forty millions (£1,600,000.)

CHAPTER II.

BERNADOTTE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN — CONDUCT OF BONAPARTE — SUBSEQUENT DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE CROWN PRINCE — HANSE TOWNS UNITED TO THE EMPIRE — BOURRIENNE DISMISSED — HIS ARRIVAL IN PARIS, AND FIRST INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPHINE — LA SAHLA ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON — HIS SINGULAR CONFESSIONS — DAVOUST AT HAMBURG — LETTER AND BLACK CABINET — FOUCHE DISGRACED — SAVARY MINISTER — AFFAIRS OF THE PENINSULA — JOSEPHINE'S PRESENTIMENT OF EVENTS — MURAT'S GRIEVANCES — BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME — ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL — ANECDOTES OF PIUS VII — EMPEROR AND EMPRESS SET OUT FOR DRESDEN.

Bernadotte had just been elected Prince-Royal of Sweden; and this brings me to a circumstance in my life which I recall with the greatest satisfaction, — the prince's residence with me at Hamburg, on his way to the capital of his future kingdom. But it will be necessary to recur to antecedent events, in order to explain how the opposer of the 18th Brumaire came to be seated on the throne of Sweden. On the 13th March, 1809, Gustavus Adolphus was arrested. I omit the circumstances, though these would occupy a large space in the history of a period less fruitful in great events. The duke of Sudermania, uncle to the king, assumed the reins of a provisional government; and Gustavus, a few days after, gave in an act of abdication, which, in the state of Sweden, in both foreign and domestic relations, he could not

withhold. In the month of May following, the duke was elected king by the Swedish diet, convoked at Stockholm. This monarch had an only son, Prince Christian Augustus, who thus became Prince-Royal of Sweden, from the fact of his father's election to the throne. He died suddenly in the end of May, 1810, and Count Ferson, who, in the court of Marie Antoinette, had formerly been known as the "Handsome Ferson," was massacred by the populace, too ready to believe that the count had hastened the prince's death. On the 21st of August following, Bernadotte was elected, in his room, Prince-Royal of Sweden.

To return to Gustavus Adolphus, the last king: On the 13th January, 1810, this prince arrived in Hamburg, the place appointed for his temporary sojourn. He travelled incognito, under the name of Count Gottorp, accompanied by Major-General Skyoldebrand, of the Swedish service. This gentleman called upon me next day, and, in the course of this visit, stated that Count Gottorp had suddenly entertained the idea, that the castle purchased for his residence in Switzerland was designed for his prison, and had declared his intention of expediting a courier to the king, his uncle, with a refusal to proceed. But better counsels induced the count to go on, and especially the advice of the countess, who supported her reverse of fortune with a resignation so angelic, that one would have been tempted to say, she joyed in being afflicted. Had he persisted, it would have much embarrassed all parties.

Count Wrede made the first overtures at Paris to Bernadotte; who, after this interview, repaired to St Cloud. Napoleon listened coldly to his recital, and replied, "that he could be of no service to him: that events must take their course: and that he might accept or refuse, as suited him: that he, for his part, would place no obstacle in his way, neither would he give any advice." But of the Emperor's being

violently opposed to this choice, there can be no question; and, though disavowing such a proceeding, he certainly used his endeavours in favour of the Prince-Royal of Denmark. Bernadotte, in the interval, visited the springs of Plombières, and soon after announced to me that his election had taken place. This news I received on the 22d August, the announcement being in the following terms: —

"My dear Minister, — This letter will be presented to you by M. de Signeul, Swedish consul-general at Paris, who precedes me by some days. I recommend him particularly to you. Have the goodness to receive him with your usual kindness. You will be much pleased with him. I hope in a very little to have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile I renew the assurance of my sincere and affectionate sentiments.

"JOHN, P. R. of Sweden.

"P. S. — I request you to present my compliments to Madame; friendship to my little cousin,* and to your amiable family."

All on a sudden, exchange fell greatly against Russia, which was attributed to this election, Alexander having supported the Prince of Denmark. The consternation at St Petersburg, however, which certainly did exist, proceeded less from the choice itself, than from the apprehension that it had been influenced by France.

Bernadotte reached Hamburg on the 11th October, and remained with me almost entirely during the three days of his stay. Our conversation was interesting in the extreme. I ventured first to speak of the unfavourable reports concerning the Prince's conduct at Wagram. He took my frankness in good part, and answered, in the same strain: "The Em-

* One of Bourrienne's daughters, then a child, whom Bernadotte took a pleasure in so naming. — *Translator.*

peror refused to see me, and assigned as his reason, that he was astonished and indignant; that, after complaints, of which I could not but know the justice, I continued to boast of having gained the battle, and had published felicitations to the Saxons whom I commanded. These he had caused to be pronounced ridiculous by all those who are jealous of the superiority of others." Bernadotte then shewed me his bulletin, and the private order issued to the marshals respecting it by the Emperor, as follow:—

"In our imperial camp of Schœnbrunn, 9th July, 1809.—His majesty expresses his disapprobation of Marshal Prince de Ponte Corvo's order, dated from Leopoldstadt, the 7th of July, which was inserted into almost all the journals of the same date, in the following terms:—

'Saxons! In the battle of the 5th July, from seven to eight thousand of you penetrated the centre of the enemy's army, and advanced to Dutch Wagram, in spite of the opposition of forty thousand men, supported by sixty pieces of cannon; you continued the combat till midnight, and bivouacked in the midst of the Austrian lines. On the 6th, at daybreak, you recommenced the contest with the same perseverance, and, amid the ravages of artillery, your living columns remained immovable as iron. The great Napoleon beheld your devotedness, and ranks you among his brave. Saxons! the fortune of a soldier consists in fulfilling his duties; you have worthily performed yours. BERNADOTTE.'

"As his majesty commands his army in person, to him belongs the exclusive right of assigning the degree of glory which each merits. His majesty owes the success of his arms to the French troops, and not to strangers. Prince Ponte Corvo's order of the day, tending to give false pretensions to troops, at best not above mediocrity, is contrary to truth, to discipline, and to national honour. The success of the battle of

the 5th is due to Marshals duke of Rivoli (Massena) and Oudinot, who pierced the enemy's centre at the same time that the corps of the Duke of Nurestadt turned the left wing. The village of Dutch Wagram was not taken during the battle of the 5th; and not till mid-day of the 6th, by Marshal Oudinot. The corps of the Prince of Ponte Corvo did not remain immovable as iron. It was the first to retreat. His majesty was obliged to cover it by the corps of the guard and the division commanded by Macdonald; by the division of heavy cavalry commanded by General Nautsonby; and by a part of the cavalry of the guard. To Marshal Macdonald belongs the praise which the Prince of Ponte Corvo arrogates to himself. His majesty desires that this testimony of his displeasure may serve as an example to every marshal, not to attribute to himself the glory which belongs to others. His majesty, however, not to afflict the Saxon army, desires that this order shall remain secret, and be sent only to the marshals commanding army corps. NAPOLEON."

I could not help remarking, on the reading of these documents, that, though the Emperor had kept his order secret, he was, in the main, right; and that I had never heard of any one, holding a subordinate command, issuing a bulletin in presence of his chief. Bernadotte replied to my objection, and, I thought, explained the circumstance to his own advantage. But, however important these papers, the prince's communications respecting his election, and consequent correspondence with the Emperor, were still more interesting. On returning from Plombières, he presented himself at the imperial levee, when the Emperor, addressing him, asked, in presence of all, if he had any news from Sweden? On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he inquired farther, "What say they?"—"Sire, my intelligence announces that your majesty's envoy at Stockholm

opposes my election, and that your majesty, though I do not credit the report, gives the preference to the King of Denmark.— At these words," added Bernadotte, " he affected surprise, which you know he can do so well, assured me that was impossible, and gave a different turn to the conversation. Really, I do not know what to think of him in the present circumstances. I know he loves me not; but policy may render him favourable to Sweden; and in his present state of grandeur and power, I deemed it my duty to make all sacrifices of personal feeling, to maintain good intelligence between the empire and Sweden. I call God to witness, however, that I never will compromise the Swedish name. At first," pursued the Prince, " he spoke in the best terms of the king and me, made no proposition inducing me not to accept of the succession to the Swedish throne, and caused to be inserted in the Moniteur without delay the act of my election. Ten days had passed without the Emperor saying a word about my departure. I was anxious to set out; my preparations were finished, and I resolved on seeing him, to request the delivery of my letters-patent absolving me from my oath of fidelity, which, in spite of all his injustice to me, I had preserved inviolate towards him. He appeared at first a little surprised at this positive request, which, perhaps, he did not expect. After a slight movement of hesitation, he said, ' There is one preliminary condition to fulfil: a question of deep import has been started by a member of the privy council.'—' What condition, sire?'—' That of taking an oath never to bear arms against me.'—' Is your majesty in earnest? Can I bind myself by such an engagement? My election by the diet of Sweden, the consent given by your majesty, both to Charles XIII. and to myself, have made me a Swedish subject, and that capacity is incompatible with the pledge mentioned by a member of the privy council,—I say a member of the council, sire, because your majesty has said so,

—and certain I am, such a proposal could never have come from yourself. It can have originated only with the arch-chancellor or the grand judge, who certainly have not considered the elevation to which they would thus raise me.'—'What mean you?'—'If, sire, they prevent me from accepting a crown, unless I take an engagement never to bear arms against your majesty, is not that really to place me on a level with you as a general?'

"When I declared to him positively that, since my election, I must regard myself in no other light than as a Swedish subject, he frowned, and generally, during the time I spoke to him, in terms which I think have been reported faithfully, he looked embarrassed; his confusion, in fact, was such, that when I had finished speaking, he replied, but in a tone of voice so altered, that I scarcely heard him, 'Well! go; our destinies are about to be accomplished.' These words he pronounced so indistinctly, that I was obliged to crave pardon for requesting a repetition; 'Go!' said he again, 'our destinies will speedily be accomplished.'"

These two singular destinies are, in fact, fulfilled. Identified with the customs, the habits, the wants of his people, Charles John enjoys one of the most tranquil reigns to be found in the history of Sweden; while Napoleon, after having vanquished, and struck terror into the world, beheld his fortune pass away, and fell for ever from his high estate. Such will always be the respective fate of those sovereigns who base their pretensions on their sword, and those who establish their glory on the interests of their people.

"In other conversations which I held with the Emperor," continued Bernadotte, "I really did every thing possible to remove the unjust impressions he had conceived against me, and at one time thought I had succeeded. After hearing me attentively, he extended his hand, pressed mine kindly, as if to assure me of his friendship and protection; in such a

manner, too, that, despite my knowledge of the man, his assumed frankness was so natural, for some time I deemed his erroneous prejudices dispelled, and even forced myself to entertain this idea. I spoke in similar terms to those through whom our two families are united, entreating them to assure his majesty of the perfect reciprocity of my sentiments, and how earnestly I inclined to do every thing, not contrary to the interests of Sweden, in order to second his grand schemes.

"Would you believe it, my good friend,—these persons laughed at my credulity, in return for my frank confessions? They told me, that, scarcely had I left the imperial presence, when the Emperor said to them, that I was an ambitious man poorly disguised, who had just made a grand display of knowledge; that he had humoured me like a child, and laughed in his sleeve. He wished, in fact, to inspire me with perfect confidence, so that I might be thrown off my guard; for, after thus deceiving, I learned, as a certain fact, that he designed to arrest me. He dared not do so; the proof of which is, that Davoust, believing he told something acceptable, said to him one day, before several witnesses, about the time that my election was talked of, 'The prince of Ponte Corvo is quite confident.'—'He is not yet elected,' replied the Emperor.

"But," continued Bernadotte, "notwithstanding these proofs of hostility nourished against me by the Emperor since the 18th Brumaire, I do not think he has any intentions against Sweden; and I plainly perceive, that, once there, I shall no longer be admitted to any save political relations. I must farther say, he has given me two millions for my principality, one paid down, (£42,000,) which has been of great service for the expenses of my journey and installation. I must also tell you, that the moment I was getting into my carriage, a certain person, whom you will excuse my not naming, came up to say goodbye,

and told me what had that instant passed in the Tuileries. This person having called at the palace, the Emperor, on his entrance, accosted him with—'Well, does not the Prince regret leaving France?'—'Yes, most unquestionably, sire.'—'As for my part, I would have been very well pleased had he not accepted his election. But how could I interfere? After all, he loves me not!'—'Sire, permit me to say, your majesty is there in error; I know the differences which have existed for six years between Bernadotte and your majesty; but I know also, that he is warmly attached to you.'—'Well, well; I am willing to believe it may be so; but we have not understood each other; now, it is too late; he has his interests and policy, and I have mine.'

"Such," added the Prince, "were the last words of the Emperor as concerned me, only two hours before I left Paris; as to the rest, my friend was right. Yes, my dear Bourrienne, I do regret France; and, but for Bonaparte's unkindness, never should have left my native country: my situation there sufficed for a soldier of fortune; and, if ever I ascend the throne of Sweden, I shall owe my crown to this cause.*

During the three days which the Prince passed with me, we had much conversation on the Continental System. He knew the obstinate resolution of Napoleon on that head. When he asked me what I thought of the treaty of the 1st January, 1810, by which Sweden had bound herself to the observance of this system, I was aware he asked my opinion only to be confirmed in his own. I gave mine without hesitation, which the reader already knows was against the system. "Sell your iron," said I, "your timber,

* Though both Bernadotte and Bourrienne labour here to fix the charge of duplicity upon Bonaparte, the reader will at once acknowledge, that the actions of the Emperor, and the sentiments attributed to him on *hearsay*, are strangely at variance. — *Translator.*

hides, and pitch; take in return salt, wines, spirits, and colonial produce, of which you stand in need; you will thus gain the affection, instead of incurring the hatred, of your Swedish subjects."

Since we have proceeded thus far in the history of Bernadotte's rise, we may continue the narrative through the subsequent phases of his intercourse with Napoleon. The latter had beheld, with no gracious aspect, the events now related: he easily divined, from the character of the former, that in him he should not possess a political puppet, nor one who would bend to the theory of conduct prescribed to French princes, and developed, with so much naïveté of despotism, in the letters to Louis. The secret discontent was not long in breaking out into open rupture. The Emperor had permitted the Crown Prince to carry with him, for at least one year, those French officers attached to his staff, in the quality of aides-de-camp. This permission was retracted almost immediately after; indeed, as Bernadotte stated in his letter, "while he was just thinking of writing to thank his imperial majesty for the favour." This letter changed into decided resentment the bad humour of Napoleon; he repented having granted permission of departure, and stated, before the courtiers, "that he had a great mind to send the Crown Prince to finish at Vincennes his studies in the Swedish language." Bernadotte received information of this threat, yet could not believe that such a design would be attempted to be executed. The attempt, however, was made, but it fortunately proved fruitless. It was discovered that a plot had been contrived by a set of foreign desperadoes to carry off the Prince from the neighbourhood of Haga; and the conspirators were constrained to embark without their prey.

At the same time, the Emperor took possession of Swedish Pomerania and the island of Rugen, by a division of the army under command of Davoust.

Upon this the Prince wrote a temperate but firm letter, requesting an explanation:—

"Sire,—Information has just arrived, advertising me that an army division, under the orders of the Prince of Eckmühl, (Davoust,) invaded the territory of Swedish Pomerania, on the night of the 26th and 27th of January—that this said division has continued its march—has entered the capital of the duchy, and taken possession of the isle of Rugen. The King expects that your majesty will explain the reasons which have engaged you to act in a manner so directly opposed to the faith of existing treaties. My relations of old with your majesty authorize me to beseech you to declare your motives without delay, in order that I may be enabled to give to the King my opinion as to the conduct which Sweden ought to adopt for the future. This gratuitous outrage committed against Sweden is profoundly felt by the nation, and still more deeply, sire, by me, to whom is confided the honour of defending her interests. Although I have contributed to the triumphs of France, though I have ever desired to see her respected and happy, it never could have entered my thoughts to sacrifice the interests, the honour, and the national independence of the country which has adopted me. Your majesty is an excellent judge of what is right, and has already divined this my resolution. Although I am not jealous of the glory and power which environ you, sire, I am too sensible of dishonour to be regarded as a vassal. Your majesty rules over the greater portion; but your dominion extends not to the state which I have been called to govern. My ambition is bounded, and I desire only to defend that nation which I regard as entrusted to me by providence. The effect produced upon the people by the invasion of which I complain, may be followed by incalculable results; and, though no Coriolanus, nor commanding Volscians, I have a suffi-

ciently good opinion of the Swedes to assure you, sire, that they are capable of daring all, and of undertaking all, to avenge insults which they have not provoked, and to preserve their rights, to which they are perhaps as strongly attached as to their existence."

I was in Paris at the time when the Emperor received this communication, and know, that, on perusing it, he became as if frantic, and cried out, "Submit to your degradation, or die with arms in your hands!" No answer being received to his remonstrances, the King of Sweden was under the necessity of breaking entirely with France; and, unable to support a neutrality, on the fermentation which ensued after the disastrous campaign of Moscow, joined, as we shall see, the alliance of England and Russia.

As the Crown Prince had remained with me in October, I had the honour of entertaining also the Princess, who merely passed through on the 4th December, on her way to join her husband. She remained, however, but a very short time, only two months, I think, in Stockholm: the ancient Scandinavia was not to her taste. I may here, too, just mention, as a proof of Bernadotte's good dispositions towards France, in the first place, that war was declared against England one month after his arrival as Crown Prince. In truth it was not till constrained by the Emperor's unjustifiable aggression that the Prince-Royal declared to that power, and to Russia, that war existed between France and Sweden. Upon that occasion, Count Lowenhgelm, aide-de-camp to the King of Sweden, was the bearer of a letter from the Prince-Royal to Alexander, which stated, "that the occupation of Swedish Pomerania by French troops, and the successive occupation of the shores of the Baltic, by at once violating treaties, and shewing that no faith could be put in any for the future, had induced the King of Sweden to send the bearer, who possessed his entire confidence, and would explain

his views to the Emperor." The letter concluded with these remarkable words:—"In the midst of universal despondency, all eyes are turned upon your imperial majesty,—they are already fixed upon you, sire, with the confidence of hope. But permit me to observe to your majesty, that in all events there is nothing equal to the magic effect of the first instant; while its influence endures, all depends upon him who has the power of acting. Men's spirits, struck with astonishment, become incapable of reflection, and all yield to the impulse of the charm which they fear, and by which they are impressed." This letter also replies to reports that had been spread abroad of Russia having sought the alliance of Sweden, while, as we have just seen, it was the latter who claimed the support of the former power, forced to that step by the unanswerable law of necessity. When, for the first time, the fortune of Napoleon had failed, he made overtures to Bernadotte after the campaign of Moscow.

To these advances, in the shape of diplomatic notes, the Prince-Royal replied in respectful but measured terms: "Expressing the sentiments of attachment with which he had quitted France; that in Sweden he had found these amiable dispositions towards the empire common to his subjects; and that friendship had been turned into suspicion, and then hostility, by the French ambassador at Stockholm, who had assumed the part of a Roman proconsul, forgetting that he had not to dictate to slaves. During twenty years, the human race has suffered too much: your glory is at its height; and if your majesty desires the King of Sweden to intimate to the Emperor Alexander, the possibility of an arrangement, I answer for that monarch's magnanimity, and willingness to concede whatever is equitable, both for your empire and for the north. Should such bé your majesty's sentiments, the benedictions of the Continent will rise to heaven in your favour. Sire, one of the

happiest moments of my life, since I left France, was that in which I was assured your majesty had not entirely forgotten me. You have only done justice to my sentiments of attachment; they are consecrated by the brilliant achievements of our brotherhood in arms; and, though a Swede by honour, by duty, and by religion, never can I forget our beautiful France: yet never will I sacrifice the least of the interests of that country which has adopted me, with confidence unlimited." Such are some of the principal relations which I know to have taken place between Napoleon and the Prince-Royal of Sweden, in the interval between the elevation of the latter and the fall of the empire.

But my own sojourn in the north had now drawn to a close; the hour of the Hanse Towns, like that of Venice, had struck. On the 8th December, I received a honeyed missive from the minister for foreign affairs, that "the Emperor wished to consult me respecting affairs in Germany, where the information I had acquired promised to be useful to the public service,—a consideration which would prove my sweetest recompense," and concluding with a high eulogium on the manner in which I had fulfilled my duties. On the morrow I was off for Paris. On arriving at Mayence, I met a courier, who announced, that the Hanse Towns were united to the empire. So much for the value put upon my information with regard to them. I confess Bonaparte fairly outplayed me here; like Moreau, I broke my nose against the Tuileries, and had no audience. Only the very first *Moniteur* I read, informed me that my diplomatic functions had ceased, by the union to the empire of six new departments, with Hamburg as their capital. However, I had my revenge. This new usurpation so far northward excited still more strongly the growing displeasure of Russia, which soon broke into open hostility, notwithstanding the whitewashed friendship of the two Emperors. In short, the Con-

tinental System destroying every kind of trade in the ports of the Baltic, reciprocal accusations of bad faith between her and France united Russia closer to England, and brought on that famous war, the fatal issue of which was so exquisitely characterized by Talleyrand, as "the beginning of the end."

The Emperor, instead of admitting me to an audience, had given certain directions, as follows, to his minister for foreign affairs, the commission being faithfully discharged by M. de Champagny, in one of our first conferences. "The Emperor," said that excellent person, "has given me in charge the order which I now deliver:—'When you see Bourrienne, say I wish him to replenish your coffers with six millions, (£250,000,) to pay for building the new palace of foreign affairs.'" Astonished at this brutal demand, I could at first make no answer: the minister naturally desired to know what he should say. I was still silent,—he insisted. "Well, then, tell him he may go to the devil!" The minister very naturally declined having any concern with such a message. I would give no other reply; and, as I afterwards learned from Duroc, the Duke de Cadore was absolutely constrained to deliver the laconic one above. "Well, Champagny," said Napoleon, "have you seen Bourrienne?"—"Yes, sire."—"Did you tell him about the six millions I wish him to refund to you?"—"Yes, sire."—"What was his answer?"—"Sire, I beg to be excused repeating it."—"What said he? I desire to know."—"Since your majesty insists, M. de Bourrienne said, 'That your majesty might go to the devil!'"—"Ah! ah! he said so, did he?" Upon this, the Emperor retired into the embrasure of a window, and there continued for seven or eight minutes quite alone, biting his thumbs, and doubtless giving free scope to his projects of vengeance; but, after reflecting, he came forward, and spoke to the minister about something else. Bonaparte, however, continued to cherish the idea of making me pay; and

every time he passed the building, remarked to those present, "Bourrienne must certainly pay for that."

At Paris, of all the wonderful transactions which had taken place, what chiefly engaged my attention was the marriage of the Emperor; and whoever places himself in my situation, will conceive the tenor of my reflections, when I thought of my ancient college comrade, beginning life with views hardly equal to my own, urged on by his fate, and now son-in-law to the Emperor of Germany.* Berthier had been sent to Vienna to espouse by proxy the new Empress of the French; before him, M. de Laborde, a discreet man, and chamberlain, had been charged with the first overtures for this alliance, while Napoleon was yet uncertain whether he should throw the imperial handkerchief to a princess of Saxony, Russia, or Austria. When it was settled in favour of the court of Vienna, which has given so many queens to France, and generally with misfortune for their dowery, the presenting of the Empress Maria Louisa to French commissioners took place at Braunau; and the ceremonial to be observed on this occasion is a curious document, when we think of the Exile of St Helena, and General Neiperg become *factotum* of the Grand Duchess of Parma and Placenza.† As to the divorce, the Pope required that all the religious formalities should be observed: they were so, as also all the canons of the church, which occasioned a delay of several months. The procedure was terminated, and the sentence rendered by M. de Boisleve, grand official of the Archbishop of Paris. It may serve to shew how Bonaparte, at this period, respected the

* Bourrienne delights to harp on this alliance, forgetting that Napoleon, — the creator of his own fortunes, the *imperial* husband of the woman who had loved him when possessor only of a cloak and a sword, occupied an infinitely higher grade in that real honour which is courted by every noble heart, than when he condescended to borrow extrinsic splendour. — *Translator.*

† See Appendix, A.

laws in his private life, that the considerable sums required for public proceedings were paid — the treasury had its dues, but the private claims of the legal profession were not discharged; only the grand order of Réunion was sent to Boisleve, who, ashamed of his honour, concealed it as long as he dared. This order, in fact, never enjoyed any respect in France.

Notwithstanding my disgrace, old friends, who were men of honour, received me as before. Among these was General Duroc, who, though devoted to the Emperor, scorned the blind attachment which approves of all. He had not witnessed without displeasure the Emperor's divorce; he often spoke of the measure as a fatal omen for the future, and informed me that the Emperor himself had not taken the step without a degree of dread.* From Duroc's frequent conversations, when he could steal an hour from his occupations to see me, I give the following details:—

On returning from the last Austrian campaign, Napoleon, as already mentioned, stopped at Fontainbleau, and Josephine there joined him. For the first time, the communication which had previously united his own with his wife's apartments was shut up, by his order. While I lived as one of the household, their domestic arrangements had been still more direct — Bonaparte's bedchamber, as the reader knows, having been only an apartment of ceremony. Josephine did not deceive herself as to the fatal prognostics to be deduced from this conjugal separation. Duroc, having been sent for one day, found her alone, and in tears.—"I am undone," said she, in a tone, the recollection of which still moved Duroc; "I am undone! all is now over with me! How hide my

* It is reported, on the authority of an attendant of the Empress, that Josephine, endeavouring to turn her husband from his fatal design of divorce, said to him with the greatest tenderness and solemnity of manner, "Bonaparte, remember! To *my* star, not to thine, has empire been promised!"— *Translator.*

shame? You, Duroc, you have always been my friend,—you and Rapp: neither of you has advised him to separate from me; my enemies have done this,—Savary, Junot, and others: alas! they are still more his enemies than mine. And my poor Eugene! what will become of him when he knows I am repudiated by an ingrate? Yes, Duroc; ungrateful he is. My God! my God! what shall we do?" Josephine sobbed convulsively, while speaking thus to Duroc; and I myself witnessed the tears which she still wept over the separation.

Before the singular demand of M. de Champagny, I had requested Duroc to ask the Emperor why he would not see me. The grand marshal of the household faithfully delivered my commission; but all the answer returned was in these ironical words,—"Ah, truly, have I nothing else to do than give an audience to Bourrienne? that would set all Paris a-buzzing. At Hamburg, he always took the part of the emigrants. He would speak to me of former times; he is for Josephine! My wife is near being brought to bed, Duroc. I shall have a son, I am certain of it!—Bourrienne is now antiquated; since his departure, I have made grand strides. I don't wish to see him; besides, it would be useless. He is a grumbler; he is so by character; and besides, you know, my good Duroc, I love him not!"

My position at Paris had thus become one of extreme delicacy; this refusal of the Emperor to see me cast something questionable over my relations with society, and at first I hesitated before visiting Josephine. Rapp, too, much to my sorrow, was absent: he had played some slight part in the ceremonial of the nuptials; but, having ventured some remarks on the Fauxbourg St Germain, of which this marriage was conceived to have made the conquest, he had been ordered off to his governorship of Dantzic. Duroc, however, having assured me that Napoleon would not take such a visit amiss, I wrote the Empress,

requesting leave to pay my respects. Josephine's reply arrived the same day, and, on the next, I repaired to Malmaison. Alas! under what circumstances, and with what recollections did I now revisit this retreat. How many sweet and bitter remembrances crowded upon my mind, while passing through the veranda in front to the small circular drawing-room, where I found Josephine walking with her daughter Hortense. On entering, Josephine held out her hand to me, pronouncing only these words, "Well, my friend!" But the tone was one of such profound emotion, that, to this moment, the sounds vibrate upon my heart: tears prevented her saying more. Seating herself on an ottoman, placed on the left of the fire, she motioned me to take my seat beside her; while Hortense remained still standing, leaning against the mantel-piece, and vainly endeavouring to hide her tears.

Josephine had taken one of my hands, which she held pressed between both her own, and for a long time wept in silence, unable to utter a single word; at length, recovering a little command over her feelings, she said, "My good Bourrienne, I have suffered the full extent of my misfortune. He has cast me off—abandoned me: the empty title of Empress conferred by *him* has only rendered my disgrace the more public. Ah! how truly did we estimate him! I never deluded myself as to my fate; for whom would he not sacrifice to his ambition?" At this moment one of the ladies attendant on Queen Hortense entered, announcing a visitor to her royal mistress, who remained a few moments longer, to recover from the effects of the distress under which she was too visibly labouring, and then left us alone—a situation alike desired by both: for Josephine sought relief in disclosing her sorrows, and I longed to hear, from her own lips, the story of her misfortunes and tribulations. Women throw a touching charm into the recital even of their griefs.

Josephine confirmed what I had learned from Duroc, respecting the shutting up of the communication between the two sleeping apartments in the palace of Fontainbleau; then, coming to the period when Bonaparte disclosed to her the necessity of a separation, she thus continued:—"You, my good Bourrienne, were for years a witness of what passed between us—you saw all, knew all, heard all; you are aware that I never had a secret from you, but confided to you my sad forebodings. He accomplished his resolution, too, with a cruelty of which you can form no idea. I have now played, to its end, my part of wife, in this world. I have endured all—and am resigned." At these words, one of those melancholy smiles wandered across Josephine's countenance, which tell only of woman's suffering, and are so inexpressibly affecting.—"In what self-constraint did I pass that season in which, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to appear so to all eyes! what looks, my friend, are those which courtiers allow to fall upon a divorced wife! In what stupor, in what uncertainty, more cruel than death, did I live, from that period to the fatal day in which he avowed to me the thoughts I had so long read in his countenance: it was the 30th of November. What an expression he wore on that day; and how many sinister things appeared in his looks! We dined together as usual; I struggled with my tears, which, despite of every effort, overflowed from my eyes. I uttered not a single word during that sorrowful meal, and he broke silence but once, to ask one of the attendants about the weather. My sunshine I saw had passed away; the storm was coming—and it burst quickly. Immediately after coffee, Bonaparte dismissed every one, and I remained alone with him. What an expression, Bourrienne! what a look he had! I watched, in the alterations of his features, the struggle which was in his soul; but at length I saw that my hour had come. His whole frame

trembled; and I felt a shuddering horror come over mine. He approached; took my hand; placed it on his heart; gazed upon me for a moment, without speaking: then at last let fall these dreadful words:—'Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee—to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.'—'Say no more,' I had still strength sufficient to reply; 'I was prepared for this; I understand you; but the blow is not the less mortal.' More I could not utter," pursued Josephine; "I cannot tell what passed within me; I believe my screams were loud: I thought reason had fled; I remained unconscious of every thing; and, on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber. Your friend, Corvisart, will tell you, better than I can, what afterwards occurred; for, on recovering, I perceived that he and my poor daughter were with me. Bonaparte returned to visit me in the evening. No, Bourrienne, you cannot imagine the horror with which the sight of him, at that moment, inspired me; even the interest which he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! my God! how justly had I reason to dread ever becoming an Empress!"

I sincerely pitied Josephine, yet knew not what consolation to give. Of all I said to alleviate her sorrows, that to which she seemed most alive was the public reprobation pronounced against Bonaparte's proceedings in the divorce. Here I told her nothing but the truth. Josephine was universally beloved; it had become a popular belief, that the good fortune of Napoleon depended upon her presence; and it must be confessed, that events subsequent to his illustrious alliance, were of a nature to accredit this superstition. I recollect also, while at Hamburg, that correspondence reached me from various quarters,

shewing, that a vague feeling—an anticipation undefined, yet generally prevalent, beheld a source of misfortune for France in the alliance of her chief with the House of Austria: this union gave rise to comparisons with the fate of Maria Antoinette; and, as there wants only an unexpected occurrence to give consistency and weight to a received prejudice, the fire which happened at a ball given by Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian envoy at Paris, was pronounced to be a counterpart of the accidents which occurred on the marriage of the Dauphin of France with the aunt of Maria Louisa.

Such considerations, however, were but a feeble solace to the grief of Josephine, who, from the depths of her affectionate heart, sent forth vows for Bonaparte. I recalled to her the predictions which I had ventured in more fortunate times. "My friend, I never forgot them; I have often thought of all you said to me in those days: why did *he* not listen to you? As for me, I had foreseen that we were lost from the time he made himself Emperor. Adieu, Bourrienne; come and see me,—come often; we have much to talk about, and you are aware of the pleasure with which I shall receive you." Such was our first interview, and the reader will find that I did not neglect the parting invitation.

In speaking of the attempt of Staps to assassinate Napoleon at Schœnbrunn, I mentioned another of the same kind, little known, and with which I had become perfectly acquainted. I had been about two months in Paris when young La Sahla arrived, on the 16th February, 1811, and was arrested on the Sunday following, accused of having come from Saxony on purpose to kill the Emperor. La Sahla, on being examined, expressed a desire to see me, assigning as his reason the reputation I had left at Leipsic when a student there, and latterly in Germany during my mission. I have reason to believe, the Emperor permitted the interview; and the minister of police,

Savary, who had replaced Fouché, requested to see me at his private office. This was about half past nine in the morning. I found in the cabinet a young man, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and with him M. Desmarets. Young La Sahla, with much politeness, expressed a wish to converse with me, and I insisted on being left alone with the prisoner, threatening to retire if any thing like a judiciary investigation was to be given to this interview. Desmarets politely retired, and the guard took his station outside. We conversed in German, though the young Saxon spoke French very well: he seemed thankful for this indulgence, and said, "I feel I shall do my cause more justice in my native tongue;" and, when mentioning Germany, though his recital was, in other respects, calm, clear, and collected, he burst forth into an enthusiasm which arrested an unconscious interest. After conversing for a little on the university and professors of Leipsic, I put the question, "How has it happened that I see you, belonging to a distinguished family, and having received an excellent education, here, accused of the design which it is said brought you to Paris? Speak to me candidly and without fear."

"Sir," replied La Sahla, "I was pursuing my studies at Leipsic, where I had resided for about fifteen months; having little intercourse with my fellow students, whose dissipated life suited neither my habits nor my state of health. [The youth's countenance announced a state of habitual suffering.] I applied particularly to the study of law, history, and the oriental languages. Being disabled by illness from attending the public courses, professors attended me privately. My father died about nine years ago, and my mother, who, without being opulent, is in easy circumstances, allows me thirteen hundred German crowns yearly (£217,) and I receive besides some remittances from other relatives. I began to hate your Emperor, after hearing at Dresden a sermon by

M. Reinhart, senior Lutheran clergyman. In that discourse, delivered before the battle of Jena, Napoleon, without being precisely named, was clearly indicated, and compared with Nero. The evils suffered by Germany since that period sunk deep into my spirit; and Viller's letter on the taking of Lubeck put the seal to my resentment. While pursuing my studies at Leipsic, I heard of the conscription—of the attempt of Staps, [here his expression became animated, and his air as if inspired,] and the suppression of the free states of my country. I beheld the English merchandise committed to the flames. That last act of stupid tyranny afflicted me beyond endurance. When I saw commerce annihilated, the shops shut, desolation among all classes of citizens, despair throughout, I resolved to kill Napoleon, the author of all these evils. I intended to leave Leipsic six weeks later than I did; but, upon reflection, it appeared to me that, by killing the Emperor before the Empress's delivery, the success of my attempt would be more complete, than if I waited till afterwards; for, should she have a son, the French would probably become more attached to the dynasty, and there would be less chance of an overturn in the empire. I hastened my departure, therefore, and practised firing with a pistol, in which I attained great expertness. I became a Catholic, because, the Pope having excommunicated Napoleon, to kill him had become a meritorious act in the eyes of God, and because I knew that, by professing myself of their religion, I should obtain more support among Catholics. As a second motive, I had remarked that those countries in which that faith prevails are more united and less easily governed by their neighbours. I read with avidity books on this subject, and the writings of Müller on the liberties of Germany. From these I made many extracts, which will be found in my trunk at Leipsic. For six weeks before my departure, I gave myself up to dissipation and to pleasure, in order to deceive my

companions, and justify in their opinion a departure not authorized by my relations. The day before setting out, I sent my domestic to Dresden, in order to get quit of him, under pretence of carrying a letter to my uncle. As bad luck would have it, he missed the public conveyance, and, returning, found me engaged in preparations for a journey, which he judged must be a long one. He it is, I believe, who betrayed me to the police. At the moment, however, I felt no uneasiness, having given out that I was going to Mayence to be confirmed. I played the imbecil and the sot, and arrived in Paris without being disconcerted or discovered in my design. I brought with me five pistols of different sizes."

To my question, How he had employed the time since his arrival in Paris? La Sahla replied,—"Since the 16th February, when I first reached the capital, I have every day passed five hours in the Tuileries: I dined at Very's, and was on the watch for the time when Napoleon should walk. Last Thursday I observed the Emperor walking backward and forward in a saloon fronting the gardens. The window was open, and sometimes he approached it. I designed to fire at him; but a passenger, to whom I expressed my desire of getting a nearer view of the Emperor, having told me that in all likelihood he would descend into the garden, I waited: the Emperor, however, did not again appear. I reckoned on accomplishing my design in different ways, as opportunity served: while he was getting into his carriage to go to the chase; or while walking with Duroc in the garden of the Tuileries; or at mass; or at the Theatre Français. The distance at the chapel presented to me no objection, for it did not seem more than that between a box fronting his at the theatre, which I had ascertained to be about thirty paces. With one of my pistols I was sure of my man at that distance. I finally determined for the theatre. By resting my hand on the front of the box, and firing two barrels

at once, it was impossible I could miss the mark. I had indeed found a pistol in the Palais Royal with four barrels, but this did not appear either sufficiently commodious or sure enough. I never deceived myself as to the fate which awaited me: I knew I should be massacred on the spot; but what imported life to me? Had Staps despised death, as I do, Napoleon had not now existed, for he had the good fortune to close with him; but he trembled. I do not fear death; I believe firmly in predestination. If I am to die in two days, nothing can save me; if I am not to die, nothing can prevent my living.* Neither did I conceal from myself that the failure of my enterprize was not impossible. I have read that three-and-twenty attempts were made on the life of Henry IV, and that the 24th succeeded. Yet Henry took no precautions, and was beloved; Napoleon takes many, and is hated. Forty attempts, therefore, may be made before succeeding with him. One would think that this consideration would have deterred me: but no. For, supposing it true that six attempts have been made, I hazard a seventh; it is one chance more for others, and one less for Napoleon: it is so much gained. And what is the life of one man in comparison with the great result of the destruction of the tyrant?"

"Have you accomplices?" asked I. "No," was the reply, "not one: I opened my mind to no human being; but please God, the tie of virtue, which unites the youth of Germany in the same love of liberty, will give me successors. After me will come others; but not from Saxony; the students of Leipsic are dissolute and dishonourable; but from Westphalia, where the inhabitants are well informed, and very discontented: from the Hanse Towns, now united to

* How singular the coincidence between the reasoning of the Turkish seik in volume first, and that of the young Saxon in volume fourth!—*Author.*

the empire; from Italy and Spain. In the end some one must succeed."

"Did you not," said I, "recoil at the thought of the grief you would occasion to your family?"—"Sir," answered the youth, "family considerations must give way before the grand interests of country and of freedom. I know that I shall overwhelm with sorrow my mother and my sister. But what matter the tears of two women, when the deliverance of Germany is at stake? Napoleon dead, Germany recovers her laws and her sovereigns; French domination, so odious, is at an end; the Code Napoleon ceases to be the law of the people. All this must happen; for, if he be killed—and killed he must be by perseverance—Bernadotte, so beloved by the French, will be recalled from Sweden, and he will evacuate Germany; or the marshals will dispute among themselves, and we shall have repeated the history of Alexander's successors. In either case, Germany will be free and happy; for, while France is united, Germany will be oppressed. Such was my design: no private consideration actuated me, and, till now, my secret remained untold to every mortal. I have no accomplices. I considered neither mother nor sister, nor relations, nor nobility, nor privileges. I thought but of one object—the deliverance of Germany from the French yoke, which weighs still more heavy upon the unfortunate classes of society than upon those of elevated rank. To this grand idea I have sacrificed all. Beyond this I formed no wish, and even now have none: my blow has failed: I love life, but do not fear death. Were I desired to prepare for execution in five minutes, it would be to me a matter of perfect indifference."

Such was the young man's confession: I took down his answers in German, and afterwards read them over to him both in German and French. But he had interested me deeply, and I resolved if possible, to save him. The Duke de Rovigo was easily persuaded

to view the matter as I did, and to see the propriety of representing the young German as insane, especially as disturbances in the class to which he belonged—his uncle being minister to the king of Saxony—would be doubly dangerous, both in themselves and in their influence. The Emperor has since acknowledged the prudence of this conduct; for, speaking at St Helena of the attempts made on his life, he says, "I carefully concealed all I could." Vincennes, therefore, according to my recommendation, became the prison of La Sahla, where he remained till March, 1814, when he was liberated, having first been transferred during the interval to the castle of Saumur. I had not heard of him for three years, when, after the restoration, while at breakfast with my family, I was roused by an extraordinary uproar in the antechamber, and, before I could know the cause, found myself in the arms of a young man. It was La Sahla, in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude on his liberation, and the arrival of events which he had attempted to hasten by assassination. He returned to Saxony: I never saw him more, but may as well finish here the story of his singular destiny.

In 1815, during the Hundred Days, I learned, in Hamburg, where I then resided, that, on the 5th of June, a violent explosion had been occasioned on the streets of Paris, by a quantity of fulminating silver, on the person of a young Saxon. On receiving this intelligence, I know not why, but La Sahla irresistibly occurred to my mind: it was he indeed. The following is the declaration of the police, then, as of old, directed by Fouché, and which, with the exception of the concluding portion, seems sufficiently veracious. But, it may be proper to remark, that, if false, I am inclined to ascribe the inaccuracies of the document rather to the police than to La Sahla:—"During the sitting of the Chamber of Representatives, about half past one o'clock, a dreadful explosion was heard, resembling a clap of thunder. The following are the

details:—A Saxon, aged about twenty-eight, [here is an evident mistake; he could not be more than twenty-three,] who was said to belong to a noble family, had in his coat-pocket about four ounces of fulminating silver. He had ordered himself to be driven to within a short distance of the palace of the Legislative Body, and alighting, had immediately entered the hall, whence he departed soon after; and, at some distance, while turning the corner of Rue St Bourgogne, his foot slipped, and he fell upon the packet of fulminating powder. A violent detonation ensued, his coat and waistcoat were torn, and his person terribly mutilated. None of the passengers near him were injured. In this condition he was conducted to the prefecture of police, and there examined, and recognized as the Baron de La Sahla, who had previously, some years before, attempted to assassinate or poison the Emperor. Such are the facts of this new arrest. The following is his defence: —

"He does not deny his former intentions against the Emperor's life, whom he regarded as the oppressor of Germany; but that oppression having ceased, his hatred had also disappeared. The robbery of the Congress, and especially the oppressive exaction of Prussia towards Saxony, had highly exasperated him against the Prussians; and when he heard of the Emperor's landing, and the prosperous issue of his enterprize, he beheld in him the liberator of his too unhappy country, and resolved to render him all possible service. His attempt of former years assisted him marvellously here, by introducing him to much important information, of which he now proposed making use. But for this it behoved to enter France; and, addressing himself to M. de Hardenberg, (Prussian minister,) he feigned to be more zealously than ever bent upon his former design. M. de Hardenberg, after bestowing on him many praises, and giving him much encouragement to proceed, introduced him to Marshal Blucher, whom

he requested to procure for M. de La Sahla the means of entering France. The marshal's head-quarters were then at Namur; and his chief of staff, in delivering to M. de La Sahla his passport, advised him to procure some fulminating silver, and even mentioned a dealer in Namur by whom he could be supplied. To avoid suspicion, La Sahla purchased four ounces. Arriving at Paris, he communicated to the government, and particularly to the minister of war, much important information on the force, designs, and resources of the allies. In thus serving France, he considered himself as most effectually benefiting his country. To the war minister he also communicated the circumstance of the fulminating powder, which, as he declared on his examination, he had not found a convenient opportunity to dispose of; and, fearing some accident if he left the packet at his lodgings, had continued to carry it on his person.

"It is said, he also declared that he had communicated, with proofs, to M. de Metternich, whom he saw at Vienna, that M. de Stein, Prussian minister, had engaged him to poison M. de Mongelus, minister of Bavaria, and that M. de Metternich had appeared indignant and alarmed at this conduct of M. de Stein. If these declarations are true, it must be confessed, that some members of the Prussian cabinet there employed diplomatic means of a nature sufficiently singular."

The conclusion of this document is the portion to which I allude in saying above, that any inaccuracies are to be charged rather upon the police, than upon a lying declaration emitted by La Sahla. In either case, however, it is very difficult to admit, without proof, assertions so atrocious, which accuse so positively M. de Hardenberg of encouraging the assassination of Napoleon, and M. de Stein of having equally encouraged La Sahla to poison M. de Mongelus. I decide nothing; only I consider it a duty to raise doubts concerning accusations of this nature against

two Prussian ministers, whom Prince Wittgenstein, a man of honour, in the most especial sense of the word, always mentioned to me in honourable terms. Is it not at least among the probable chances, that the crafty police of the Hundred Days had thus recourse to one of its familiar means to cover with contempt, and draw indignation upon, its enemies? These are questions, I repeat, which I propose, without venturing to solve them.*

I had left my family at Hamburg, where they continued during the winter of 1810–11. Davoust had succeeded to the military command of the new departments. Misery attained its height, for Dupas was regretted. One of the prince-marshal's first acts, on arriving, was to assemble the officers, and instruct them to play the spy in private houses. Some were indignant, and advised Madame de Bourrienne to remain on her guard. But Davoust never forgave my free opinion of his abilities, expressed to Bonaparte. Soon after my arrival in Paris, in the commencement of 1811, I received intelligence, from an excellent friend in Hamburg, that I would soon get a letter, intended to compromise me, Talleyrand, and Rapp. This information I laid before the Duke de Rovigo. Three weeks had passed, and no letter came. Savary was inclined to believe the alarm a false one;

* The relation above has called forth an angry reclamation from Baron de Stein, which only proves the good faith of Bourrienne. This pamphlet is dated from Cappenberg, in Westphalia, 17th February, 1830, and seems to aim at giving an impression to the reader as if our author had invented the accusation, while he merely quotes a public document. Bourrienne, on being applied to, instantly stated his willingness to add, in a note to a subsequent edition, that his personal opinion had always exculpated M. de Stein. M. de Metternich, too, shews that La Sahla never *spoke* to him. This merely proves, what Bourrienne had supposed, the police report to be erroneous; but so far from reflecting upon his veracity, the Prince de Metternich passes on his work a merited eulogium. — *Translator.*

but in a few days the letter did arrive. To what a degree of infamy may not men descend! The letter was written by one whom I had known in Hamburg, whom I had obliged, and to whom I had given bread by employing him as a spy. After a long account of an infamous transaction, in which he affirmed he had been engaged, managing it for me, Talleyrand, and Rapp, in England, he desired sixty thousand francs to be remitted by return of courier, as payment for this affair. Happily this precious document contained its own confutation. The transaction was laid in 1802, when I was not only not plenipotentiary, but still secretary to the First Consul. I copied and carried this credential to Rovigo. The duke went immediately to the Emperor. Scarcely had he entered, when the latter, advancing, said, "Well, I learn fine doings of your Bourrienne, whom you are always defending!" Whence, the reader will ask, arose this apostrophe? from the simplest of all causes — a copy of the letter had been forwarded by the same post to the Emperor. Rovigo explained, and produced the documents. "What baseness, what horror!" exclaimed Napoleon: "Let the rascally writer be arrested and sent hither." The order was promptly executed. What was the result? No sooner had the prisoner arrived than he was examined. His confession declared, that the missive in question had been written by order, and to the dictation, of Marshal Davoust, and that he himself had received a small sum of money, as secretary's salary in the business. It came out farther, that the said letter, on being put into the post-office, had been designated by the marshal to the director of the "black cabinet," as one to be opened, copied, re-sealed, and forwarded to its original address, and the copy transmitted to the Emperor! The miserable scribe was banished to Marseilles, or to the Island of Hieres, I forget which; but the grand criminal, who contrived and directed the whole, continued, as if nothing had happened,

marshal of France, prince of the empire, and governor-general of the circle of the Hanse Towns. Such was the distributive justice awarded to the subjects of the empire.

I have just said that Savary, Duke of Rovigo, had replaced, as minister of police, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, but without telling how. It had by this time been discovered, that my opinion of the latter was well founded; and, when the former, as new minister, came to investigate the arcana of polices, counter-polices, surveillances, and hierarchies of espionage, he discovered that all these were but so many scarecrows set up to frighten the Emperor. Verily Fouché had acted much in the same way as gardeners do, who place effigies in their cherry-trees, to scare the sparrows, and get all the fruit for themselves. Thanks to such artifices, the eagle had looked upon these with the same terror as the sparrow. But, at length, the Emperor having detected a correspondence, which Fouché carried on with England, through the channel of Ouvrard, dismissed the minister, with fewer palliations certainly than during the consulate, but still with a good deal of management. As to Ouvrard, he was arrested, and this was the last arrest effected by Savary, in his subordinate capacity; for, immediately after, the Emperor, sending for him to St Cloud, placed in his hands the portfolio of general police. If, in these circumstances, Savary had known Fouché as I did, he would not have committed the egregious blunder of allowing him to remain for fifteen days afterwards in quiet possession of the hotel of the police. This space Fouché employed in burning all his really useful papers, instead of arranging them as he had pretended; so that, after his *classification* of documents, Savary found himself utterly without guides, save such as his predecessor chose to leave him, and to which it would have been extremely silly to have yielded implicit confidence. Fouché concealed all the names of those heroes of

his system, whom he honoured with the name of *observators*, and revealed only his *spies*. The former played their part in the gilded drawing-room, in the hotels of ambassadors, and contrived to have a periodical infirmity towards strong waters, at all times when the great personages of diplomacy found the said waters necessary to set the stomach to rights. Thus Savary got acquainted with only the populace of Fouché's subterranean subjects; and it must be acknowledged that the spies of Rovigo were far inferior as genteel company to the myrmidons of him of Otranto. But the absence of such gentlemen was far more desirable than their best politeness; and, though I will not venture to say that they were entirely banished from the saloon, they were, at least, far more rare under Savary, who simplified the whole system, and afforded something like a very respectable liberty. It is but justice to explain, that though he endeavoured to simplify the machinery of his administration, and insensibly to diminish every thing most vexatious therein, he was not always the master; and I here avow that, not without much impatience, I have seen, in his *Memoirs*, a voluntary assumption of responsibility, in several instances, when a single word would have consigned the obnoxious facts to their true author.

I continued in Paris to the month of May before returning to Germany for my family: during this period, the war in Spain and Portugal occupied all minds. The year 1811 had commenced under auspices sufficiently favourable to the French arms. On New Year's Day, Suchet had carried Tortosa; and, almost at the same time, we obtained important advantages in Portugal, where Oporto and Olivenza were taken by Girard. We gained also some other advantages, as the capture of Pardaleras, and the battle of Gebora, fought by the Duke of Dalmatia. But, in the beginning of March, fortune changed. The Duke of Belluno, notwithstanding the valour of his troops,

could not fix her inconstancy in the contest of Chiclana; and, from that hour, the French could effect nothing against the Anglo-Portuguese army. Massena himself was no longer the beloved child of victory, as under the walls of Vienna, and in the mountain defiles of Zurich. The combined forces increased, and ours diminished daily. Nothing was spared by England to ensure success in the struggle. She lavished gold; her army paid well in return for every thing; and our troops, in order not to throw the inhabitants into the enemy's party, paid also for their provisions, though far from possessing the same resources. But all would not do; numerous partial insurrections broke out in different provinces, which rendered communications with France extremely difficult, and armed bands cut off our straggling and dispersed soldiers wherever they were to be found. England encouraged and supported this spirit; for otherwise the idea is not to be entertained for a moment, that Portugal could, for one day, have held out against France. But combat, a deadly season, privations, and misery had thinned the French ranks, and repose had become doubly necessary where exertion had ceased to be followed by results. Massena was recalled; for the state of his health had rendered him physically incapable of the activity necessary for restoring the army to a respectable attitude. In this state of things, Napoleon sent Bertrand into Illyria, instead of Marmont, who then assumed Massena's command in Portugal. The army he found in a woful state of destitution and disorder; yet, by good and prudent measures, Marmont re-established affairs, and, in a short time, placed himself at the head of thirty thousand well appointed infantry, with forty pieces of artillery; though he could assemble but few horsemen, and these badly mounted. Matters were not greatly different in Spain; at first, success was ours throughout, but so dearly purchased, that the issue of the struggle might then almost have been

predicted. When a people fight for their independence, every day, every hour, every death, diminishes the assailants, but swells and inspirits the ranks of the patriots. A regiment destroyed is replaced with difficulty and delay, while a village burnt, among an energetic population, arms the inhabitants of a whole province. In vain did Soult and Suchet cover themselves with glory; that glory, dyed in Spanish gore, was rendered fruitless. Resistance had become, to all Spaniards, a holy duty; and the assembling of the Cortes, in the Isle of Leon, gave consistency to their efforts. On this subject I remember a remark of Alfieri, written fifteen years before the present war. That author, throwing a retrospect over the different nations of the Continent, says,—"I behold in the Spaniards the only nation which yet possesses sufficient energy to combat a foreign rule." Certainly, if I had been then with Napoleon, I would have ventured an honest artifice, which had often proved successful, by laying the book upon his desk, open at the passage. Sometimes, indeed, he paid no attention to the volume, but most usually the passage I had selected caught his eye, and provoked a discussion on the analagous thoughts then dominant in his spirit.

Throughout the summer, there occurred nothing very decisive in the Peninsula. Sometimes success, most dearly bought; sometimes defeat; always blood,—never results. Some brilliant affairs still bore witness to the bravery of our troops, and the talents of our generals. Such were the battle of Albufera, and the taking of Tarragona, by Suchet, while Wellington was forced to raise the siege of Badajos. These advantages were productive only of glory, though flattering to Napoleon's hopes of finally triumphing in the Peninsula. But doubts began to prevail, even at Paris; for it was pretty well known, that the official intelligence was not all gospel. Duroc even confessed his illusions had fled! he said, "Good news from the Peninsula were little less to be dreaded

than bad." At the same time he assured me, that more than once the Emperor had expressed regret at seeing himself engaged in the war; but, because the English had taken part in it, no consideration could induce him to withdraw from the contest.

It will perhaps be considered a singular fact, that Josephine, from its beginning, entertained a presentiment of evil regarding the Spanish war: her tact here was not for a moment deceived. Usually she meddled little with political affairs, chiefly because aware her doing so would displease Napoleon, and because a natural levity of disposition carried her to less serious thoughts; but such was the perfection of her instinct, if the expression may be used, of good and evil, in reference to her husband, that she rarely, if ever, failed to appreciate justly the final issue of events as affecting his fortune. She herself told me, that, from the moment he expressed an intention to give the crown of Spain to Joseph, a fearful foreboding struck upon her heart, which she could neither banish nor account for. I cannot tell whence arises that prophetic sense of futurity which does exist in some minds; but certain it is, that Josephine was endued with this feeling to an extent I have never known in any other. To her the gift was a most unfortunate one; for experience had attached such implicit credence to the sentiment, that it rendered her unhappy both in the present and for the future.

I saw the Empress pretty frequently at Malmaison, Duroc having assured me that the Emperor would take my visits in good part. Yet I know not what he must have thought of our conversations; for, truly, his first friend and his first wife were excusable, even if they did not always commend him in their interchange of grievances. Although more than a year had passed since the separation, sorrow was ever new in Josephine's heart, for every thing contributed to augment it. "Think, my friend," she would often say, "of all the tortures I must have endured since

that fatal day; I cannot conceive how I have not sunk under them. Can you imagine greater bitterness than for me every where to see descriptions of fêtes for *his* marriage! And the first time he came to see me, after having wedded another,—what an interview! How many tears did it cause me to shed! Still, the days when he comes here are, to me, days of suffering, for he never takes the trouble to humour my feelings, or, if you will, weaknesses. With what cruelty does he converse about the child he is to have! You can understand, Bourrienne, how all that afflicts me. Far better be exiled a thousand leagues from hence! Yet," (as if her kindly heart reproached her,) "yet some friends have remained faithful to me: those are now my only consolation." She really was very unhappy, and I had no comfort to give, save to mingle my lamentations with hers. Such, however, was still the empire of dress over Josephine, that, after weeping for a quarter of an hour, her tears were forgotten to give audience to some fashionable milliner. At the aspect of a bonnet, Josephine became a mere woman. One day I recollect taking advantage of a moment of calm, obtained by a display of some brilliant gewgaws, and could not refrain felicitations on the happy influence which these still exercised over her. "My good friend," was her reply, "would you believe it, all that is perfectly indifferent to me? but, then, it is a habit." She might have added,—and an occupation; and it would be no exaggeration to say, that if, from Josephine's existence, had been retrenched the time passed in tears and the toilette, its duration would have been considerably diminished.*

* Bourrienne here, as elsewhere, does not appear, in one respect to have appreciated with feeling the character of Josephine,—mere frivolity, as he pretends, did not form one of its constituents. In the present case, her own remark, that dress had become a habitude, shews a far better knowledge of the

Another of my old friends, whom I met at Paris, was Murat. He had come to offer his congratulations on the expected increase of the imperial family, and the news of his presence in the capital had not reached me, when, one morning about nine o'clock, while passing along one of the alleys in the Champs-Elysées, he accosted me before I recognized him. He was alone, and dressed in a long blue surtout. We were exactly opposite the palace of his sister-in-law, the Princess Borghese. "Hollo, Bourrienne! my good fellow, how are you?" said Joachim, for we had been on the best understanding; and he, to do him justice, never played the king, save with his attendants, and those who had known him only as a sovereign. After exchange of greeting, he asked, "But do tell me what are you about now?" I recounted how I had been tricked by Bonaparte in reference to Hamburg. Imagination still portrays the noble and animated countenance of the King of Naples, when, on my accosting him with sire, and majesty, he replied, with indignant frankness, "Pshaw! my dear Bourrienne; prithee, no more of that; are we not always old comrades!" Then continuing, almost in the same tone, "So the Emperor has been unjust towards you! and to whom is he not unjust? His displeasure is more to be valued than his favour, so dearly does he make one pay for the latter! He says he made us kings! but did we not make him Emperor? Look you, my friend, to you, whom I have long known, I can repeat my confession of faith: my sword, my blood, my life, are the Emperor's; let him but say the word, I am in the field to combat his, or the enemies of France: there I am no longer a king; I become, as of old, a marshal of the empire; but let

human heart. A settled grief, so far from interrupting habits, strengthens them in the *act*, though the consciousness of *pleasure* may have ceased for ever. — *Translator.*

him not urge me beyond this. At Naples I will be King of Naples, and pretend not to sacrifice, to his false calculations, the life, the wellbeing, the interests of my subjects. And let him not think to treat me as he treated Louis! for I am ready, if needs must, to defend, against himself, the rights of the people whom he called me to govern. Am I then only an advanced-guard king?" This last phrase seemed peculiarly appropriate in the mouth of him whose fiery valour had ever placed him in the van of our armies, to whom, in fact, had always been confided the command of the advance, and very happily expressed the situation of the soldier and the monarch.

During even this our first conversation, he did not conceal from me that the greatest of his grievances arose from the Emperor's having placed him in advance, and afterwards deserted him. "When I arrived at Naples," resumed he, "I was told they intended to assassinate me. How did I act? I made my entrance into Naples alone, in broad day, in an open carriage, and would have preferred being assassinated the first hour to living in constant apprehension of such a fate. I immediately undertook an expedition against Ischia.* It was successful; I attempted another against Sicily, and should also have succeeded, I am certain, had the Emperor, according to promise, sent round the Toulon fleet, to second my operations: but he issued contrary orders: he wished to play Mazarin to my adventurous Duke of Guise. At present, I see clearly his aim. Since he has got a son, on whom he has conferred the title of King of Rome, he contemplates in his after plans to render the crown of Naples a deposit on my head. He looks upon Naples only as a future annexation to the kingdom of Rome, in which I perceive it to be his intention to ingulf the whole of Italy: but let him

* A small island in the Bay of Naples, within view of the palace, and then in possession of the English. — *Translator.*

not drive me to extremities, for I will mar the scheme, or perish sword in hand." Murat was right in his anticipations, but I had the prudence not to tell him so. It was the Continental System, however, not these apprehensions, which wrought the final schism—which separated the cause of Murat from the Emperor's, and constrained the new King of Naples to seek allies among princes at war with France. Different judgments have been pronounced upon this conduct: I sum them up thus; the Marshal of the Empire was wrong—but the King of Naples right.

About eight days previous to this interview, the long-cherished wish of Napoleon's ambition had been fulfilled. He had a son of his own, an heir of his name, of his power, and of his crown. Here I must state, because true, that the reports then spread abroad respecting the birth of the King of Rome, were utterly false, and without foundation. My friend Corvisart, who never for an instant quitted Maria Louisa during her long and painful labour, left me in no doubt on this subject, and it is just as true that the young prince, who was held over the baptismal font by the Emperor of Austria, was the son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, as it was false that Napoleon was the father of Hortense's eldest son. It is also a fact, for my sensibilities, torn as they then were, cannot render me unjust, that the birth of this infant heir to the imperial throne, was hailed with universal enthusiasm. Never had child beheld the light under circumstances promising greater glory. In fact, from the birth of his son to the first of his reverses beyond the Moskwa, the Emperor was in the zenith of his power. The empire, embracing under this denomination all the states possessed by the imperial family, exclusive of the ill-assured throne of Spain, contained fifty-seven millions of inhabitants.

In the mean time, the venerable old man, whose capital (the ancient abode of the Cæsars) had been gifted to an infant successor, remained still at Savona,

where he lived in the greatest simplicity. No accommodation had been brought about. It has even been certified to me, on the best authority, that the million inflicted by Napoleon upon the Pope for his expenditure was refused. To conceal this refusal, the money was regularly sent, and Cæsar Berthier, who had charge of the household, took care that the sum uniformly disappeared in the management of an establishment for the Pope, which had been forced on his Holiness. Truly the thunders of the Vatican were not much dreaded at this era; nevertheless, precautions were multiplied to lay asleep remembrance of the excommunication; but in vain, and the Pope began to have a party. These dissensions between the throne and the church produced a vague uneasiness, to which, though not dangerous, it was desirable to put a termination. Napoleon deputed the archbishops of Nantes, Bourges, Treves, and Tours, to accomplish some arrangement, who also failed. A second deputation was not more successful; for the Pope would listen to nothing short of restoration to Rome, with all his spiritual and temporal rights. Such restitution lay entirely beyond the verge of Napoleon's ideas of concession. That Cardinal Fesch even had joined the Pope's party, is a fact which I can guarantee; but not so the following anecdote, which I only report. One day the Emperor was discussing with the Cardinal the subject of the Pope's recusancy; the latter made some remarks which put the former in a passion, and, calling both his uncle and the holy father two old fools, he added, "The Pope is an obstinate old fellow, and will listen to nothing! No, most assuredly, I shall not permit his return to Rome!"—"He refuses to remain at Savona."—"Eh, well! where does he suppose I mean to send him then?"—"To heaven most likely," added the Cardinal, with great coolness.

These discussions continued throughout the whole summer of 1811. At length Napoleon bethought

himself of calling a council, which, after the six or seven hundred already held since the first ages of the church, he imagined might devise some plan of restoring her to peace. This council assembled at Paris. The attendance of Italian bishops was numerous. The great object of dispute lay in the discussion of the temporalities apart from the spiritual concerns of the church. To this the Pope would never agree. It was hoped a council would get on without his Holiness. However well disposed towards this separation a number of prelates, chiefly from Italy, might be, the influence of the church was still too strong in the council, and certain members, both bishops and archbishops, being convicted of sending secret instructions to Savona, those of Ghent, Troyes, Tournay, and Toulouse, were superseded in their sees, and confined in the castle of Vincennes. The Emperor finally resolved to dissolve the council, and, fearing some act against his supreme authority, caused each member separately to sign a declaration, that the propositions relative to resumption by the Emperor of the temporalities, were conformable to the usages of the church. In these individual declarations the members were unanimous, though, when assembled in council, their opinions had been divided on the very points which they afterwards signed, doubtless for *accommodation.*

Subsequently, Napoleon, before setting out for Germany, in the commencement of 1812, transferred the Pope to Fontainbleau, under the friendly care of Denon, our amiable fellow traveller in Egypt. Two motives induced this change of residence,—fear of disturbances in Italy while his Holiness remained so near, and apprehension that the English in the Bay of Genoa might make a dash and rescue the venerable captive. There was delicacy, however, in placing near his person one of Denon's accomplishments, character, and disposition. " The Pope," I use Denon's own words, " conceived great friendship for

me, always addressed me, 'my son,' and delighted in conversing on our Egyptian expedition. One day he asked me for my book: as you know, all is not quite orthodox therein, I hesitated; but he insisted. After having finished the perusal, the holy father said it had interested him very much, and I endeavoured to gloss over the objectionable points relative to the Mosaic account of the creation. 'It is all one, my son,' he repeated on several occasions, 'it is quite the same; all that is extremely curious; in truth, I did not know it before.' Then," pursued Denon, "I thought I might venture to tell his Holiness the cause of my hesitation, and that he had formerly excommunicated both the work and its author. 'Excommunicated thee, my son!' returned the Pope, with the most touching kindness, 'have I excommunicated thee? Truly I am very sorry! I am sure I never intended to do so.'" Denon assured me, that he was greatly touched by the virtues and resignation of the Holy Father; who, notwithstanding, would sooner have become a martyr than yield the temporal sovereignty of Rome. Of this he considered himself as depositary; and resolved it should never be said he had resigned the trust voluntarily.

As the first step in the grand expedition in which he was speedily to be involved, Napoleon, accompanied by Maria Louisa, who expressed a desire to see her father, set out for Dresden, on the 9th of May, 1812.

CHAPTER III.

WAR WITH RUSSIA — PREPARATIONS — NAPOLEON AT DANTZIC — SUPPER WITH MURAT, BERTHIER, AND RAPP — POLITICAL ARRANGEMENTS — POLAND — EXPEDITION TO MOSCOW — CONTRASTS IN BONAPARTE'S CHARACTER — CONSPIRACY OF MALLET — ITS CONSEQUENCES — NAPOLEON'S PRECIPITATE RETURN FROM THE ARMY — ITS CAUSES — HIS ACTIVITY — NEW ARMY — CAMPAIGN OF DRESDEN — CONGRESS AT PRAGUE — DESERTION OF NAPOLEON'S ALLIES — MOREAU IN THE ALLIED CAMP — HIS MOTIVES OF ACTION — BATTLES OF DRESDEN AND LEIPSIC — DEATH OF DUROC — SINGULAR CONFERENCE BROKEN OFF AND RESUMED — DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI — RETREAT OF THE FRENCH TO MENTZ — ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES TO THE RHINE — PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE — LAST MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

From the month of March, 1811, suspicions of an approaching war with Russia began to be entertained; and in October, on returning from an excursion to Holland, upon which he had set out, soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon perceived that such a rupture had become inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston, in quality of ambassador, to replace Caulaincourt, who would no longer remain at St Petersburg. Nothing could be done with a cabinet whose measures were taken. These measures, too, had been greatly enlightened by the information conveyed from time to time by Czernischeff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, who, on various

pretexts for carrying compliments from, and answers to, his master, contrived to be almost continually on the road between Paris and St Petersburg; so that, in the space of four years, it was calculated he thus travelled thirty thousand miles, and, during all that time, had been engaged in the deepest mysteries of espionage. His object, indeed, was not unknown. The Emperor treated him with all apparent confidence; and the police, under Savary, underplotted him to a considerable extent, by doubly corrupted informers; but in the month of April, 1812, it became too evident that he had obtained real and valuable information, from one Michel, a functionary in the war-office. This unfortunate wretch was condemned to death. The motives which moved the Russians to war were numerous, but all springing from one grand source, the ambitious aggressions of Bonaparte, in adding to his empire state after state, to the very borders of Russia. The Hanse Towns, and the right bank of the Elbe, formed into imperial departments, we have seen, awakened into active resolution this slumbering jealousy. The seizure of Oldenburg, belonging to Alexander's brother-in-law;* the invasion of Pomerania; and the operations in Poland, followed the conviction, or tended to enforce it, that, if Russia wished to prevent the mighty wave, thus rolling on northward over Europe, from overwhelming her own estates, she must meet and repel it with an armed bulwark.

* "The Duke of Oldenburg was not the brother-in-law of the Emperor Alexander, but his uncle. If that prince, instead of going to St Petersburg, had sojourned at Hamburg, this error would not have occurred: he might then, like several other princes of Germany, have danced in the saloon of M. de Bourrienne, and transacted business with the latter in his cabinet." Such is the only error of magnitude which Baron Stein has detected in Bourrienne; and such are the terms in which, in his angry pamphlet, he crows over a mistake of a *German* pedigree! This gives additional value to the original. — *Translator.*

Napoleon, on his part, prepared for the gigantic enterprize, on a scale so immense, that the conquest of the world might well have seemed in prospective. From the month of March, 1811, the Emperor held at his disposal almost the entire military force of Europe. It was astonishing to behold the union of nations, languages, manners, religions, and diverse interests, ready to fight for a single individual, against a power which had done them no injury. This vast expedition, the greatest conceived by the genius of man, since the age of Alexander's conquest of India, fixed all regards, absorbed all ideas, and transcended the calculations of reason. Towards the Niemen, as if that river had become the sole centre of all action, men, horses, carriages, provisions, baggage of every description, were directed from all points of the European continent. The army of Napoleon was not composed solely of French, nor of those troops drawn from countries subjected to her immediate influence, as Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and the Confederation. Neither Prussia nor Austria possessed the courage, or rather could claim the power, of remaining neutral; the former supplied a contingent of fifteen thousand men, under General Yorck, and Austria an army of thirty thousand troops, commanded by Prince Schwartzenberg, who nevertheless retained his station of ambassador to the French imperial court, or rather head-quarters. As if victory had been already secure, Napoleon, on this occasion, for the first time, placed among his own preparations for the campaign some of those splendid articles which had served to decorate his coronation, and which were now intended to swell the pomp of a triumphal entry into the most ancient capital of Muscovy. What afterwards became of these is well known: the imperial carriage, used at the coronation, became the object of a speculation in London. But in his military and diplomatic arrangements there was no trifling. Before departing, Napoleon, having removed all the disposable force of the

empire, issued a senatorial decree for calling out the national guards, divided into three *bans*. The national guard! — a civil militia, the bare convocation of which was a solecism in his absolute government.

So early as February, 1812, a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, had been concluded with Prussia, in virtue of which each of the contracting powers guaranteed reciprocally the integrity of their estates, and by implication those of Turkey, then at war with Russia; a similar treaty was concluded with Austria, towards the end of the same month; and the confederation renewed between France and Switzerland.

But, while public attention, the hopes and wishes of all our generals, and the fears of all wise men, were directed towards Russia, the war in Spain was suffered to languish or become daily more unfortunate. Officers most distinguished in the art of war regarded it as a disgrace to be sent to or retained in the Peninsula. No great foresight, therefore, was required to predict the period when our soldiers would be forced to repass the Pyrenees. The enemy had every where assumed the offensive: he had sixty thousand men, while we had scarcely one half of that number; farther, our troops were scattered, separated into small divisions, and obeying different impulses; for, though Joseph had returned to Madrid, not one of our generals considered himself as under his orders. The enemy was abundantly supplied with provisions, while we, objects of national hate, were in want of every thing, our soldiers having no other resource but pillage, which necessarily exasperated their difficulties for the future. Already had Ciudad-Rodrigo and Badajoz fallen into the hands of the English. I can assert, also, that however truth might sometimes be concealed from the Emperor, the disastrous situation of Spanish affairs was fully laid before him, in the spring of 1812, previous to his departure for Dresden The period of his abode in that capital has frequently

been assumed as the era of Napoleon's greatest glory: not so; but it was certainly the most imposing exhibition of the imperial splendour. In the Saxon palace, indeed, was a *hall of kings*, as at the Tuileries a hall *of princes and marshals*. But to any one who would scrutinize the sentiments which had thus transformed monarchs into the courtiers of a soldier of the French Republic, it appeared evident, that what this assemblage possessed in brilliancy was wanting in solidity.

From Dresden the Empress returned to Paris, while the Emperor speeded forward to Smolensk. But, before commencing his grand operations on the Niemen and the Volga, he took Dantzic on his way, where my friend Rapp commanded, and from whom I afterwards received the following narrative of this interesting visit:—"On quitting Dresden," said Rapp, "the Emperor came to Dantzic. I reckoned on a *dressing*," such was Rapp's expression; "for, to speak truly, I had treated very cavalierly both his custom-house and his officers; I had even put in limbo one of the directors, who had ventured on refractory airs with me. He knew, likewise, that I had not been over scrupulous with English merchandise and colonial produce. Indeed, I saw people so miserable, that I had not the heart to be severe. In addition to all this, I had made pretty free with the Russian expedition in one of my reports. ["These beasts of Russians will soon know as much as we," Rapp used, long before, to say to me; "every time our people go to war with them, we teach them how to beat us."] In the commencement of 1812," continued my informant, "I wrote to the Emperor thus:—'If your majesty experience any reverse, be assured the Russians and Germans will rise *en masse*, to shake off the yoke: it will be a crusade: all your allies will abandon you. The King of Bavaria, upon whom you confide so much, will join the coalition. I except only the King of Saxony; he, perhaps, would remain faithful

to you; but his subjects will force him to make common cause with your enemies.'

"The King of Naples, intrusted with the command of the cavalry of the army," continued Rapp, "had preceded the Emperor, and appeared to me to view not more favourably than I the issue of the campaign about to be commenced. Murat was, besides, very much dissatisfied that he had not been asked to Dresden: he told me he felt more ashamed of being a king, such as he was, than if reduced to a simple captain of grenadiers." Here I interrupted Rapp to tell him of my former conversation with Murat, in our singular interview in the Champs-Elysées. "Ah, bah!" resumed Rapp, "Murat, all brave as he was,* had no more pluck in the Emperor's presence than a chicken in a rainy day. As a proof,—when Napoleon arrived, Murat and I were the first to receive him. Being much fatigued, after putting a few questions to me on Dantzic, he dismissed us immediately; but, in a little time, sent for me alone. When he had finished dressing, the first thing he spoke to me about was the alliance lately concluded with Prussia and Austria. I, who governed in the country of one these powers, could not, for my soul, forbear telling him, that, as allies, we did infinite mischief, as evidently appeared from the complaints which I daily received on the conduct pursued by our troops. The Emperor tossed his head, as you know was his practice when not in the very best of humours. After a short interval of silence, and laying aside his *thee-thou*ing, he replied; 'Monsieur le General, all this is but a torrent, which must be allowed to roll past; it will not continue: we must first know if Alexander is decidedly for war.' Then, changing entirely the subject of conversation, he asked, 'Have

* Was! for this conversation took place after the second restoration, when Murat, Ney, and others, were no more.—*Author.*

you not observed something extraordinary in Murat? For my part, I find him quite changed. Is he ill?' —'Sire,' answered I, 'Murat is not ill, but in low spirits.'—'In low spirits! and wherefore? Is he not satisfied with being a king?'—'Sire, Murat says he is not one.'—'It is his own fault! Why is he a Neapolitan? why is he not a Frenchman? When he is in his own kingdom, he does nothing but blunder: he favours the commerce of England, and that I will not permit.' Now, thought I, comes my turn; but it was a false alarm; there the conversation dropped; and, when about to take my leave, he said, in the kindest manner, 'Rapp, you sup with me this evening.' At supper were Murat and Berthier, who had also been invited. Before seating ourselves at table, our conversation ran upon the war with Russia; and, as I had in my room a bust of the Queen of Prussia, the Emperor made some reproachful observations on the circumstance; to these I replied, by remarking, that he himself had just told me of Prussia being one of his allies. On the morrow he visited the town, received the civil and military authorities, and invited us again to sup with him. This second supper was a dull affair at first, for the Emperor kept silence; and you know that not one present, not even Murat, dared to take the first word. At length he opened, by a question to me,—'How far from Cadiz to Dantzic?' I replied, without mincing the matter, 'Sire, too far.' Then no more the familiar *thee* and *thou.* 'Monsieur le General, I understand you; but, in a few months, the distance will be still greater.'—'So much the worse, sire.' Here there was another interval of silence; neither Murat nor Berthier, whom the Emperor examined with that searching glance which you know he has, answered a word, and he again took up the conversation, but without addressing any one of us in particular; saying, in a grave, and rather low tone of voice, 'Gentlemen, I see clearly that you have no great taste for campaigning. The King of Naples is

reluctant to quit the fine climate of his own kingdom; Berthier prefers the chase on his estate of Grosbois; and Rapp is impatient to inhabit his house in Paris.' To this right, left, and front stroke,—would you believe it?—neither Murat nor Berthier had a single reply to give—and the ball came again to my foot. I answered, quite frankly, 'that it was very true.' Lo and behold! the very same evening, when we were alone, Murat and Berthier complimented me on my honest freedom, and on the thousand and one reasons there were for speaking as I had done. 'Truly, gentlemen,' replied I, 'since you so heartily approve of what I did, why not do as much? and why leave me to say my say alone?' You cannot conceive the air of confusion which both presented on this address; and Murat, even more than Berthier, though his position was very different. Why, my God! why did *he* not listen to me!" Rapp was here strongly affected: but, though he disapproved of Bonaparte's ambition to Bonaparte himself, he shed tears over the fallen Napoleon in presence of Louis XVIII.

The negotiations, commenced while it was wished to seem desirous of avoiding war, resembled those oratorical flourishes which only put off for a little what it was intended to say. The two emperors were alike eager for war: the one, to consolidate his power; the other, to rescue himself from a yoke of insupportable burdens, which differed little from vassalage. No accommodation, then, was possible. Napoleon desired, and foresaw the war; and when Czernischeff took leave, the latter said, the best news he could carry to his master would be, that the French conscription had not been called out. Two powers alone of all the Continent were not involved in the vortex of Napoleon's ambition,—Turkey and Sweden. Upon both these neighbours of his enemy, Napoleon had turned his regards. With the latter his exertions had been vain; and, though the Grand Seignior was then actually at war with Russia, not

only were no serious steps taken to prevent Turkey from concluding peace, but no care was evinced to remove or oppose the prejudices with which our enemies had inspired the Ottoman Porte. The divan had been persuaded, that, should Russia fall in the struggle, France would purchase peace at the expense of Turkey, as she had done in 1797, in the case of Austria and Venice. The past justified this supposition. While the war, terminated by the treaty of Tilsit, raged, France had made common cause with the Turks, but abandoned them, when peace had rendered their alliance no longer needful. The Grand Seignior thus mistrustful of the policy of France, held himself on his guard, and Andréossi, despatched to Constantinople, was heard with little favour. No confidence was attached to Napoleon's advances; they succeeded too abruptly to years of forgetfulness and neglect.

The Russians, on their side, opened negotiations: they made such concessions as were judged necessary, and which they intended to resume on the first favourable occasion. By this treaty, concluded at Bucharest, the subsequent embarrassments of Napoleon were greatly augmented; the more so, that he had not prepared for such a result. The left of the Russian army, thus secured by the neutrality of Turkey, was reinforced by the army of Bagration, which, returning from Moldavia, took up a position on the right of the Beresina, and destroyed the last hopes of saving the wreck of the French army, then reduced one half. On the other hand, it is not easy to comprehend how the Turks allowed to escape the best, and in all probability the last, opportunity they will ever have of avenging their quarrel with Russia.

In the north, again, Russia maintained a considerable body of troops in Finland, to support her occupation of that province, seized, as we have seen, at the period of the interview of Erfurth. It was of

the utmost importance that these should be retained in their position, or even augmented. Napoleon, therefore, represented to Bernadotte, that now was a sure opportunity of recovering Finland, and of attaching, by this acceptable conquest, his new subjects. Had he succeeded in this alliance with Sweden, not only would his enemy have been unable to withdraw his troops, but would have been obliged to increase them, in order to protect Finland, and even to cover St Petersburg. But how was this important affair conducted? In the month of January, 1812, Davoust seized upon Swedish Pomerania, without any declaration of war, and without apparent motive. Upon this, Bernadotte, as already explained, adopted the part that might have been expected, repelled the offers of Napoleon, and prepared for what might follow. On his side, the Emperor Alexander, desirous of securing the advantages of which this alliance would have deprived him, had an interview with the Crown Prince, at Abo, on the 28th August, 1812. I know that the Emperor of Russia came under a promise to Bernadotte, to protect him, at all events, from the fate of the new dynasties; to guarantee his position; and to obtain for him Norway, as a compensation for Finland. He even went so far, as to give him to understand, that he might succeed Napoleon,—a circumstance of which I shall speak hereafter. These promises produced their full effect: Bernadotte adopted all the propositions of Alexander; and, thenceforth, made common cause against him who was justly styled the common enemy, giving the signal for that general defection, which an odious and tyrannical supremacy had long provoked.

A question, respecting another power, which naturally occurs here, is, "Did Bonaparte, before setting out for the last campaign of Russia, intend to restore Poland to her independence?" Bonaparte, as emperor, never entertained fully, and with a resolution to realize, the idea of re-establishing the ancient kingdom of Poland: but Bonaparte, commander-in-

chief of the army of Egypt, had at heart to avenge the triple partition of that unfortunate country. Many most interesting conversations have I held with him on this subject, on which we were both of one mind. But times were changed since we had walked on the terrace at Cairo, and lamented over Poland, and the death of Sulkowski. In like manner, at the commencement of the consulate, his language was, " France yet feels the humiliation of having contemplated, with cowardly timidity, the destruction of a kingdom such as Poland. The Poles have always been the allies of France; to me belongs the right to avenge them. Never will there be a secure peace in Europe, till that ancient kingdom be established on its former basis, and in its integrity. Patience! if I live twenty years, I shall perhaps force Russia, Prussia, and Austria, to restore the provinces which they have divided among them. Their policy was odious, infamous, and oppressive." Doubtless the First Consul then spoke as he thought. Then he delighted, above most things, to talk on this subject, in the evening, when the finished labours of the day gave him time to lanch forth into gigantic reveries on the future. He was then in the habit of dictating to me notes for the *Moniteur*, many of which, without signature, or official character, in their energetic expression bear the impress of having emanated from Bonaparte alone. Some of them were so little measured, that he tore them next morning, laughing at the petty fury of the night before: others I took upon me to detain, assigning both good and bad reasons for so doing. He would then read the note in dispute, approve of my conduct, but generally added, " It is not the less true, however, that, with an independent kingdom of Poland, and one hundred and fifty thousand disposable men in the east of France, I should always be master of Russia, Prussia, and Austria." But, subsequently, how did he act, or rather, what was his power of acting? Napoleon had,

indeed, made war upon and vanquished the three powers who had ruined and seized Poland; but separately; or, at least, he had never conquered all three at once. In 1805, he fought Austria and Russia, but Prussia remained neutral; in 1806, his opponents were Prussia and Russia, Austria standing apart; in 1809, Austria was solely engaged, while Russia and Prussia looked on, or rather were his allies; and finally, in 1812, Russia was to enter the contest, while Prussia and Austria were allies. Thus he never found himself completely disengaged, even if inclined to Polish emancipation. In fact, upon this last occasion, when Napoleon reached Poland, the Diet of Warsaw proclaimed the kingdom free and independent. The address presented to the Emperor on these points was coldly received. Doubt and indecision were put expressly in his reply, and these alienated the spirit of a generous and brave people, who had looked to receive from him a renovated national existence. In regenerated Poland Napoleon would have found the means of succeeding in the gigantic enterprize which his ambition had created. In marching upon Moscow, he would thus have protected his rear and supplies, and there would have secured that retreat which subsequent reverse rendered but too needful. Talleyrand's removal from the management of foreign affairs, proved unfriendly to the cause of the Poles. At the moment of departure, indeed, the Emperor had been on the point of recalling his former minister, whose enlightened views and great knowledge of European policy would have induced him to support the regeneration of Poland. Intrigue prevailed for a little longer; Talleyrand remained at a distance; Maret was retained as negotiator, if any thing were to be done; and the Abbé de Pradt, imperial almoner, was nominated ambassador to Warsaw. This man, great chancellor of the Legion of Honour at the Restora-

tion, has only become celebrated after he had become nothing.

From Dantzic, the Emperor led his army forward to Smolensk, crossing the Niemen on the 24th of June. But into the details of a campaign known to all the world, I, as usual, enter not, especially as the reader can here be referred to the excellent work of Count de Segur. The first affair of importance, Smolensk, had not all the success expected. Napoleon accused Junot of not having cut off the retreat of the enemy, by intercepting their retreat beyond the river, after the Russian legions had been beaten under the walls of the city. This error, however, allowing it to be one, could have but little influence on the result of the campaign. Still victory was ours; but, at the same time, we lost the battle of Salamanca, and Wellington entered Madrid.

The character of Bonaparte presents the most inexplicable contrasts; though the most obstinate of mortals, no man ever more easily allowed himself to be led away by the charm of illusions; in many respects, to desire, and to believe, were with him one and the same act. And never had he been more under the empire of illusion, than during the early part of the campaign of Moscow. The easy progress of his troops, the burning of towns and villages on their approach, ought to have prepared him for a Parthian warfare, where retreat, drawing him into the heart of the country, was only preparatory to rendering the advance more fearful. All wise men, too, before those disasters which marked the most terrible of retreats recorded in history, were unanimous as to the propriety of spending the winter of 1812-13 in Poland,—there to establish, though only provisionally, a grand nursery for the mighty enterprize of the following spring. But the illusions of an impatient ambition urged him on, and his ear was deaf to every other sound save "Forward!" Another illusion,

justified perhaps by the past, was the belief that Alexander, the moment that he should behold the van of the French columns on the Russian territory, would propose conditions of peace. At length, the burning of Moscow revealed to Napoleon that it was a war to the death; and he who had been hitherto accustomed to receive propositions from vanquished enemies, now for the first time found his own rejected. The Emperor Alexander would not even hear of negotiations. The prolonged stay at Moscow cannot be explained on any other supposition, than a delusive hope that the Russian cabinet would alter its resolution and treat for peace. As to the regulations, dictated from the ancient capital of Muscovy, touching the Comic Theatre of Paris, these were just a petty contrivance of his policy, in order to put a deception upon the Parisians, and make them believe all was going well, since he had leisure for such matters; and this persuasion, circulated by the leaders of public opinion, tended marvellously to support the fictions of his bulletins. These, though false in so many respects, were looked for with the utmost anxiety. How many were the wives and mothers in France, who could not, without a palpitating heart, break the cover of the *Moniteur!* How many were the families, who, in that series of calamities, lost their support and their hope! Never were more tears shed; in vain did the cannon of the Invalids thunder forth the announcement of a victory;—how many thousands, in the silence of retirement, were preparing the external symbols of mourning! It will yet be remembered, that, for a long space of six months, the black dresses of Paris presented a very striking sight throughout every part of the city. Destiny had declared against Napoleon; and, after he had taken a too tardy and vainly prolonged leave of a capital in ashes, the rigours of the climate shewed themselves of one accord with the Russians, for the destruction of the most formidable army that had

ever yielded obedience to a single chief. To find in history a catastrophe comparable to the disaster of the Beresina, we must ascend to the destruction of the legions of Varus.

Still, at home, the capital and the interior were tranquil, notwithstanding the certain misfortunes or deferred hopes which agitated so many of its individual families, when, by a singular hazard, on the very day that Napoleon evacuated the burning ruins of Moscow, Paris witnessed the inconceivable and wild enterprize of Mallet. That general, who had always professed republican principles, endowed, besides, with considerable elevation of character, after being imprisoned some time, had obtained permission to inhabit an hospital in one of the suburbs. The causes of his arrest were, in some respects, similar to those which cost him his life, namely, hostile intentions towards the imperial government, in 1807. Mallet, besides, was a man without partizans, connections, or character, one, in short, of those whom Bonaparte, when First Consul, had designated *Grumblers of the Republic:* yet this adventurer imagined he could overturn the authority of Napoleon, and re-establish, in its room, popular government—the worst of all, not even excepting absolute power. What could Mallet have done? Positively nothing. And, had his government endured for three days to an end, it was greater good fortune than he had a right to expect. Still, though his enterprize was that of a fool, there appeared a considerable share both of address and boldness in its execution. The only conspirators were Mallet, Guidal, and Lahorie; without confidants, without plan, and without credit.

Mallet escaped from detention on the 22d October, with accounts, forged by himself, that Napoleon had ceased to live on the 8th of the same month. He first repaired to Colonel Soulier, who commanded the tenth cohort of the national guard, whose barrack lay immediately behind the hospital, wherein Mallet was

confined. So far all went well. He had provided himself with a quantity of forged orders, which he had signed and sealed. To Soulier he announced himself under the name of General La Motte, saying, he came on the part of General Mallet. Colonel Soulier, learning that they had lost the Emperor, burst into tears; he immediately gave orders to the adjutant to assemble the cohort, and to obey the orders of General La Motte, whose pardon he craved, that his own state of health would not permit him to rise. It was then two in the morning, and the forged orders and despatches relative to the Emperor's death and new form of government, were read to the troops by torch light. Mallet then left the barracks in all haste, at the head of twelve hundred men. With this column, he marched first to the prison of La Force, whence he relieved the Sieurs Guidal and Lahorie, who were there detained; the latter, a miserable agent in the conspiracy of Georges; the former, suspected of vile espionage for the English, off Toulon, was to have been sent to Marseilles, there to be tried, when an accidental delay occasioned his becoming thirdsman in this affray. To these Mallet communicated his news; issued orders; appointed a meeting in the town hall; and directed the arrest of the minister of police.

I was then at Courbevoie, and, as very frequently happened, came to town that very morning, to breakfast with the minister. The reader may conceive my surprise, on hearing that the Duke de Rovigo was arrested, transferred to the chambers of La Force, and his ephemeral successor, Lahorie, to my great astonishment, just then busy in getting measured for his official suit. Such an act so completely characterized the conspirator, that I felt quite easy as to the issue. The minister at war was also to have been arrested; but it had been thought necessary to unite the bands respectively intrusted to Lahorie and Guidal for these arrests, before attempting to secure

the Duke; the delay thus occasioned alone saved his colleague from a similar jaunt to La Force.

Mallet, on his part, marched to General Hulin's, commandant of Paris, to whom he stated, that he came with an order from the minister of police, to arrest him, and seal his papers. Hulin demanded a sight of his credentials. These Mallet had prepared, and, giving them to the commandant, followed him into his cabinet, where, on Hulin's turning round to explain, after having examined the papers, he fired a pistol at his head. Hulin fell, being wounded, but not mortally, in the cheek. What is remarkable, the captain whom Mallet had ordered to follow, found nothing extraordinary in all this, and never gave any alarm, so that Mallet next repaired with all composure to the adjutant-general's, Doucet. Here, as chance would have it, there happened to be an inspector-general of police, who had come for instructions to head-quarters, where all these scenes were passing. He recognized Mallet as one under his own surveillance, and abroad without permission, and arrested him provisionally. Mallet, seeing the game all up, attempted to draw a pistol from his pocket, but was pinioned and disarmed.

Thus finished this conspiracy, remarkable for a success of some hours, and by a bloody termination more rapid still; a conspiracy which, absolute madness as it was, cost nevertheless the lives of fourteen individuals: of these, with the exception of Mallet, Guidal, and Lahorie, eleven were mere machines. It was asserted at the time, and has often been repeated since, that the Emperor disapproved of, and felt alarmed at these executions, exclaiming, when he heard of them,—"It is a massacre—a fusillade; what an impression must that make at Paris?" This is not correct. It is certain that Napoleon learned with pleasure the prompt and severe punishment which had followed an attempt on his power. The event produced but little effect at Paris, because the

issue and the enterprize reached men's knowledge at the same moment. But triflers found it excellent sport, that the minister and prefect of police had been put in limbo in the morning, by the very men who, the evening before, had been their own prisoners. I called upon Savary next day, and found him still in amazement at his mishap. He already knew that the Parisians laughed at him on account of his imprisonment, though it had not continued in all above half an hour. Guidal, accompanied by Lahorie, had presented himself at the hotel of the prefecture, and seized the minister in his shirt, having caught him in bed, and scarcely left him time to put on his clothes; all defence on his part would have been useless, and he acted as any other would have done under similar circumstances.

The Emperor, as I have said, having quitted Moscow on the very day of this wild enterprize, namely, the 19th October,* received the news at Smolensko. Rapp, who had been wounded before entering Moscow, but who was now so far recovered as to be able to keep up with Napoleon, was in attendance on his person at the time when he read the despatches containing the recital. Rapp assured me, that Napoleon was greatly agitated by the perusal. He broke out against the nullity of all police, and the negligence of Savary. "But this was not all," continued Rapp; "Napoleon, addressing himself to me, exclaimed, 'Does my power, then, hang upon such slender security? How! It is indeed a frail tenure, if a single individual, a prisoner, can contrive to place it in jeopardy! My crown, truly, is but ill fitted to my head, if, in my very capital, an audacious scheme of such adventurers causes it to totter! Rapp, misfortunes never come single: this fills up the measure of

* The reader will here observe a difference of two days, which is to be reconciled thus, Napoleon left Moscow with the advance, on the 19th, and the rear-guard cleared the ruins on the 22d October.—*Translator.*

evil here. I cannot be every where, but I must absolutely return to my capital; my presence there has become indispensable to restore opinion. I want men and money: great successes, and great victories, will repair all: I must depart.'"

Such were the reasons which determined the Emperor to quit his army with all possible speed. It is not without indignation that I have seen motives of fear, cowardice, weakness, assigned for his abrupt departure. He fear! he a coward or poltroon! eh? Truly you know him well! He never was more happy than on the battle-field,—never more tranquil than in the midst of dangers; but say that he dreaded an empty phrase in some contemptible pamphlet, and you are right. Furthermore, I can well conceive the deep anxiety he must have experienced in the circumstances above. His reflections to Rapp, he knew, were the same that the public would make; that the moral effect of such an attempt was to be apprehended as capable of dispersing those prestiges of strength and stability with which he had laboured, by every means, to environ his throne. What might have been the issue of such an enterprize, if delayed till the arrival of the famous twenty-ninth bulletin, giving an account of the loss of the army, which spread consternation throughout the capital, and which he had the audacity to close with—"*The Emperor is well!*"

Napoleon, for these causes, setting out precipitately for Paris, intrusted the broken remains of his army to the most experienced of his generals;—to Murat, who had so bravely commanded the cavalry, but who forsook his post to return to Naples; to Ney, the hero, rather than prince, of Moskwa, whose name will be immortal in the records of glory, and his death an everlasting disgrace to the vengeance of party. Eugene, more than any other leader, was enabled to preserve some degree of discipline among the Italians, in the midst of universal route; and it was remarked,

that these children of the south endured the frozen horrors of this campaign better than the soldiers of less genial climes: as if nature, in their constitution, had tempered one extreme by the opposite.

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 19th December, at eight o'clock in the evening. He was accompanied by Caulaincourt, whose brother had fallen in the battle of the Moskwa, and who had thus passed fifteen days alone with him. I know the Emperor returned much irritated against Savary, whom Caulaincourt laboured to exculpate: he was, in truth, not more to be blamed for the conspiracy of these madmen, than Napoleon for the frost which had destroyed his army. The dismissal of Rovigo was expected, the more so, that Fouché had come to Paris. But, better informed of the whole proceedings, Napoleon merely dismissed Frochot, prefect of the Seine, who had little to say in the affair at all; remarking, that his own life and liberty were every day in the power of the colonel of the guard.

The return of Napoleon in nothing resembled former triumphal entries into his capital; and it was remarked, that the very first great reverse he had experienced, attended on his first enterprize after the marriage with Maria Louisa; then, more than ever, did the belief become popular, that Josephine's presence had brought him good fortune. Superstitious as he was in some respects, I will not swear that he himself, at the bottom of his heart, did not participate in this persuasion.

From this date, Napoleon began to pay regard no longer even to the forms of legal proceedings in the acts of his government. He gave himself at once to arbitrary measures, thinking the serious position in which he stood would justify every thing. Nor can it be denied, while we unreservedly condemn this conduct, that his necessities were great, and that he impressed an almost incredible activity upon every means of repairing losses, and bringing back victory

to his standard. All advanced together; a new artillery was created; men were called forth in masses; the greatest sacrifices were required, or, to speak properly, enforced by the still magic power of Napoleon: the eye of the Emperor was every where. He was obeyed; but what complaints throughout the whole extent of the empire! Young men, who had already satisfied the exigencies of former conscriptions, were now torn from their homes. Those who had paid for substitutes, to the enormous amount of 15,000 francs, (£700,) were called upon to serve near his own person, in the guard of honour, an institution now established for the first time. This creation struck a species of terror into the upper ranks of society, against whose members it was particularly directed. In no part of the empire, however, was it more hardly endured than in Holland; but nothing could bend Napoleon. Every where he now acted upon the principle, that the last man, and the last crown were his.

Notwithstanding this activity, the disasters of the Russian campaign were daily pressing heavy on his cause. Prussia, constrained to play one part, now resolved to act in her own interest; and General Yorck, who commanded the Prussian contingent, which had been attached to the corps of Macdonald, went over to the Russians. I dare not trust myself to characterize the conduct of the king on this occasion, who, though in his heart approving this defection, yet had the General tried and condemned for having acted contrary to his orders; and, in a little time, was seen, commanding in person, his armies ranged against ours. The moral effect produced by this desertion was far more to be dreaded than its real amount; for, in the immense levies that were daily raising, a few thousands, more or less, in the enemies' ranks, could be of no consequence. But the signal thus given, it was to be feared, would be speedily followed by other allies in Germany,

and Napoleon foresaw, in the event, all of misfortune which it foreboded for the future. Assembling a privy council, composed of ministers, officers of state, and a few of the great functionaries of the household, he demanded, whether, in such a conjuncture, he ought to make overtures of peace, or prepare anew for war? Cambacèrés and Talleyrand, who, with the president of the senate, had been called to the council, argued in favour of peace,—no gracious proposition to the ears of Napoleon, especially after defeat; so they were not heard. But the Duke de Feltré, Clarke, knowing how to touch the sensitive cord in the soul of Bonaparte, had the audacity to say, that he would consider the Emperor as dishonoured, if he consented to abandon the smallest village which had been united to the empire by a senatorial decree. What a fine thing it is to talk! This opinion prevailed, and the war proceeded. Nor can I say that the Emperor was blamable in hesitating to treat at this stage; but I blame him much for having neglected to do so seriously and in good faith at Dresden, after victories at Lutzen and Bautzen had proved, that in the retreat from Moscow, the climate, rather than the Russians, had vanquished us.

The Pope was still at Fontainbleau, and now added somewhat to Napoleon's disquietudes, by refusing to adhere to the concordat, which he had signed: but the Emperor had no leisure for such disputes; so the concordat was published as Pius had subscribed it. His whole soul now lay beyond the Rhine. He was unfortunate, and the powers most nearly allied were falling away; nor was Austria the last to imitate the example of Prussia. On this, Count Louis de Narbonne was sent as ambassador to Vienna; but in vain: Austria withheld her contingent,—a clear proof to Napoleon that she would soon assume more active hostility, and that, ere long, he would have the whole of Europe against him. His bold mind was troubled, but not cast down. A few of the

Princes of the Confederation still remained faithful; and, his own preparations being finished, he was about to resume, in person, the command of the army thus miraculously renewed. This time, however, taught experience by Mallet's affair, Napoleon appointed the Empress Regent, assisted by a Council of Regency; and, convoking a privy council, he presented Maria Louisa, in her new capacity, with all possible solemnity.

For a length of time prior to Napoleon's departure for the army, the main body of which lay in Saxony, partial insurrections had broken out on different points. But, with the exception of some rumoured disturbances in La Vendée, the interior of old France remained perfectly tranquil. Not so in the provinces annexed by force to the empire; especially in the north, and particularly in the unfortunate Hanse Towns, and in Hamburg an actual revolt had broken out. Effervescence reigned, too, in Westphalia, and the states bordering on the Elbe, augmented by the news of the march of the Russian and Prussian troops which were descending that river.

I had dined with Duroc a few days before his departure for the grand army, for such was still the name given to that which Napoleon commanded in person. Duroc had had enough of war; though not for his own repose, but for the interests of France and of the Emperor, did he desire peace. This excellent friend had lately married the daughter of M. Hervas; he had become a father, and longed to taste the calm of domestic life, so congenial to the natural disposition of his character. But not one personal complaint proceeded from his lips. When I urged him to press the Emperor to conclude peace, even at the expense of some sacrifices, he only replied, with an expression of deep rooted pain, "You might do so, were you still near him, because you wear not a sword; but when we venture such moderate counsels, he ever answers as if we thought only of ourselves.

'The plain meaning of all this,' he tells us, 'is, that you are tired of war; you wish to enjoy your fine fortunes in Paris: do I take ease to myself?' What would you have us reply to such language," continued Duroc; "we must drain the cup; we have risen with him: Well! if he falls, we will fall together. But what hurts me, I confess, and to you I can make the confession, is the slight regret he expresses for our old companions in arms. He observes, in a solemn tone, 'Such a one died like a brave man!' and next moment thinks no more of him." When I bade adieu to Duroc, little did I think it was for ever.

Napoleon at length quitted Paris, on the 15th April, having under his standard a new army of one hundred and eighty thousand effective men, excluding guards of honour. With such physical resources, and the aids of his own genius, men rightly foresaw he could yet play a high game, and might, perhaps, prove the winner. This reflection was by no means reassuring to those who had already made movements in opposition, and filled with an especial apprehension the Hanseatic countries. Along the line of the Elbe, and in Saxony, was the grand theatre of events. In the former, insurrectionary and hostile movements had taken place on a large scale. Carra St Cyr had precipitately retreated from Hamburg, which had been occupied by the Cossacks, under Colonel Tettenborn, and also by the Swedish and Russian regular forces. In conjunction with the other towns of the Hanseatic league, this city, besides the friendly reception of the enemy, had raised ten thousand men for the service of the allies. These troops, by the disorders which they subsequently committed, justly merited their designation of *Cossacks of the Elbe*. St Cyr being under arrest for this injudicious and even cowardly retreat, Vandamme took the command of the forces of this quarter, while Napoleon marched to the grand theatre of Saxony.

The former, during the night of the 2d of May, attacked and carried the islands of the Elbe. On the 9th the corps of Vandamme and Davoust formed a junction, composing a body of forty thousand men, on their way to the grand army. Though Napoleon, urged by strong necessity, desired the speedy arrival of this reinforcement, he gave orders to the Prince of Eckmühl not to leave Hamburg in the rear, cost what it might. After a siege of twenty days, the Prussian, Swedish, and Russian garrisons evacuated the place; and, after seventy days of independence, Hamburg was again united to the empire. Vandamme made the inhabitants pay for this brief enjoyment of their privileges. Of this general the Emperor said, at Dresden, "Were I to lose Vandamme, I know not what I would give to have him restored; but, if I had two, I should be obliged to shoot one of them." One, indeed, was quite enough in all conscience: his principle in the conquered countries was, "We must first commence by shooting a few rascals, which prevents the trouble of future explanation."

In the mean time had been fought, on the 2d of May, the battle of Lutzen, at the close of which, both parties claiming the victory, *Te Deum* was chanted in either camp. The subsequent motions of the two armies, and the advance of Napoleon, inclined opinion to his side. His was in reality the advantage on a field illustrious two hundred years before, as the scene of the triumph and death of Gustavus Adolphus.* Eight days afterwards the Emperor was in Dresden; not as in the spring of last year, like the sovereign of western Europe, surrounded by his grand vassals; yet still counting on his fortune. He remained ten days in the beautiful capital of the sole king, of all those whom he had

* See the elegant, faithful, and spirited Translation of Schiller's Historical Works, in *Constable's Miscellany*, by George Moir, Esq. — *Translator.*

created, that continued faithful to the declining star of his benefactor, and whose honourable adherence to his word subsequently cost him half his kingdom. Departing from Dresden, the Emperor set out in pursuit of the Russian army, which he encountered on the 18th at Bautzen. This battle, followed on the morrow and the next day by those of Wurtchen and Ochkirchen, continued consequently during three days, which speaks sufficiently for the keenness of the contest. Victory declared at length in our favour. But Napoleon, and I may say France, sustained a great loss; for the same cannon ball killed General Kirschner, as he conversed with Duroc, and mortally wounded the latter in the abdomen.

The time was now come for Austria to declare herself, and all her amicable demonstrations were limited to an offer of mediating between the belligerent powers. This brought on the armistice of Plesswitz, and subsequently the congress of Prague. In these conferences the allies demanded the restitution of all they had lost since the campaign of Ulm, in 1805. This left us Belgium, Piedmont, Nice, and Savona. But nothing would induce the Emperor, ill advised as he then was, to recede to such an extent. Yet can we not easily conceive how he could have expected more. Between the 20th June and the 8th of July, when the armistice was to cease, arrived news of the battle of Vittoria, and the conquest of the whole of Spain by the English. This greatly improved the aspect of affairs in the allied camp, without altering the resolutions of the Emperor. But had he been advised with courage, and by men of good sense, the profound grief which that victory certainly caused, would have induced him to yield to the necessity of peace.

At this epoch Moreau arrived in the allied camp. Some have thought, others have written, that this general came at the solicitation of Bernadotte. This assertion is neither true nor likely. But the exact

truth I know to be, that the princes of the house of Bourbon caused overtures to be made to Moreau by a fellow-sufferer of the 18th Fructidor, General Willot, who had attached himself to their cause. I also positively know, that General Moreau, then at Baltimore, would in nowise adopt nor serve the interests of the Bourbons. I likewise know, that the Duke de Berry wrote a letter to General Willot, in which he lamented to see Moreau assume the green cockade:* the noble prince, at the same time, declared, that, come what might, never should a foreign badge disgrace his own crest. Moreau, in fact, yielded only to a passion of his own, the desire of wreaking his vengeance upon Napoleon:—and found a grave, where he could not find glory.

Towards the end of July, Napoleon made an excursion to Mayence, where the Empress met him for a few days; thence he returned to Dresden, and allowed the armistice to expire on the 17th August. The congress at Prague having thus separated without attaining any result, hostilities recommenced on the 17th, and, on the same day—a fatal blow for France—Austria declared against us; the Emperor alleging to his son-in-law, that the greater the number of his enemies, the greater was the chance of bringing him sooner to reasonable terms. This addition of two hundred and fifty thousand men to the allied ranks, arrayed against Napoleon upwards of a million of combatants.

On the 24th, seven days after the rupture of the conferences, was fought the battle of Dresden: victory remained with Napoleon; but the defeat and capture of Vandamme in Bohemia rendered fruitless the success in Saxony. This conflict will ever be memorable by the death of Moreau.† All the corps of the army which were in action at this time suffered a reverse;

* The Russian uniform is green.

† See Appendix, B.

yet though constantly talking of fortune, we could not perceive that she was now abandoning our standards. The example once given, even Bavaria deserted, and those troops whom the Emperor had adopted, as it were, on the field of battle — whom he had trained to victory, joined the hostile ranks. The month of October opened with the conflict of Wachau, in which success and disaster were nearly balanced. Soon after the battle of Leipsic, fought on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of October, decided the fate of France, and became the signal of our grand disasters. The Saxon army, the last which had remained faithful to us, went over to the enemy, while the battle yet raged; a treason ill rewarded, though so useful to the allies.

As usual, I enter not into the details of battles, but shall state here what I know regarding the deaths of two men, who were sincerely lamented, and deserving each of the respect of all, — Duroc and Poniatowski. Napoleon also regretted Duroc, not from sensibility, but because he had found his services most useful: he it was, who, as grand chancellor of the household, established that admirable order which reigned in the economy of the palace: but Napoleon, wishing to make a parade of his grief, after having arranged the scene of the tragic death of Duroc, put into a bulletin his own pompous expression of sorrow, and Duroc's reply, as follows: — "Sire, my whole existence has been consecrated to your service, and I regret life only as it might still have been useful to you. Yes, sire, we shall meet again one day, but that will be thirty years hence; when you have triumphed over all your enemies, and realized all the hopes of your country.* I have lived as an honest man; I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself. I leave a daughter; your majesty will be a father to my orphan."

* Bonaparte affected to lay great stress upon the expression "thirty years." — *Author.*

Not one word of all this was true; the discourse, like the one made by the First Consul for Desaix at Marengo, was composed and put forth expressly for the occasion. I suppose he took from Homer the idea of making his heroes speak in the hour of death. But the truth is, Duroc laboured under the most excruciating agony. In such a moment, the sufferer is neither very eloquent, nor much inclined to talk. I affirm to have seen at the time a private letter, which arrived by express from an eye-witness, who had accompanied the Emperor, and held an office near his person. In this letter, which was addressed to a minister, the writer cautioned his friend against attaching the least credit to the official account; and stated, that Duroc, suffering greatly, and seeing the visit was prolonged, turned himself painfully upon the left side, and, motioning with his right hand for the Emperor to withdraw, addressed him in these words:—"*Ah! sire, leave me at least to die in peace.*"

As corroborating, in some measure, this account, I cite a fact which I guarantee. Before departing for the campaign of 1812, Duroc sent to beg me to come to his apartments in the Tuileries, where I often visited him. He descended about mid-day from the Emperor's cabinet, where he had, as usual, been transacting business, and was in full court dress. I had been waiting for him about five minutes. He had scarcely entered, when, throwing aside his coat, and hanging up his hat, he said to me, "I am going to give you an account of a conversation which I had concerning you last night with the Emperor; say nothing about it to any one: wait with patience, and you will be"—He had hardly said "you will be." when a footman entered,—"My lord, the Emperor desires to see you immediately." Duroc answered in an angry voice,—"Enough—'tis well—not so loud—I am coming." The valet had no sooner shut the door, than Duroc, who was in his shirt, stamping violently on the floor,

with his right foot, exclaimed,—"That ———, during the day, never lets me rest—If I have five minutes of enjoyment, he grudges, and takes them from me." Putting on his coat, he said,—"Another day, my good friend;"—and hurried away. The disastrous campaign of 1812 intervened between our next meeting, and not till January, 1814, was our conversation resumed. On this occasion, Duroc was strongly affected at what had happened since we last met, but confidence in Napoleon's genius still cheered his hopes. To draw him from gloomy thoughts, I reminded him of our strangely interrupted conversation. "The evening preceding the day in question," said he, "the Emperor was amusing himself at billiards with me—by the way, he plays wretchedly; he is poor at games of skill—while carelessly knocking his balls about, he muttered the question,—'Duroc, do you see Bourrienne always as formerly?'—'Yes, sire, he comes frequently to dine with me on our diplomatic days; he looks so droll in his antiquated costume of Lyons stuff, you would laugh at the figure he cuts.'—'Eh, well; what says he of that regulation?'—'I must confess he says it is ridiculous—that forced innovations will never prove successful.'—'That is always his way, constantly finding fault;—though he served me well at Hamburg. He understands business; but he has many enemies. His letter, however, has opened my eyes, and I begin to think Savary was right in defending him. There are people who labour constantly to prevent my intrusting him with affairs; but I shall finish by recalling him. I do not forget that it was he who gave me the first notice of this war in which we are now engaged. I have forgotten every thing they have been saying against him for these two years; and, so soon as peace is concluded, and I am at leisure, I shall remember him; keep me informed of what he is doing.'" Alas, I saw my excellent friend but once more, on the day I dined with him,

before the fatal campaign of Dresden, wherein he fell.

But the death of such a man as Duroc was not only a loss to Napoleon; it produced a serious moral effect, injurious to his cause; and the fall of each old companion in arms, the victim of his ambition, exposed to still greater execration his insatiable thirst of war. Prince Poniatowski, next to Duroc, thus occupied all minds during the campaign of 1813. Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, Stanislaus-Augustus, had lately been named marshal of France, when he fell at Leipsic. Retreat having become indispensable, Napoleon took leave of the King of Saxony and his family, who had accompanied him from Dresden. The Emperor then cried out, in a loud voice, to the inhabitants who filled the square, "Saxons, farewell!" and reached, with difficulty, and by a circuitous passage, the suburb of Runstadt. He then quitted Leipsic by the outer gate, which leads to the bridge over the Elster, and to Lindenau, the only road to France. A little after he had crossed, the bridge blew up, and much too soon, since the catastrophe completely prevented the retreat of all that portion of the army which had not yet passed, and which, consequently, remained in the power of the enemy. At that time, Napoleon was accused of having given orders for the destruction of the bridge immediately after his own passage, in order to secure his retreat from the active pursuit of the enemy. The English journals were unanimous on this point, and there were few of the inhabitants of Leipsic who doubted the fact. To destroy this, at the moment, general opinion, the following notice was inserted in the *Moniteur*: —"The Emperor had issued instructions to the engineers, to lay mines under the principal bridge between Leipsic and Lindenau, in order that it might be blown up at the last moment, thus to retard the enemy's march, and allow time for the baggage train to defile. General Dusausoy had given this operation

in charge to Colonel Montfort. The Colonel, instead of remaining at the station, to superintend and give the signal, ordered a corporal and four miners to blow up the bridge, on the first appearance of the enemy. The corporal, a man void of intelligence, on hearing the first musket shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, fired the train, and blew up the bridge. A portion of the army, with a park of eighty pieces of artillery, and some hundreds of carriages, was still on the other side. The advance of that part of the army which had not yet crossed, seeing the bridge destroyed, believed it to be in possession of the enemy. A fearful cry arose, and ran from rank to rank:—'The enemy are on our rear, and have also broken down the bridges!' These unfortunate men then disbanded, and each sought safety as he might. The Duke of Tarentum (Macdonald) crossed the river by swimming; Prince Poniatowski, mounted on a spirited horse, plunged into the water, and has not since appeared. The Emperor was not informed till too late to remedy the disaster. No remedy, in fact, was possible. Colonel Montfort and the corporal of sappers have been delivered up to a court-martial." It is remarkable that this said court-martial was never held. What are we to conclude? nothing; unless that this is one of the secrets which cannot be revealed, save by the initiated.

Before his own passage of the Elster, Napoleon had directed the Prince, in concert with Marshal Macdonald, to cover the retreat, and to defend that part of the suburb which extended towards the position of the allies on the road from Borna. To accomplish this, he had only two thousand Polish infantry. Such was his sad situation, when, perceiving retreat cut off, even before the bridge blew up, by the retreating squadrons of men, artillery, and carriages, he unsheathed his sabre, and, turning to the few officers who accompanied him, "Gentlemen," said he, "here we must fall with honour." At the head of a small

body of Polish officers and cuirassiers, he dashed forward on the advancing columns of the allies. In this action he received a ball in the left arm: already had he been wounded on the 14th and 16th. Still he advanced, but found the suburb filled with the allied troops. Again he exposed himself, and again was wounded. He then threw himself into the Pleisse, which lay between the party and the Elster, and, assisted by his officers, gained the opposite bank, but lost his charger in the stream. Though much fatigued, he mounted another horse, and gained the Elster, through the gardens of M. Reichenbach, which run along the river. Time pressed: the greater part of the troops were drowned in the Pleisse and the Elster. Here the banks were steep, and, though the Prince was wounded, he leaped his steed into the river, when both horse and rider were ingulfed. The same fate attended several other officers who followed the example: many were taken on the bank: Marshal Macdonald happily escaped. Five days after, a fisherman found the corpse of the Prince, and brought it ashore. A modest stone marks the place where the Prince's body was found. The Poles expressed to M. de Reichenbach their desire of erecting in his garden a monument to their countryman. The generous banker had already placed a beautiful sarcophagus in the centre of a green sward, surrounded with magnificent weeping willows.*

This great battle commenced on the 14th October, the anniversary of the famous victories of Ulm and Jena; continued four days; and decided the fate of Europe. During these days of desertion, half a million of men engaged together on a surface of three square leagues. From this bloody field Napoleon retreated to Mayence, which he entered, but not without more conflicts, on the 2d of November, and

* There is a slight mistake in this description. See Appendix, C.

thence to Paris. During this campaign of Dresden, the regency of the Empress had given general satisfaction, because she had refused to place her name to sentences of death; but had signed, with great alacrity, every pardon which the nature of the crime would permit. These circumstances I learned from the Duke of Rovigo, (Savary,) who, I must in justice say, of all Napoleon's ministers, then most truly appreciated, and most honestly declared, the true state of things. I recollect, also, that he solicited permission to join the Emperor at Mayence, during the conferences at Prague, with the intention of urging him to peace, at whatever sacrifices. He entertained the persuasion, that he should have succeeded. I partook not in his illusions; but he was not permitted to leave Paris; and besides, as already described, Napoleon and Maria Louisa passed there only a few days.

When the signal of our final disasters had been heard, the stocks and course of exchange fell progressively. After the battle of Leipsic especially, the fall became considerable. I have already said, that Napoleon entertained the falsest notions on public credit, and, consequently, was ever terribly alarmed by any depression in the funds. And the admirable plans which he conceived to remedy this! One was, to purchase stock, in order to keep up the rate. This was a hobby which the most prudent counsels could not persuade him to abandon. But the consequences?—when public affairs suffered a check, down came the funds, and, as sellers were always sure to find *one* good buyer, stock to be sold glutted the market. But this play was not enough. He had recourse to trickeries, which might be termed even childish; for instance, announcing in the *Moniteur* the course of exchange at 80, when it actually stood at 60. When the crisis had passed, and things had resumed their ordinary direction, an erratum would appear, stating that an 8 had appeared in a former paper instead of a 6. In this illusive play, the

Emperor expended upwards of 60,000,000 of francs (£2,500,000,) which would have been much better employed in purchasing bills in London upon Paris. Bonaparte never could comprehend, that the rise or fall of the public funds depends on a proper or improper financial administration; on the good or bad faith of the debtor; on a state of peace or war; and, finally, on a judicious or imprudent system of sinking fund. To the Emperor, however, a sinking fund was merely a resource whence he could draw, upon an emergency.

At this epoch, namely, the autumn of the year 1813, the more the imperial government verged towards decline, a circumstance difficult to explain, the more extensively it multiplied vexatious measures. From the first disasters of the campaign of Moscow, it had seemed good, in order to prevent the truth from circulating, to intercept all communications; to cut off all means of giving vent either to grief or friendship; and the order was accordingly issued to seize, at the post-office, all letters coming from, or destined for, foreign parts. This mode of investigation, however, as Napoleon, at St Helena, has well remarked, being stale at Paris, *black cabinets* were established in the conquered countries. They were placed at Ostend, Brussels, Hamburg, Berlin, Milan, and Florence. All that was required, was an order from a superior authority for a letter to be seized, and a copy transmitted to the Emperor. This intolerable abuse influenced not a little the fate of the empire. Similar cruel abuses had aided in bringing about the Revolution and the expulsion of the Bourbons, and they assisted in their restoration. At this period, however, Europe, armed against us, had most certainly not yet begun to think of recalling these princes to the throne of France.

The month of November, 1813, was fatal to the fortune of Napoleon; on all hands, our armies were driven back, and forced to the Rhine. In every direction, the allied columns advanced towards that river.

The fall of the empire evidently approached; not that the foreign sovereigns had yet resolved upon its destruction, but because it was impossible for Napoleon to contend against all Europe; and I well knew, however desperate the situation of his affairs, he would not consent to a peace, falsely regarded as dishonourable. Even before the battle of Leipsic, the loss of which was to Napoleon incalculable, and the consequences ruinous, he had felt the necessity of demanding from France, as if she had been inexhaustible, a fresh levy of two hundred and eighty thousand men. The commission devolved upon the Empress, who, for this purpose, proceeded, for the first time, to the senate, in great state. She succeeded; but the splendour of the empire was on the wane. Hardly were these men enrolled, when war devoured them. The defection of the Bavarians had much increased the difficulty of the retreat; for, getting before the wrecks of the army, they had preoccupied Hanau, situated about four leagues from Frankfort, with the design of cutting off our retreat. French valour once more roused its energies; the Bavarians were attacked, defeated with great slaughter, and our army reached Mayence. But in what a condition, good Heavens! Could the name of an army be given to some masses of men, without resources, discouraged, borne down by fatigue and privations, and, in short, reduced, through misery, to a kind of brutishness? At Mentz no preparations had been made for their reception; these wrecks of soldiers, and of themselves, were attacked by contagious maladies; and the horror of their situation became complete. The disasters even of 1812, and of Moscow, had been remedied by the activity of her chief, and the sacrifices of France; but those very sacrifices had rendered irreparable the misfortunes of Leipsic.

Without including the feeble remnant which had escaped from that fatal field, and its consequent miseries, and without counting also the two hundred

and eighty thousand whom Maria Louisa had obtained from the senate, in the month of October, the Emperor had still one hundred and twenty thousand veteran troops. These, however, had been left in the rear, shut up in fortresses,—such as Dantzic, Hamburg, Torgau, and Spandau, or scattered along the Elbe. Still, such was the horror of their situation, and of ours, that we could not resolve to abandon, while it was impossible to relieve, them. Meanwhile, the allies were advancing on an immense base of operation; and in one month after the former, a new levy of three hundred thousand men was demanded from France. Then only her wounds seemed probed to the bottom. After the events of Leipsic, which thus lost to France a second formidable army, all the powers of the coalition pledged themselves to each other, at Frankfort, on the 9th of November, never to separate before a general peace had been established, and to renounce all armistice or negotiation, which had not such peace for its object. As the basis of this pacification, the allied powers declared, that France should be permitted to retain her natural boundaries of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

Here I briefly recall some reminiscences which may explain why Napoleon did not seriously incline to these, in the circumstances of the case, advantageous propositions. We have seen that the signal of defection had been given, in 1812, by the corps of General Yorck, but without at least the ostensible consent of the King of Prussia. Napoleon desired to appear unaffected by this desertion, though I am certain that he did not deceive himself as to the ulterior consequences; and, from that moment, his whole conduct, where negotiation was concerned, plainly shewed that he had assumed as his secret device, "*All or nothing.*" At that very period he rejected the sage advice of Cambacèrés and of Talleyrand, in order to adopt the boasting of Clarke. I recollect, what I then omitted to insert, that this latter

exclaimed, in affected magnanimity, on the question of restitution,—"You will be dishonoured, if the meanest village, once united to the empire by a *senatusconsultum*, be dismembered." On hearing this, the Emperor cried out, "Excellent! That's what I call speaking. A dishonourable peace is unworthy of France. Let us to arms!" Whoever has known Bonaparte knows what was the influence of his will when positively expressed, and that such an opinion, enunciated in his imposing and stern tones, would sway all sentiments not yet declared. At all events, no one, I believe, will venture to maintain that Napoleon desired peace in 1812: Well, if he were then opposed to it, *a fortiori*, he would adhere to his opposition after the disasters at Leipsic. Men judge of him as they would estimate one of their fellows; but he stood apart, both in his littleness and his grandeur. Will it be said that he would have made peace because it was necessary? but the more it became necessary, the less of advantage it presented, and consequently the farther was he removed from desiring it. Even power, which he so strongly coveted, and which he exercised so imperiously, so despotically—power, in the hidden recesses of thought, was to him but a means, the grand aim was glory,—futurity,—the mightiness of a name in the echoes of posterity. I am assured, that the successive shocks which finally hurled him from his throne, were to him less painful than would have been the restraint of living quietly as Emperor of France, reduced to her ancient limits, and being condemned to behold his vast conquests governed by other laws than his. Napoleon was thus, because such was his nature; and that in this estimate I have truly portrayed the man, his whole conduct proves.

According to the above propositions of the allies, termed, from the place whence they were issued, the Declaration of Frankfort, Germany, Italy, and Spain were to be entirely wrested from the possession of

France. True, a small part only of the mighty empire, founded by Napoleon, was thus to be left; still, the portion that remained was large and valuable, after so many disasters, and while such vast armies threatened us on every side, borne to our very frontiers on the tide of victory. The conditions were, in truth, a real homage rendered to France, and to the valour of Frenchmen. A senseless enthusiasm, or blinded devotedness only, could have regarded as thus dishonoured, a prince, who, after having ravaged the world for fifteen years, still preserved such a territory. England, too, recognized the liberty of commerce and navigation, and manifested, apparently, the most sincere dispositions to make great sacrifices, in order to attain the objects proposed by the allies. But to these offers was added a fatal condition,—that representatives from *all* the belligerent powers should assemble in a city, to be declared neutral, on the right bank of the Rhine, *but without interrupting, by these negotiations, the course of warlike operation.*

The Duke de Bassano, then minister for foreign affairs, replied to these overtures generally, consenting to the congress, and requesting that Manheim might be chosen as the neutral city. In this reply, no mention was made of accepting the preliminary basis of pacification. Napoleon reserved the power of negotiating separately with England. To this note, Metternich replied on the 25th November, acceding, in name of the allied powers, to Manheim as the seat of congress, but requesting a definite answer on the part of the Emperor Napoleon as to the summary and general views of pacification, lest otherwise insurmountable difficulties should arise at the very outset. The Duke de Vicenza, who had now succeeded to the portfolio of foreign affairs, received this letter, and, relying upon the Declaration of Frankfort, believed he could treat upon these bases, and frankly accepted, trusting to the consent of Napoleon. But the allies had now decided no longer to grant the territorial

limits yielded in that declaration. Caulaincourt was obliged to apply for new powers. Having received them, he replied, on the 2d of December, that Napoleon *accepted* the fundamental bases, as already proposed. To this letter, Metternich again replied, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria were gratified to find that the Emperor of the French recognized the bases *deemed* necessary by the allies, and that these two sovereigns had decided to *communicate*, without delay, this official document to the other members of the coalition, and that they were convinced negotiations might be opened the moment their answer arrived, *without the war being interrupted.*

These negotiations, however, produced no result. The allies had overthrown the colossus of the French empire, in the month of October, and thenceforth had resolved to treat with the Emperor of the French only in his capital, as he had formerly treated with the Emperors of Austria and Russia. Napoleon, on the other hand, wished merely to gain time, and, in reality, never thought of listening to the offers made at Frankfort. He profited, however, by these overtures to raise the immense levy of three hundred thousand men, in order, as he said, to place France in an imposing attitude, and to enable her to negotiate, not to submit to, a peace. This last effort was made in the confidence that the Emperor sincerely desired peace, and would think only of France; for who, I ask, would have given up his children, or his fortune, that Joseph might rule in Spain, or Jerome reign in Westphalia?

The allies, having been informed of the multitude of men which the Emperor had demanded, and well aware of the state of the public mind in France, published a manifesto, addressed to the French people, which affords a grand lesson to men, on the small credit to be attached to the promises of governments. —"The French government," said this document, "having decreed a new levy of three hundred thou-

sand men, the Allied Powers, who, by this act, have received new provocation, deem it expedient to declare to the world the principles which guide the present war. The Allied Powers do not make war against France, but against the unjust preponderance claimed and exercised by the Emperor Napoleon, beyond the limits of his empire. Conducted by victory to the banks of the Rhine, the Allied Powers have used their success only to offer peace to the Emperor of France, on honourable conditions, and on a basis to secure the independence of other states. The Allied Powers wish to see France great, powerful, and happy, and confirm to her an extent of empire, greater than she ever knew under her kings. But the allied sovereigns wish also to see their own people happy and tranquil; they desire, by an equitable partition of forces, and a just balance of territory, to secure their own states from those calamities which, for twenty years, have desolated Europe. The Allied Powers will not lay down their arms till this great and benevolent design is accomplished."

The good faith of these fine promises may be judged of from the treaty of Paris; but it is certain that this manifesto contributed to alienate from Napoleon's cause the hearts of many who had, till then, remained faithful; since, by giving credit to the declaration of the allies, they beheld in him the only obstacle to peace,—the universal wish of France. Nor, in this respect, were the Allies deceived; and I confess having read, with no little surprise, that part of the Duke de Rovigo's *Memoirs* where he speaks of this manifesto, accusing its authors of falsely representing the Emperor "as a furious man, who replied to their overtures of peace by levies and conscriptions." But, on this point, what did they say which was not true? How otherwise explain the fact, that, in the year 1813 alone, Napoleon had levied one million and forty thousand men?

After all, I have no intention of maintaining that

the declaration of the allies was candid, as respected the future: most certainly it was not so. Napoleon's destruction evidently appeared to have been sworn. Even the Swiss were now begun to be tampered with; and means were employing to get their consent to the passage of the troops by the bridge of Basle. Meanwhile, affairs presented an equally unfavourable aspect in the south, where the Anglo-Spanish army menaced us on the Pyrenean frontier, and already occupied Pampeluna. The loss of that last position, which we had still preserved in Spain, more forcibly proved the sad condition to which France, on every hand, was reduced. The state of the interior was not less afflicting than the situation of affairs abroad; if, on the one hand, the foreign powers made offers of peace, they nevertheless continued war; and the departments bordering on the Rhine, throughout the whole of that frontier, were threatened with invasion. Men had been raised; but that was not sufficient; the most essential necessaries of an army were wanting. Every thing was to create. To meet the most urgent demands, the Emperor drew forth thirty millions (£1,250,000) from the immense treasury he had hoarded up in the Tuileries, in the vaults and galleries of the Pavilion Marsan. This sum disappeared, as if ingulfed; but it was not less an act of generosity on the part of Napoleon, and I confess my inability to account for the complaints of the legislative body regarding this matter. These rigid legislators, who before dared not snuffle out a single word, while fortune smiled upon their master, had at length found their most sweet voices, and now demanded loudly, prior to the donative in question, that the three hundred and fifty millions (£15,000,000) in the imperial coffers should be transferred from the privy purse, to account on the public budget. Why had they permitted in silence such a sum, squeezed, by exaction, from the conquered provinces, to be hoarded

up? There would have been danger in opposition!*

At this deplorable period, every day brought new misfortunes,—inevitable consequences of the fatal campaign of Moscow. Dresden, still occupied by a French garrison, fell into the power of the allies; and the sentiments of other powers were so far changed towards Frenchmen, before whom they had so often trembled, that it was not scrupled to violate the faith sworn to the garrison of the Saxon capital. Scarcely had the French troops marched beyond the walls, when they were disarmed, in the face of an engagement, upon which they had surrendered, to allow them to enter France with arms and baggage. Ah! had Napoleon once more resumed the ascendency, he would have been excusable in signally avenging this perfidy—this insult offered to misfortune! Holland, at the same time, welcomed with joy the hour of enfranchisement, and the arrival of a Russian corps countenanced a general but almost bloodless insurrection. Such was the love which the countries bore us, and such the happiness we had conferred upon them! But defection was not confined within the limits of the empire: Murat had come to an understanding with the English, because otherwise he entertained a well-grounded fear that the throne of Naples would not long be his. Still it presented not one of the

* However culpable the former silence of the legislative body might be, they were right in demanding the imperial hoard to be given up to the public necessities. Nor will the reader easily reconcile our author's prattling about generosity, with the fact of Bonaparte's hesitation. In truth, it would be difficult, probably impossible, to find in history an instance of incapacity greater, than keeping up such a sum from useful circulation; or of unfeeling cruelty more justly meriting the execration of all mankind, than withholding this aid, or doling out a fifteenth fraction of it, while he was calling upon every father in France for his last child, and his last franc, and enforcing the sacrifice! — *Translator.*

least strange of the eventful occurrences of the period, to behold Neapolitans, with Murat at their head, swelling the armed million arrayed against Napoleon and France.

In the conflict of difficulties which thus assailed the Emperor, he threw his eyes upon M. de Talleyrand, who, unfortunately for France, had been long absent from the affairs of government. But, Napoleon having required that he should lay aside the dignity of vice grand elector, on becoming foreign minister, Talleyrand preferred one of the first posts in the state to a situation of which caprice might soon deprive him, while it exposed him to many ambitious machinations. Perhaps, too, Talleyrand's perspicacity led him to view the situation of affairs as desperate, and his acceptance as of doubtful good in circumstances so difficult. I have been assured, that, viewing things in their source, he proposed, in a conversation with the Emperor, the very extraordinary advice, to call into play the ambition of the English family of the Wellesleys, and to awaken in Wellington's mind, the splendour of whose fame had now begun to shine forth, ambitious views and projects, which would have troubled the coalition. To this scheme Napoleon lent no attention; the issue appeared to him too uncertain, and especially too distant, for the pressing exigencies of the season. Caulaincourt was then called to the administration of foreign affairs, and Maret became home secretary, where he was much better placed. Regnier quitted the portfolio of justice, and was succeeded by M. de Mole; and, at the same time, M. de Cossac resigned to Count General Daru the ministry of war.

During these slight changes of his servants, the Emperor himself was unceasingly engaged in preparing the means of repelling the attack now directed against him. He created all—overlooked all—performed all. Though age might have been thought to have taken from him some of his activity, yet, in

this crisis, I beheld him as in his most vigorous youth. That he might be enabled to direct the full force of his arms against the allies who menaced him on the side of Switzerland, he took a resolution, with regard to Spain, which might have exercised a decisive influence upon affairs. This was the resignation of the crown, the renunciation of Joseph's rights over that country, and the immediate restoration of Ferdinand to his states. Joseph made this sacrifice at the instance of his brother, but reluctantly, and in a manner which shewed how hard it is to quit a throne. The treaty was signed, but executed with inconceivable tardiness, while the torrent advanced upon France so rapidly, as to interrupt the execution. Ferdinand indeed recovered his crown, but by causes very different.

The march of the allies occasioned to the Emperor intense anxiety. It was important to destroy the bridge of Basle. The Rhine, easily crossed, would throw the enemy in masses upon France. I had at this time a correspondence with a foreign diplomatist, whom I shall be excused naming: this correspondence assured me the bridge would be allowed to remain, and that such agreement had been made with the allies at Berne. This astonished me, since, on our side, I had contrary information. I despatched an emissary on my own private account, being deeply interested in knowing the truth. He returned to tell me that the bridge would be suffered to stand.

On the 19th December, the legislative body was convoked. M. Lainé presided under Regnier. The house formed itself into a committee, to consider and report upon the communications addressed to it by the Emperor. The majority of the members sensibly felt the deplorable situation of France: they expressed these sentiments in their report. This was not what had been wanted by the Emperor, who desired that they should coincide in his views of resistance: the report was therefore seized, and the house adjourned. This

proceeding I have ever regarded as a great error. Had the Emperor and his legislature frankly communicated with each other, the defects of a diplomacy always so artificial and vacillating might have been supplied. Who can doubt that a noble and candid conduct on the part of the legislative body of France, declaring that she accepted the propositions of Frankfort, would have been listened to by the allies? Would they not have preferred an honourable peace to the dangers of invading a vast country, defended by an ardent and valorous people? But the remark, "You will be dishonoured, if the meanest village, united to the empire by a *senatusconsultum*, be dismembered," continually resounded in Bonaparte's ear, whose secret wishes it flattered, and rendered him averse from every pacific measure.

Those who attentively observed events will still remember the general stupor which fell upon Paris on learning what had occurred in the legislative assembly. That body, according to custom, waited on the Emperor in order to take leave. He received the *revolters* not over graciously, and dismissed them without hearing any explanation. Afterwards, he observed concerning them, "The members of the legislative body come to Paris only to obtain some special favours. They importune ministers from morning to night, and grumble if not instantly satisfied. Invite them to dinner—they seem bursting with envy at the splendour which surrounds them." These words I had from Cambacèrés, who was present.

CHAPTER IV.

CRISIS OF NAPOLEON'S FATE — ALLIES ENTER SWITZERLAND — A MISSION AND DUKEDOM OFFERED TO BOURRIENNE — SIEGE OF HAMBURG — DAVOUST — OPERATIONS IN ITALY — EUGENE — DEFECTION OF MURAT — AFFAIRS IN FRANCE — GIGANTIC PLANS OF NAPOLEON — HIS VIEWS OF PEACE — PROPOSALS OF THE JACOBINS — REJECTION — PARTING INTERVIEW WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

I HAVE now reached the most critical period in Napoleon's career. What reflections — supposing him to have had leisure to reflect — must have filled his mind, on comparing the remembrances of his dawning fortunes with the sad associations of his glory in its wane! — when he contrasted the standard of the army of Italy, which, in victorious youth, he presented to the Directory, with those drooping eagles constrained now to defend the eyry whence they had so often dared their flight, to soar on conquering wing over Europe! The comparison and the contrast alike teach the difference between freedom and absolute power. Child of liberty — every thing through her, Napoleon had disowned his parent, and was now to be again nothing. The season had gone by when the nations of Italy rejoiced to be vanquished, in the name of a free republic; on the contrary, to rescue herself from a despot's thrall, Europe stood armed around our country, ready to burst upon its sacred territory. Fraud was united with force, and both against the Emperor; while the mighty resources,

still offered by France, were paralysed through the inactivity of many agents of his government; while a stupor had fallen upon all spirits,—he was betrayed by those who yet professed themselves allies. Thus the Swiss voluntarily opened their frontiers, which, as a neutral power, they had promised to see respected, or to defend; and the weakest side of France thus lay exposed to the blow.

This violation of the Swiss territory, by the allied armies, with consent of the cantons, is connected with a very important circumstance in my life, which, had I been inclined to take part in the mighty events then passing, might have effected a vast change in my destiny. On Tuesday the 28th of December, I was dining with my friend M. Pierlot, formerly intendant-general of the Empress Josephine's establishment, when, about nine o'clock in the evening, an express arrived from the minister of police, requesting my immediate attendance at his residence. I confess it was not without alarm that I prepared to obey this summons: I knew, thanks to Davoust's calumnies, that I was still an object of suspicion, and at this very time under serveillance, being obliged to shew myself three times a-week to Savary; a species of restraint which, of course, had to me nothing disagreeable.

But I conceived that new accusations had accomplished the threatenings of the last two years, and that certainly I should now be sent to sleep at Vincennes. In truth, as the Emperor's former kindness had seemed to revive, machinations against me had been redoubled. At all events, I deemed it best to be prepared; so, borrowing a nightcap from my friend Pierlot, I marched on bravely to the hotel of the minister of police. Savary I found in a chamber, fully lighted up, and evidently waiting for me. He was in grand costume, and had apparently just come from the Emperor. Before he had time to speak, I readily perceived he had news to impart, and from

his air of satisfaction, augured that for this bout Vincennes was not the word.

" Bourrienne," said this thoroughly good man, whom it has been endeavoured to represent almost as a monster, " I have just come from the Emperor. He asked me, ' Where is Bourrienne ? '—' Sire, in Paris; I see him often.'—' Well, send for him: I wish to employ him: for three years he has had nothing to do. I desire to send him to Switzerland in the capacity of ambassador; but he must set out immediately. The King of Prussia has expressed himself, by letter, satisfied with his conduct towards the Prussians, whom the chances of war had forced to retire to Hamburg. He is the friend of Prince Wittgenstein, the friend again of the King of Prussia, and who is probably also at Lorrach.* He will see all the noble Germans who are there. I have sufficient confidence in him, to feel assured that his journey will be productive of good results. Caulaincourt will give him his instructions.' " Notwithstanding my great amazement at this unexpected proposition, I replied, without hesitation, that I could not accept the mission; and that it was offered me too late. " You flatter yourselves that the bridge at Basle will be destroyed—that Switzerland will maintain her neutrality; I believe neither—nay, more, I know positively to the contrary. I can only reiterate that the offer comes much too late."—" Your resolution gives me much pain; but Caulaincourt may perhaps prevail upon you to accept. The Emperor desires you should call upon the Duke of Vicenza to-morrow, at one o'clock; he will tell you all about it, and give you instructions."—" He may tell what he pleases; I will not go to Lorrach."—" But you know the Emperor better than I do; he wishes you

* Lorrach is a small village, about six miles from Basle, and which had been fixed upon as the starting point of the Austro-Russian army.—*Translator.*

to go, and will never pardon your refusing; and who knows what may be the consequences to you?" —"He may do as he likes; but upon no consideration will I go to Switzerland."—"You are wrong; but you will think of it between this and to-morrow: the night brings counsel. At all events, do not fail to see Caulaincourt at one. He expects you. You will be admitted instantly, and will be alone with him."—"I know Caulaincourt. I had the happiness of being useful to him and his family, in an affair of erasure from the emigrant list: he is an excellent person, and will listen to reason: if not, my part is already taken, and the Emperor can take his as suits himself."

It was eleven at night before I separated from the Duke de Rovigo, who continued to press me earnestly, but with friendly interest, to a change of resolution. Next morning I began by calling upon M. de Talleyrand, informed him of what had occurred, and begged he would speak to M. de Caulaincourt, in favour of my determination. The former approved of my refusal; and at one precisely I called upon the latter, at the foreign office, which had not yet been removed to the palace for which I was to have paid. The usher stationed at the door of the cabinet recognized, and, conformably to order, instantly announced me. M. de Caulaincourt made me sit down on the opposite side of the fire, beside which he was seated, and gave orders to the attendant to admit no one. The Duke then, with a calmness and forbearance which delighted me, began to explain his commission. The conclusion seemed to me evident, that he was well aware of the melancholy situation of affairs, and that he himself considered the proposed mission as vain. I answered with the same composure, repeating the substance of my conversation with Savary, his colleague in the ministry, and my own friend, of the result of which, as a refusal, he himself must be already acquainted. The minister then entered into long details, and, in a

very friendly manner, on the reasons which should induce me to accept. Among other things, he remarked, that, from the repeated denunciations of Davoust, the Emperor had been rendered ill disposed towards me, and that, by refusing, I ran the hazard of confirming his suspicions of my dispositions for the future. I again replied generally on the inutility of the mission, and then particularly on my own situation—a private individual—appearing among the allied princes as one who had been three years removed from public affairs, and in some measure in disgrace, without even the decoration of the Legion of Honour. "If that be all," interrupted M. de Caulaincourt, "there is no difficulty. I am authorized by the Emperor to say, that he will create you a Duke, and invest you with the grand order of the Legion of Honour." At these words I thought I must be dreaming, and was almost inclined to regard the minister as in jest. The offer, however, was serious; and it is but honest to confess, that I found it tempting. I withstood the temptation, nevertheless, and persisted in my positive refusal. At length, after some farther discussion, the Duke, seeing his efforts vain, rose, which was a signal to me that our conference had terminated; and it must be confessed, that, for some seconds, I remained very uncertain what course to take. M. de Caulaincourt was retiring slowly towards the door of his cabinet. If he departed without my knowing his opinion, I had done nothing. Addressing him by his family name, "Caulaincourt," he returned towards me. "You have often assured me that you would never forget the services which I rendered your family, when possessing some credit. Look at the situation of France,—consider my circumstances. I do not ask for your secrets, but I will state frankly that my conviction is, the allies will pass the Rhine in a few days. The Emperor has been deceived; I should not have time to arrive, and would be laughed at. I know you to be a man of

honour,—and tell me candidly, and as a friend, how would you act, if in my situation?" I saw, from the sudden and involuntary emotion expressed in his countenance, that my question had touched Caulaincourt. He pressed my hand with affectionate warmth, and said, "I would do as you have done. Enough: I will arrange with the Emperor; keep yourself easy." In fact, I heard no more of the affair.

Here I feel myself constrained to anticipate with a short anecdote: In May, 1815, when the King had appointed me prefect of police, M. de Caulaincourt sent, on the 15th of that month, a person, on whom dependence could be placed, to ask me, if he incurred any risk by remaining in Paris, or whether he ought to remove. The Duke had learned that his name was contained in a list of those whom I had orders to arrest. Much affected by this mark of confidence, I replied with warmth to the Duke's envoy, "Say to M. de Caulaincourt that *I do not even know where he lives:* let him remain quiet, and I answer for his safety."

The reader is already aware, that numerous garrisons had been left in different parts of Germany. Dresden had fallen into the power of the enemy, by a capitulation which was not respected; for the troops, who had surrendered on condition of being sent into France with arms and baggage, had no sooner marched beyond the walls, than they were stript. Magdeburg, under Lemarrois, still held out, and was expected to do so for some time. Davoust resolved to render Hamburg a similar point of resistance. Of the extensive correspondence which I maintained at this time with the exterior, my information from Hamburg interested me especially. During the campaign of 1813, the allies, having driven the French out of Saxony, and constrained them to march for the Rhine, formed the siege of Hamburg, wherein Davoust had shut himself with thirty thousand men, in the resolution of rendering

the defence no less memorable than that of Saragossa, and of delivering up the post only when the town had become a heap of ashes. Such were his own expressions; and, it must be acknowledged, he displayed much ability in carrying his resolution into effect, though at a fearful expense of life and property to the miserable inhabitants. He began by laying up vast quantities of provisions. Generals Dejean and Haxo, of the artillery, were sent by Napoleon to mark out the lines of fortification; in the formation of these, Davoust employed fifteen thousand men. At the same time, General Bertrand commenced the erection of a bridge, uniting Hamburg and Haarburg, by joining the islands of the Elbe to the continent, —a distance of six miles. This bridge, constructed of wood taken by force from all the timber yards, was finished in eighty-three days. It presented a magnificent appearance, bestriding a water-way of 5058 yards, exclusive of communications across the two islands. Many millions would not replace the houses thrown down to complete the fortifications, and to uncover the approaches of the enemy. But these defences were upon so extensive a scale, that sixty thousand men would have been required for their full occupation. All this was effected at incalculable loss to the inhabitants. From the immense stores heaped up in the place, the garrison was plentifully supplied, while provisions in the town were to be obtained with much difficulty, in very small quantities, and at exorbitant prices. All horses, without exception, were seized for the artillery; the best were selected, the others slaughtered in the streets, and the flesh distributed to the soldiers. The inhabitants, pressed by famine, bought the hides at a dear rate. The garrison, composed of French, Italians, and Dutch, upon the evacuation of the place, in May, 1814, was found to be reduced to a moiety, having lost upwards of 15,000 men. The process of demolition, in levelling the outer defences, was so

complete, that even the tombs and vaults were thrown down. Neither the living nor the dead were spared; for, in executing their work of destruction, the soldiers might be seen wrenching off the silver plates from the coffins, and even breaking them up, in order to get at the rich stuffs in which it is there customary to wrap the deceased. In this rage for plunder were braved even the exhalations of putridity, which doubtless exaggerated, perhaps had occasioned, the pestilence that broke out at a subsequent period of the siege. To these acts of barbarity succeeded a most strict blockade, formed by the troops of Russia and Sweden, and all external communication was cut off. The King of Denmark even, the faithful ally of Napoleon, found himself constrained to abandon the garrison to its fate. To this he was forced by the Prince-Royal of Sweden, who, as we have seen, joined, at an early period, the league of the north. In one of the first sorties, General Vandamme and a considerable number of men were uselessly sacrificed. In the month of December, provisions began to fail the inhabitants, and all useless mouths were turned out, under every aggravation of cruelty. On the 18th, one of those proclamations of expulsion was issued, for departure in forty-eight hours, under pain of destruction of the houses,—the commandant of the gendarmerie having it in charge to inflict on the recusants fifty strokes of the bastinado before expelling them. But if there are ways of dealing with Heaven, so are there with the gendarmerie. The bastinado was remitted for a sum of money, and, in the case of females, French gallantry substituted scourging! But such is the tie that binds us to our natal soil, that still the wretched inhabitants clung to their hearths; and a new order, of the 25th, became necessary, which declared, that, out of compassion, twenty-four hours longer were granted, after which, all found within the city, who could not contribute to the defence, should be considered as in league with the enemy, and consequently liable

to be delivered to the Prevotal Court, and shot! This was not enough: lingerers were still found; and, in one of the last nights of December, all who fell under the proscription, without distinction of age or sex, sickness or health, were torn from their beds, and, during an intense frost, carried beyond the walls. By a refinement of cruelty, the escort was composed of citizens. In the course of the night, many aged persons perished. To misery the most deadly insults were added. I have seen—I have read—I do not invent, an order of the police, declaring all female servants subject to domiciliary visits, unless they had certificates of health from their masters! All those evils were increased to an incredible degree of desperation, by the avarice and barbarity of Davoust's favourite agents. One of these, a native of Auxerre, retained a valet, whose business it was to carry off by force, or inveigle by fraud, for his master, a daily victim from the honourable young females of the place. These are facts so well known, that though, for the sake of his family, I do not mention the name of this commissary, when these pages, even at this distant date, are read in Hamburg, every one will repeat that name. Meanwhile filth and putrescence accumulated every where: the streets were encumbered with the carcasses of slaughtered horses: the Alster and its lake, poisoned by every species of uncleanness, which there was no longer means of transporting beyond the city, sent forth deadly exhalations: as the season advanced, epidemic and febrile complaints were converted into pestilence: from sixty to eighty died daily in the hospitals, of which no care was taken: and, on the bastions, on the ramparts, and in the highways, the dead were flung into trenches rather than buried; so that the living could not make a step without treading on the remains of their relatives or friends. All pecuniary resources being at length exhausted, the poor remains of the bank were seized, amounting to about eight millions of

marks (£600,000;) and thus, while Hamburg, so lately rich and hospitable, was completely ruined, the shock was extended to distant places. Napoleon had accused Hamburg of Anglomania, and, in ruining it, thought he was ruining England. Through all these persecutions, that city had been an unresisting sacrifice. Like Jerusalem—whence, it is said, during the siege by Titus, *the sound of lamentation was heard in the night*—Hamburg could only bewail in secret.*

Such was the state of the French interest in Germany, where we were expelled from all save a few isolated points, in which crime and useless resistance maintained a sinking cause. In Italy, Eugene commanded; that country having been confided to his care, after the campaign of 1812. To the preservation of Italy, Bonaparte attached great importance, both from the recollection of his early glory, and its present value. The actual possession of its rich provinces would be of great weight in a treaty of peace, which might call for their resignation; while they afforded a strong and convenient point whence to threaten Austria. The Viceroy did every thing in his power to second the intentions of the Emperor. But Eugene's army, in reality, differed greatly from its appearance on the muster-roll. That, indeed, bore the number of regiments, but, in many instances, the regiments themselves had remained beneath the snows of Russia, or been buried in the plains of Poland. By dint of exertion, however, and the care taken of his soldiers,

* It is dreadful to think of such enormities and sufferings during the space of their continuance; but it is, perhaps, even more fearful to contemplate their future consequences. While walking on one of the magnificent promenades which have replaced the astonishing mounds of Davoust, I was informed, by a magistrate of Hamburg, of the opinion being generally entertained, that the crimes and calamities of the siege had wrought an injurious effect on the morals of the place, from which they had not yet recovered, nor would soon regain a healthy tone. — *Translator.*

he assembled a corps of fifty thousand men, of whom five thousand were cavalry. After the failure of negotiations, in the shadow of a congress at Prague, the Viceroy, entertaining no doubt of an approaching attack upon Italy, marched with his whole disposable force, and took up a position as near as possible to the Austrian frontier, his head-quarters being at Udine. Until April, 1814, he was enabled to preserve an imposing attitude, and to protect the entrance to the Italian kingdom with that skill which might have been expected from one trained in the school of Napoleon, and ranking among his best generals. Two defections, however, afflicted the excellent heart, and disconcerted the prudent arrangements, of Eugene; namely, those of Murat, his brother soldier, and of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Thus exposed in rear to the Neapolitan army, and in flank to the Bavarians, approaching through the Tyrol, he commenced a series of retrograde movements in the autumn of 1813, falling back, first upon the Tagliamento, and subsequently upon the Adige. There, he took up a position, with troops considerably diminished by garrisons, sickness, and conflict.

Towards the end of November, Eugene understood that one corps of the Neapolitan troops had seized Rome, another Ancona, and that the army was on its march for Upper Italy. The King of Naples wished to turn to his own advantage the situation of Europe, and became the dupe of offers promised as the reward of his treason. He was here doubly a traitor; for, not only had he entered into a treaty with the enemies of France, but, as nothing certain was yet known respecting his desertion, and flying reports were discredited as impossible, he continued to profess amity to the Emperor, and to receive provisions and stores from Eugene. Such, too, was the confidence at Paris, that the war minister never once thought of refusing those demands; yet, at that very moment, the King of Naples was engaged to join the Austrian troops,

and to make common cause against the French arms in Italy. Here Murat became perfidious and inexcusable. To disown his native for his adopted country, when the interests of the latter demanded it, was a measure standing on its own merits, and liable to be judged differently, as men's opinions or their feelings differ; but to join perfidiousness to desertion, can admit of only one sentiment,—that it was at once unmanly and criminal. When first informed of this treachery, Napoleon refused to give credit to the fact: "No," exclaimed he, to those around him,—"No! that cannot be! Murat, to whom I gave my sister! Murat, to whom I have given a crown! Eugene must be deceived. It is not possible that Murat should declare against me!" It was, however, not only possible, but true. At that very moment, Miollis, with a handful of men, was blockaded in the castle of St Angelo, as were also the garrisons of Ancona and Loretto, in their respective citadels. The treaty between Austria and Naples was definitively signed on the 11th of January, 1814. Soon after, Eugene, mistrusting Murat's conduct, retired behind the Mincio, and cantoned his army. Here, on the 8th of February, the Austrian army came up with his position: he engaged and defeated the Austrians, and thus, for some time, prevented their invasion, and junction with the Neapolitan forces. Not till eight days after this conflict, did Murat officially declare war against the Emperor, by sending in his declaration, by his chief of staff, to General Vignolles, who held the same situation in the army of Prince Eugene. Immediately, all the French officers in the Neapolitan service left the king, and went over to Eugene. Murat exerted every effort to retain them, but in vain. "No Frenchman," said they, "who really loves his country, can now remain in your service."—"Do you suppose, then," cried he, "that my heart is less French than yours? Believe, on the contrary, that I am much to be pitied: from the grand army, I hear only

of disastrous events. I have been forced to make a treaty with the Austrians and an arrangement with the English under Lord Bentinck, in order to save my kingdom from a threatened invasion, by the English and Sicilians. Such a disembarkation would infallibly have excited a revolt in the interior: remain then with me."

Immediately on receipt of Joachim's declaration, Eugene issued a proclamation to his troops:—"Soldiers," said the prince, "my motto is, Honour and Fidelity; let the same be your device: with this in our hearts, and God for our aid, we shall yet triumph over all our enemies." In the same proclamation, he expressed his hopes of a solid and lasting peace; these were not realized: another portion of it, in which he promulgated the imperial decree for the recall of all French officers in the Neapolitan service, had become useless, from the voluntary retirement of all whom the regulation concerned; and unfortunately he possessed not the means of fulfilling his promises of victory. The Austro-Neapolitan army obtained advantages which could not be disputed; Leghorn and Ancona were taken, and the French obliged to evacuate Tuscany.

I return to affairs in France at the end of 1813. These presented a spectacle no less afflicting than in Italy. The imperial diadem, like the iron crown, tottered on the head of Napoleon. The treachery of Murat had proved doubly fatal, in itself and in its effects, upon the mighty combinations in which he had been destined to act an important part. In the gigantic scheme of defence and offence which he now meditated, Bonaparte's intention had been that Eugene and Murat, uniting their forces, should march upon Vienna, through the Tyrol and Carinthia, and thus get to the rear of the allies, and shake Austria to the centre. Meanwhile, he himself, with the soldiers, and on the soil, of France, would have multiplied obstacles in the enemy's front, and might have decided

the campaign, before their timid million, measuring every step, had polluted Paris with their presence. On hearing of this immense project, I could not but recognize the daring spirit which I had known meeting great disasters by great resources. The impress of genius was there, but rendered powerless in the means of execution. In the campaign of Paris, Napoleon was all himself; again he unfolded that fervid mind, which, as in youthful conquests, annihilated time and space, and seemed omnipresent in its energies. But the chances of success were no longer the same: victory even, if dearly purchased, must become fatal to him. In France, new hopes had sprung up in the room of those that had been deceived, and which had heralded him to consular power. Now must he have felt, in all its simple honesty, the counsel of Josephine,—"Bonaparte, do not, I beseech thee, make thyself king."

Napoleon was still Emperor; but the man who had imposed upon all Europe treaties of peace not less disastrous than war itself, could not now obtain an armistice. His ambassador, Caulaincourt, commissioned to treat of one, passed twenty days in idleness, at Luneville, without being received into the allied camp, or permitted to pass the advanced guards of the army of invasion. In vain Caulaincourt entreated—supplicated Napoleon to sacrifice, or rather provisionally to lay aside, a portion of the glory acquired in so many combats. No concession could be obtained: he wrote, however, to his minister, —"I shall sign whatever you will. To obtain peace, I ask no condition. I will not dictate my own humiliation." This was equivalent to a prohibition to sign or to concede any thing. In the course of the first fifteen days of 1814, one-third of France was invaded, and a new congress proposed at Châtillon upon the Seine. Of the proceedings I shall speak hereafter; meanwhile, let us consider the last moments of Napoleon's stay at Paris, before setting out for

that adventurous campaign of France, wherein he displayed military talent superior even to the reverses which he experienced, and where these were often balanced by the fortunate daring of his vast combinations.

Affairs were approaching daily to a crisis. Strongly pressed by the allies, he was counselled to seek extraordinary resources in the interior of the empire. He was reminded of the fourteen armies which, as if by enchantment, sprung forth from the soil of France, to defend her, at the commencement of the Revolution. In short, he was advised to throw himself into the arms of a party who still possessed the power of raising the mass—to join himself to the Jacobins. What a trial for him who had so often manifested the justifiable loathing which these inspired! Nevertheless, for a moment, he cherished the idea of adopting this advice. He made the round, on horseback, of the suburbs of St Antoine and St Marceau; caressed the populace; replied to their acclamations with attentive eagerness; and believed he beheld in these dispositions something which might be turned to advantage. On returning to the palace, some prudent people took upon them to make remarks, recommending him to have recourse rather to the upper classes—to the nobility and select of the nation. Perceiving thus that several blamed this ridiculous popularity, he replied,—"Gentlemen, you may talk as you please, but, in my present situation, I find no nobility save in the rabble of the Fauxbourgs, nor any rabble save in the nobility I have made." A happy device this to please every body; since, according to Napoleon, all were rabble together.

At this epoch, the Jacobins were disposed to serve, and to strain every nerve to save him. But they required that he should leave them alone to act freely, to arouse every revolutionary passion, to abandon the press to their management, and to have sung in the streets and in the theatres their favourite

airs,—with other propositions, no less extravagant, and not less revolting. I do not in this repeat hearsays, but what I witnessed and heard at two meetings at which I was present, though certainly by chance, and when these proposals were brought forward with the more assurance, that success appeared certain. Though years had passed since the times of my familiar intercourse with Napoleon, I knew his opinions regarding the Jacobins too well to be under any apprehension as to the result here. In fact, disgusted by their demands, and the price which they put upon their services, he broke off the correspondence. "It is too much," he said; "I shall find in battle some chance of safety, but none with these harebrained fools:" adding afterwards,—"There can exist no connection between the demagogues of 1793 and monarchy; between furious clubs and a regular ministry; between a Committee of Public Safety and an Emperor; between revolutionary tribunals and the reign of the laws. No! if I must fall, I will not bequeath France to the Revolution from which I saved her."

Golden words these! and Napoleon followed up a resolution worthy of himself, by calling forth a truly national and more noble instrument to parry the threatening danger. This was the National Guard of Paris, which he placed under the command of Moncey, a man estimable in every respect, who had loyally fought under the standard of France, and now, in an advanced age, preserved the freshness, both mental and bodily, of youth.* The Emperor could

* Moncey Bon-Adrien Jedunot, marshal of the empire, and Duke of Cornegliano, was born at Besançon, July, 1754. His father was an advocate, and the young soldier was himself intended for a similar career; but, so powerful were the attractions presented by the profession in which he afterwards attained so honourable a station, that thrice he deserted the paternal roof to enlist as a private sentinel. The first time his discharge was purchased by his family; a second time he solicited his own

not have made a worthier choice; but the staff of the National Guard became a focus for every species of intrigue, save that which tended to the defence of Paris; and when the moment came, without seeming to wish the overthrow of Napoleon, all its members had that overthrow uppermost in their minds. However that may be, as captain of the guard, I was convoked, with my brother officers, to meet the Emperor in the Tuileries on the 23d of January, when we received Napoleon's farewell, previous to his setting out on the morrow, for the first time, to fight for the hearth, with the foe in the land. What a day for me! how many recollections assailed my memory! We were introduced into the grand saloon, which I had so often traversed as a familiar of the house. Better to view the ceremony, I had mounted, along with others, upon a bench placed against the wall. Napoleon entered with the Empress; he advanced with a noble air, leading by the hand his son, not yet three years old. For a long time I had not been near him with whom I had lived so intimately, and for so many years. He had become very corpulent; and, upon his extremely pale countenance, sat an air of sadness and displeasure. The ordinary movements of the muscles of his neck were stronger and more frequent than I had formerly remarked.—No, I cannot describe what I felt stirring within me, on beholding this friend of my youth, so long master

release, but the third time he persevered; and, as his reward, found himself, at the age of forty-six, a cornet of dragoons! The Revolution opened rapid promotion, for, in 1796, he was general of division. In Italy, under the consulate, he distinguished himself in the passage of St Bernard; at Marengo; and in other lesser conflicts. In 1804, he became one of the fifteen marshals of the creation; and, subsequently, in Spain, sustained the reputation of a merciful, if not talented, commander. The text informs us of the rest. In 1823, he again commanded, in the Spanish invasion, under the Duke d'Angouleme,—if with little honour, it was not his fault—the expedition was disgraceful.—*Translator.*

of Europe, on the point of sinking beneath the efforts of his enemies. The ceremony had something grave and solemn, and, at the same time, mournful. Rarely does silence so profound reign in so numerous an assembly. There prevailed throughout some indescribable and vague uneasiness—an eager listening for the voice of Napoleon. Nor was that voice long unheard. In strong and sonorous tones, as when he harangued his soldiers in Italy or Egypt, but without the expression of self-confidence, and satisfaction with others, which then beamed from his countenance, Napoleon thus addressed us:—

"Gentlemen, officers of the National Guard, I have pleasure in beholding you assembled around me. I depart this night, to place myself at the head of the army. On quitting the capital, I leave behind, with confidence, my wife and my son, upon whom so many hopes repose. I owe this acknowledgment of security to all those acts by which you have never failed to manifest your attachment, in the principal eras of my life. I shall depart, with a mind freed from a weight of inquietude, when I know these pledges to be under your faithful guardianship: to you I confide all I hold most dear in the world, next to France, and recommend them to your care.

"It may sometimes happen, from the nature of the manœuvres which I am now to execute, that the enemy may find an opportunity to approach your walls. If such an event should occur, bear in mind that it can be the affair only of a few days, and that I shall speedily arrive to your assistance. I recommend to you to be united among yourselves, and to resist every insinuation tending to introduce disunion. Endeavours will not be wanting to shake your fidelity to your duties; but I depend on your repelling all these perfidious instigations."

I listened to Bonaparte's words with the deepest

attention; and, though he pronounced them with a strong voice, it was not unmoved—he felt, or feigned, emotion. But that emotion, whether real or assumed, was shared by a vast number of those present; and I confess, for my own part, that I was greatly overcome, especially when he uttered the words, "I confide to you my wife and my son." I fixed my eyes upon the child; the interest he inspired was altogether distinct from that excited by the grandeur which surrounded, or the misfortunes which threatened, him. I beheld in the boy, whose countenance, moreover, displayed much innocent loveliness, not the King of Rome, but the son of my earliest friend. During the whole day, I could not escape from a feeling of sadness, on comparing what I had that morning witnessed, with our first occupation of the Tuileries. How many ages in the fourteen years that separated those events!

CHAPTER V.

CONGRESS OF CHATILLON — BONAPARTE'S VIEWS OF HISTORY AND OF PEACE — PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONGRESS — DUPLICITY OF NAPOLEON — CAULAINCOURT'S PROJECT OF PACIFICATION — REJECTED — VIEWS OF THE ALLIES — SINGULAR CONVERSATION WITH ALEXANDER — CAMPAIGN OF PARIS — BATTLE OF BRIENNE — VISIT TO THE FIELD — BATTLE OF CHAMP-AUBERT — ANECDOTE — THE BOURBONS — THE POPE — KING OF SPAIN — ALLIES MARCH UPON PARIS — BATTLE OF FERE CHAMPENOISE — ANECDOTE.

It will be deemed a circumstance worthy of remark, by those who take an interest in comparing dates, to find, that Napoleon, the successor of Louis XVI, and nephew of that monarch, by marriage with Maria Louisa, should have taken his farewell of the National Guard, precisely on the anniversary of the too famous 21st January, after twenty-five years of terror and disgrace — of hope, of glory and reverse. On the morrow, he set out to join the army; but, alas! his journey was not so long as it used to be, before reaching head-quarters. Eastern France was already occupied by five hundred thousand men, and Napoleon had wherewith to oppose this host only, at most, one hundred thousand; but his genius, far from failing him, seemed to renovate its youthful vigour in this terrible conjuncture.

Meantime, the congress at Châtillon-sur-Seine had opened, where assembled, the Duke of Vicenza, as representative of France; Lords Aberdeen, Cathcart,

and Stewart, British envoys; Count Razoumowsky, on the part of Russia; Count Stadion, on that of Austria; and Count de Humboldt, from Prussia. As I received the most perfect intelligence on whatever was transacted in this assembly, I believe the present portion of my *Memoirs* will deeply interest every one who seeks for the truth on the negotiations of this period. In terms of his instructions, the Duke de Vicenza demanded an armistice on the opening of the congress, according to the usual practice while negotiating treaties of peace. This Napoleon both desired and greatly wanted, to repair former losses, and to prevent the fresh disasters of immediate warfare. But, instructed by past experience, the allies resolved to continue military operations, and answered the proposal of an armistice by requiring the immediate signature of the propositions of pacification. These, however, were no longer the proposals of Frankfort. The allies now established, as a basis of the treaty, the limits of the ancient monarchy. They regarded their success as sufficient to authorize this; and who, in their situation, would not have acted in the same manner?

To judge accurately of Napoleon's conduct, in reference to these pacific negotiations at Châtillon, we must take especially into account the organization which he had received from nature, and understand the ideas which that organization had superinduced upon his mind during his youthful years. If we examine with attention and impartiality that conduct throughout, we shall be convinced that he owed his fall only to himself. No agents at this time fostered his selfish ambition, his overmastering love of glory, and profound duplicity; though, in other seasons, there might have been those in his confidence who failed to convince him, that often his designs were incompatible with the necessities of France. If, upon this occasion, he was the victim of his ambitious views, it must be attributed to himself alone. He

has said, at St Helena, in speaking of the conferences of Châtillon,—"A stroke from Heaven could alone have saved us; for to treat, to conclude, was to give up like a fool to the enemy." Napoleon is beheld undisguised in these words. He was deeply read in the history of the great men of antiquity; and what he had chiefly sought to discover in his studies was the means by which these men had become great. He had not failed to remark, that a vast military renown bears much farther the name of the possessor, than the most successful labours of peace, extensive knowledge, or the noblest effort to contribute to the happiness of mankind. How often has he said to me, while lanching forth into some of the historical disquisitions in which he loved to indulge,—"Who, at this day, knows the names of that populace of kings who have passed from thrones upon which chance or birth had placed them? They lived and died in obscurity. Painfully are their names sought in worm-eaten archives; or a medal—a coin, found among rubbish, barely reveals to the learned the existence of a king, of whom they had never heard. On the contrary, speak of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Henry IV, or Louis XIV, and we are instantly among acquaintance." From all this he had drawn, as it were, an historical corollary,—never to sign a disadvantageous peace. How then conclude a shameful peace, which not only stripped France of what Napoleon had added to her dominion, but of that which she had confided to his genius, to his great military talents, and to his fortune? He entertained an intimate conviction, which never for a moment had I seen laid aside, that, were once the illusion produced by his triumphs to be destroyed, the charm and the enthusiasm so many prodigies had awakened in a brave and generous people, would disappear with its cause. "France," he would often say, "received me as her chief, from the arms of victory: if conquest forsake me, France will return

to the descendants of Henry IV." Many were the illusions, in every period of his career, with which Bonaparte imposed upon others, as to his position, but never, save in rare instances, did he impose upon himself. Deprived of its military foundation, his greatness necessarily fell; and of this he was fully aware. To occupy the brilliant station in the pages of history to which he aspired, a tarnished crown was to him no crown. During the long space passed in his intimacy, even when his glory stood beyond dispute, ever did I find him fatigued and disgusted with the labours of civil administration. What, then, must have been his aversion to engage in arrangements for the humiliation of his beautiful France? Once, when Caulaincourt pressed him to make sacrifices, he exclaimed, "Courage may defend a crown—infamy, never!"

Such were the dispositions with which Napoleon set out for the army. Soon after his arrival, the conferences at Châtillon commenced. The Duke of Vicenza, convinced that he must no longer count upon the natural limits of France granted by the Declaration of Frankfort, as the basis of negotiation, wrote for new powers. The Congress opened on the 5th of February; on the 6th, there was no sitting; but, on the 7th, the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers declared themselves categorically. They drew up a protocol, that, in consequence of the success which had attended their arms, France should be confined within her ancient limits, such as these were under the monarchy, before the Revolution; that France should renounce all influence beyond her immediate frontiers; and that, consequently, all titles implying protection in Italy, Germany, or Switzerland, were instantly to cease. This proposition, so different from the one sent to Frankfort to our envoy, M. de St Aignan, appeared so extraordinary to M. de Caulaincourt, that it obliged him to request a suspension of proceedings, the conditions being of a

nature which did not authorize him to proceed immediately. The plenipotentiaries acceded to his wish, and adjourned the meeting till eight o'clock the same evening. In this night sitting, the Duke of Vicenza declared his willingness to make the greatest sacrifices for peace, however remote the propositions of the allies, as explained that morning, had been from the terms offered at Frankfort; but requiring a definite statement of those sacrifices, and of the compensations to be given in return. This was, indeed, fulfilling his recent instructions to prolong the discussions, and to gain time; but the duke has been unjustly accused of opposing the peace, and throwing unimportant and even trifling obstacles in the way. Such were the private instructions of the Emperor.

On the following day, some success obtained by the allies, and their capture of Troyes and Chalons, determined Napoleon to empower his plenipotentiary to state, "That he was ready to consent to the ancient limits of France, provided the allied powers immediately consented to an armistice." This would have exactly suited Napoleon; time would have been gained. The East and the North would have risen; reinforcements could have arrived from the south of France; and he should have been able to bring up his troops from Spain and the German fortresses: besides, fortunate chances might present themselves, and, to a certainty, intrigues might be set on foot. On the 9th of February, this unexpected proposal was laid before the Congress by Caulaincourt; and M. de Razoumowsky, convinced that England would accede, her object in the surrender of Antwerp, and the evacuation of Belgium, being thus attained, demanded, in the name of the Emperor Alexander, a suspension of the discussions. But the allies rejected this subterfuge of Napoleon; and they did right. He had given his ambassador to understand, that the *first* word of the allies was not to be taken as an *ultimatum;* that he must reply by assuming

the propositions of Frankfort, and demanding an armistice; but that their answer even to this was not to be an ultimatum. "There are many other concessions," he added in his letter; "but, if the allies are satisfied, you may close; if not, the terms will afford room for discussion." In the same letter, occurred the following remarkable expression, which describes the whole intention of the Emperor,—"You may go, *verbally*, as far as you judge convenient; and, when you shall have obtained a positive ultimatum, refer to your government, for final instructions concerning it." Is this clear?

In the sitting of the 10th of March, the Duke of Vicenza inserted in the protocol, that the last courier despatched to him had been stopped and detained for a long time by several general officers in the Russian army, who had forced from him his papers, which had not been delivered to the duke till thirty-six hours afterwards, at Chaumont. Caulaincourt justly complained of this infraction of the rights of nations, and of established usages, as the only cause of delay in concluding the negotiations. He then laid before Congress the instructions of his master, in which the Emperor acceded to the conditions of the allies at Frankfort, from which they had receded without comprehensible motives. He, however, was careful not to communicate his secret orders,—*to insist—to demand all, in order to obtain nothing.* He then inserted a long note in the protocol, setting forth all the commonplaces about the balance of power, the partition of Poland, the inferiority to which France would be reduced, compared with Austria or Russia, by accepting the new basis proposed by the allies, namely, her ancient limits before the Revolution; and maintained, with truth, that, without France, the balance of power could not be preserved. He continued to state, in support of these views, that Belgium, and the right bank of the Rhine, having been constitutionally united to France, and recognized

by existing treaties, the Emperor neither could, nor would, consent to their dismemberment. To these propositions of Napoleon, the allies replied, that they contained nothing distinct or definite, as respected the preliminaries presented by them on the 17th February, and which were to have been answered on the 28th, after the term of ten days fixed upon by Caulaincourt himself: they, therefore, proposed breaking up the Congress. To prevent this, the duke replied *verbally*, " 1. That Napoleon was ready to renounce all influence beyond the limits of France. 2. To acknowledge the independence of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland; and to make such concessions to England as should be judged necessary, and for a reasonable equivalent."

Upon this declaration, the sitting immediately broke up without reply. Nor was this to be wondered at. What did Bonaparte comprehend under the *limits* of France? Those, unquestionably, which he had been offered, but refused, at Frankfort, and which the allies now retrenched to the limits of the monarchy. And what was the " reasonable equivalent expected from England?" Is it surprising that this obscurity and vagueness inspired no confidence? In fact, three days after this sitting of the 10th of March, the allies declared, that they could not enter upon the discussion of the verbal protocol of the French minister, and demanded from him, within twenty-four hours, an explicit declaration for or against the treaty proposed by them, that the limits of France should be those of the monarchy, before the Revolution, or to propose a counter project. Always guided by his secret instructions, the Duke of Vicenza inserted in the protocol an ambiguous reply, at the same meeting of the 13th March. The allies answered by repeating their demand. The former then requested a suspension of the meeting till eight the same evening, which, after some discussion, was granted. The meeting having resumed, M. de Caulaincourt, much

to the surprise of all, said he would give in a counter project, but could not finish it before the evening of the 14th, or morning of the 15th March. The allies were pressed, but, from personal consideration to the French envoy, said they would adjourn to the morning of the 15th. On that occasion, to the astonishment of all, in this counter project, so long delayed, the duke modified nothing of his verbal protocol. The Emperor was to retain the Rhine, renounce Holland, Italy, his supremacy over Switzerland, and to recognize the independence of Spain; but the crown of the kingdom of Italy was to be guaranteed to Prince Eugene Napoleon. The Princess Eliza was also to retain the sovereignty of Lucca and Piombino, and the Prince of Neufchatel his principality; the Grand Duke of Berg (son of Louis) was also to retain possession of his duchy; the King of Saxony to be reinstated in his kingdom; and the Ionian Isles were to belong to the kingdom of Italy. The greater part of these conditions were received with derision by the allies. It became evident that Napoleon had never intended to treat seriously of peace at Châtillon.

This singular programme of the 15th, Caulaincourt had demanded should be ratified in five days, or sooner if possible. But the allies saw clearly that its object was only to involve them in a tedious discussion; and, fearing lest they should still become the victims of the crafty policy of Napoleon, inserted in the protocol, during the sitting of the 18th, their reasons for rejecting altogether the propositions of the French minister. For my own part, so convinced was I that Napoleon had no intention to conclude peace upon any principle of concession, that, on the 13th, when the Duke of Vicenza had written to Talleyrand that the signature of the treaty would unquestionably soon take place, I affirmed it would not. On the morning of the 14th, having visited Talleyrand, I expressed the same opinion; upon which he put into my hand Caulaincourt's letter, stating that "Napoleon

had given him a carte blanche to save the capital, and to avoid a battle, by which would be compromised the last resources of the nation." This appeared very positive; but the assurance did not alter my opinion for a moment. Having read the letter, I returned it, with the remark, "He will not sign." M. de Talleyrand could not help saying that he thought me obstinate in my belief; but he judged of the Emperor from his present position, while I formed my opinion from Bonaparte's character. Napoleon, I was convinced, would sacrifice all, rather than his glory, and valued less his crown than the preservation of its lustre.

In fact, on the 19th, the plenipotentiaries of the allies, perceiving that all these diplomatic stratagems had evidently no other object than to gain time; and likewise struck with the inconsistency of Napoleon's refusing, for a definitive peace, what he had proposed to grant for a simple armistice, declared the negotiations with the French government terminated. The allied powers added, through their representatives, that, faithful to the principles they had announced, they would never lay down arms, until these principles had been recognized and admitted by the French government. The issue of these grand debates was thus referred to the chances of war—chances but little favourable to the man whose genius then strove against Europe in arms. The successes of the allies, during the negotiations, had opened the road to Paris; while Napoleon, ever hoping that fortune would yet return to bless his standard, supplied the want of numbers, against these armed masses, by the most skilful manœuvres which, perhaps, his genius ever imagined. An excessive love of fame proved his ruin; he shrunk from the necessity of signing what he conceived to be his own shame; and he had his desire: he could say, "All is lost, save glory." *His* glory will be immortal.

But, before entering upon my usual slight details

of battles, and of the memorable operations in Champagne, I shall relate a singular conversation between Alexander and one of our generals, most faithfully reported to me, which throws light upon the views of the allies, relative to the government of France, before the fall of the empire. I have always been convinced — a conviction strengthened by all their subsequent acts — that, in entering France, the allies had no intention of re-establishing the Bourbons, or of imposing upon the French any government whatsoever. They entered to destroy, not to found: what they wished to destroy, in the commencement of their success, was the supremacy of Napoleon. In the early period of that bloody struggle, they had not even thought of any one to govern in France: it little mattered to them who was chief of that government, provided it was not Napoleon, nor any member of his family. This opinion I entertained, in common with many of the best informed men in England, with whom I had more than once occasion to correspond.

These principles were so decidedly those of the allies in 1814, that they were manifested still more solemnly at a later period, when the Bourbons had already reigned more than a year in France. The treaty of Vienna, concluded on the 25th March, 1815, bore, that "The allied powers have no other object than to take from Bonaparte the possibility of renewing his attempts to seize the sovereign power in France." One month, day for day, following the signature of the treaty of Vienna,—and certainly circumstances were then very different from those of 1814,—the Prince Regent of England declared to the British Parliament, that there was no intention to impose upon France any government in particular.

General Regnier had been taken prisoner at the battle of Leipsic, and was exchanged in the beginning of February, 1814. In passing through Troyes, the general, wishing to pay his respects to the Emperor

Alexander, was received by that monarch with his customary condescension. On arriving in Paris, the general came to the Duke de Rovigo's, with whom I happened to be dining that day, and in my presence related the conversation I now report. "Having inquired of Alexander," said the general, "whether he had any message for Napoleon, who, knowing I had seen his majesty, would not fail to put many questions; the emperor replied, that he had nothing particular to say to him. He added, 'I am Napoleon's friend, but personally have much to complain of; the allies, too, wish to have nothing more to do with him: as to other matters, we have no intention to impose any person upon France; only, the allies are determined no longer to recognize Napoleon as Emperor of the French. As for myself,' added Alexander, 'I can no longer have any confidence in him—he has deceived me too often.' Regnier made such observations as his attachment to Napoleon dictated, and asked,—"But, if the resolution be persisted in, to remove him from power, who is to be appointed in his room?"—"Does it not belong to you," answered Alexander, "to appoint a successor? why not name some one else to govern the French nation? All depends upon yourselves. We have no desire, I repeat, to impose any one upon you; but we will not have him." Subsequently, there ensued a discussion on the claims of several generals, to all of which Regnier opposed well grounded difficulties. "Well, then, general," said Alexander, "have you not Bernadotte? voluntarily elected Prince-Royal of Sweden, might he not be chosen in like manner by the French also? He is your countryman; to the Swedes he was a stranger." Regnier, whose character was firm and composed, presented many reasons in opposition, which I do not now remember, but which at the time appeared to me well founded. Alexander, upon this, with marked displeasure, put an end to the conversation, by saying, "The fate of arms will

then decide it." * I was by no means surprised by the first assurances of Alexander, during this interview, being well aware that the allies had firmly resolved not to suffer Napoleon to remain master of France. As to the latter part of the conversation about Bernadotte, it tallied with what I have already stated of the interview at Abo on the 28th August, 1812. But the moment approaches when I shall have to revert to the subject.

The campaign in which the important question was to be decided, Whether Napoleon should continue master of France? required from him a system of tactics different from all the warlike operations in which he had yet been engaged. He was now reduced to the defensive; and, instead of acting upon a plan established previously, his dispositions were constantly to be modified and rendered subordinate to the movements of an overwhelming superiority of numbers. He had quitted Paris on the 25th January, at which date Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia, were assembled at Langres. Napoleon rejoined his guard at Vitry, and, two days after quitting his capital, put to rout the Prussian army then advancing by the Lorrain road; chasing it from St Dizier. Two days after, took place the battle of Brienne, in which, with fifteen thousand men, he kept in check for twelve hours eighty thousand Russians. This battle was brought on through a movement made by the Emperor on his right, in order to interpose between Paris and the grand Austro-Russian army, which had passed the Seine and Yonne at Montereau, and pushed forward an advance upon Fontainbleau. What recollections and what thoughts must have agitated his mind, on

* General Regnier served with distinction in Egypt, and in all the European campaigns, especially in that of Saxony. He was an excellent officer, and much attached to his imperial master. He died soon after the above conversation, while on the way to rejoin Napoleon in Champagne. — *Translator.*

revisiting, as Emperor and King, and with an army lately so powerful, those scenes which, thirty-four years before, had witnessed the mimic combats of our boyhood! Then and there had he often said to me, "I will do these Frenchmen of thine all the mischief in my power." The desire, indeed, had been changed; but destiny had registered its fulfilment; for now had he brought into the bosom of *his* beautiful France the legions of armed Europe.

Napoleon was in the Isle of Elba, when I yielded to a strong desire of visiting the battle field of Brienne. The impressions of the scene are inseparable from the events which gave them rise. I was here in the midst of blackened traces of a murderous conflict, on the very spot where I had so often been the sole companion of the boy whose wayward destinies had thus led him, like a hunted beast, to the lair whence he had started. Where, now, were the numerous companions of the same season, and the same scene?—how various their fortunes! Our college was now to be distinguished only in its site; the magnificent chateau of the Count de Brienne, to whom Bonaparte had so often paid his respects, bore traces of war and devastation. The death of the excellent proprietor upon a scaffold contributed not a little to inspire Napoleon with that horror of the Jacobins which remained with him, undissembled and unmitigated, through life. In following a devious course, which, like my recollections, was guided by no plan, I found myself in the dark and silent avenue which conducted to the hermitage. Time, aided by revolutionary hands and the powder of the Cossacks, had now left scarcely a vestige of the beautiful paintings, representing the temptation of St Anthony, which had formed the delight of our youthful enthusiasm. Every where appeared simultaneously to my imagination, the boy Bonaparte, and the unhappy Napoleon. I wandered along the banks of that rapid stream, in whose waters I had so often bathed beside him who

had since filled the earth with his name. I found again the place where we were wont to plunge from the bank into the ever cool wave, and could still recognize the willow he had planted over the spot where one of our companions had perished. Why the one rather than the other? thought I. Had fate chosen for her victim the young Corsican, what a difference in the destinies of France—of the world! On entering the village, I felt as if awakened from a dream of sweet and bitter fancies. With the charm of early remembrances mingled an inexpressible revulsion of feeling, when I thought of the fall of the man, who, unjustly prejudiced against me, had, by his proceedings, forced me to regard him no longer as a friend. Amid the ruins of the college of Brienne, friendship had resumed all its first unimpaired tenderness.

In two days after the engagement which called forth these reflections,—namely, on the 1st of February,—from seventy to eighty thousand men of the French and allied armies drew up against each other. There the chiefs of both incurred the greatest personal hazard; for Napoleon had a horse killed under him, and, at Blucher's side, a Cossack was struck down by a shot. The operations of the Emperor's active warfare carried him, a few days after this great battle, to Troyes. There he remained but a brief space, and advanced towards Champ-Aubert, where ensued the battle which has immortalized that village. The Russians were beaten, and General Alsufieff, with two thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon, captured. This battle was fought on the 10th of February; and really there would be no exaggeration in saying, that, at this period, the French army had to sustain a battle every day, and frequently on several points at one and the same time. Thus, on the 11th, the Prince of Wirtemberg entered Sens, my native city, after a most obstinate resistance; while General Bourmont vigorously repulsed the enemy before Nogent; and

at Montmerail, the Emperor defeated the united corps of Generals Yorck and Sacken.

After the battle of Champ-Aubert, the Emperor was so elated by the success, that, at supper with Berthier, Marmont, and Alsufieff, he said,—"Courage, gentlemen! another such victory, and I am upon the Vistula." Observing that no one replied, and thinking he read in the expression of the Marshals that they partook not in these hopes, he added, —"I see clearly, gentlemen, that you are all tired of war; there is no longer any enthusiasm; the sacred fire seems extinct within you." Then, rising from table, and going up to General Drouot, with the intention, by a marked compliment, to hint a censure upon the Marshals,—"Is it not true, general," asked he, clapping him on the shoulder, "there wants to success only a hundred men such as you?" Drouot replied, with as much spirit as appropriate modesty, —"Say one hundred thousand, sire!" This trait of Napoleon, which so completely paints the man, I had, a short time afterwards, from the two principal witnesses of this moment of aberration.

Success, indeed, had returned, but only for a moment; for how could it be otherwise? The loss of twenty men was to us as great as of one hundred to the allies. Our recruits could be raised with difficulty, while the allied reinforcements, stationed along the whole route, from the centre of Germany to the heart of France, arrived daily, and not only covered the losses inflicted by French valour, guided by the genius of Bonaparte, but unceasingly swelled the hostile ranks. The whole of February was a series of combats—a succession of reverses and defeats nearly balanced. The activity, the energies, and the resources of the French chief, seemed inexhaustible. On the 10th, Marshal Blucher forced a corps of the army to retreat, and on the morrow, was himself beaten at Vauchamp, by the Duke de Ragusa. The 17th and 18th were favourable days; on the former, the

corps of Wittgenstein was completely defeated at Villeneuve, with great loss in men and materiel, and that of General Wrede at Nangis; and, on the latter, the Prince of Wirtemberg was obliged to evacuate Montereau, after a severe conflict. It presented an afflicting spectacle thus to behold troops and leaders engaged against each other, who, only two years before, had fought under the same standard. But Bonaparte would have it so, by rendering his alliance an insupportable burden, and by constantly refusing to bend his ambition beneath the yoke of necessity.

Thus, wholly absorbed in war, Napoleon had little time to spare for the affairs of the interior. But already other subjects of disquietude had occurred, in the arrival, at St Jean de Luz, of the Duke d'Angouleme, nephew of Louis XVIII, in whose name he issued a proclamation to the French soldiers; while, on the 21st of the same month, the Count d'Artois made his entry into Vesoul. In the mean time, hostilities continued on a vast line of operation, with an always increasing animosity. In vain did our soldiers cover themselves with glory in so many combats! Spite of their prodigies of valour, the masses thickened and bore down towards a centre. Thus is the eagle finally strangled by the very crowd of his puny enemies, though every stroke of his beak sends a dead raven circling downwards through space. Gradually the war approached nearer Paris. Intelligence from the army, so eagerly expected, daily arrived earlier. While the cannon of the Invalids thundered forth the acclamations of victory, the distant roll of hostile artillery might be heard in the capital of France: so hurried were the changes of this war of extermination.

A little before the end of February, the allies were in full retreat, in different parts. Marmont had repulsed the attacks of Blucher; while Napoleon, occupied in pursuing the Austrians, had, by a skilful manœuvre, succeeded in dividing his forces, and throwing forward a part of them to oppose the army

of Silesia, which menaced his rear. At the same time, Marshals Victor, Oudinot, and Macdonald, advanced upon the route of the Aube and the Seine. But the retreat of the allies was not a flight. Having experienced a reverse, they retired beyond the Aube, and waited for reinforcements, which soon enabled them to resume the offensive. Many were those who, from these successes, looked for peace; they hoped that the Emperor of Austria might be detached from the coalition, and would never consent that his daughter should be driven from the throne of France. They were speedily undeceived, by the ambassadors of England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, signing, at Chaumont, on the first of March, a league for twenty years, should that time be necessary, to force a peace, by which France should guarantee the independence and tranquillity of Europe. Twenty years!—thirty days sufficed.

Into these thirty days were crowded so many events, that a volume would be required to describe their history. Troyes, from which they had been lately driven, was recovered by the allies. And, during these transactions, the Swedish army, commanded by the prince-royal, arrived on the frontiers of France. Bernadotte, I know from a private letter, kept saying to all who would listen, that the allies were firmly resolved to deprive Napoleon and his family of power. He spoke of the re-establishment of the Bourbons, not as a condition which the allies would impose upon France, but as a measure likely enough—thus leaving room to return upon his words, according to circumstances, and the conference at Abo. The Swedish contingent was no great affair for the allies: they wished it to be said, in their grand protestation, that Europe was armed against Napoleon. But once more, he astonished Europe, thus leagued against him, by crushing the forces of Blucher, on the 7th of March: the contest, however, was obstinate, and cost the conqueror dear. Marshal Victor was grievously

wounded, as were also Generals Grouchy and Ferrière. But a great moral reaction was taking place upon the inhabitants of Paris, by the proximity of warfare, the sight of the wounded, and of women, from the palace to the cellar, occupied in preparing dressings. Hitherto, the glory of victory only had reached the capital. But the trophies of Champ-Aubert and Craonne had been accompanied by convoys of the wounded and the dying, who crowded the hospitals of Paris. Still, the Emperor continued to dispute the ground, foot by foot. But already had the Duke d'Angouleme entered Bourdeaux; it was known, also, what reception he had met with—more flattering, probably, than wished by those who had facilitated his return to France. The 21st of March, (a day which fatality seemed to have marked out for great eras in the destiny of Napoleon,) the second city in the empire—not Rome, but Lyons—was occupied by the Austrians, under General Bubna. The same day, Napoleon recovered Arcis, on the Aube, and, on the morrow had a horse killed under him; for now he exposed his person, as at the bridge of Arcola. Happy would it have been, if, like Gustavus Adolphus and Turenne, he had fallen on the last of his fields!

While Napoleon thus made head against so many enemies assembled to overthrow his power, it may be said that he shewed himself his own enemy, either through false calculation, or negligence, relative to his noble prisoners, who, on his departure from Paris, were still detained,—the Pope at Fontainbleau, the Spanish princes at Valencey. The Pope was first released; and I saw the Duke de Rovigo reiterate his directions, that he should be received throughout France with the deference due to his years and character. Surely, Napoleon thought not of the utility which he might have derived from the Pope's presence in Rome, which, in that case, Murat would not have dared to occupy with Neapolitan troops. Again, with regard to the Spanish princes, is it possible to

conceive that they were retained at Valencey till the 13th of March? I am quite aware, that Ferdinand neither inspired nor merited any interest, by reason of his unworthy treatment of his father, and because the *strange character* which he would develop on the throne of Spain had been already divined. But the question was one merely of policy; and here the sound judgment of Napoleon forsook him. He ought to have finished with the gentry of Valencey, by sending them about their business, and brought his warlike troops instantly from the south, when the grand army of Germany began to be driven back even to the Rhine, and the confines of France. With these veteran legions, and his own genius, it lay within the compass of possibility for Napoleon once again to balance fortune. But no! he looked to the nation, and the nation was tired of him: His cause had long ceased to be that of the country.

The last days of March brought to Napoleon only a series of calamities. On the 23d, the rear-guard of the French army suffered severe losses. Soon after, Prince Schwartzenberg passed the Aube, and marched upon Vitry and Chalons. Napoleon, reckoning upon the possibility of defending Paris, pounced with eager rapidity on the Austrian rear, and seeing the army execute a retrograde movement, mistook it for a retreat: but no such thing; the movement became an advance upon Paris, and, at the same moment, Blucher directed his march to meet Schwartzenberg. Thus Napoleon, who had intended to intercept their retreat, found himself cut off from Paris. All now depended upon the defence of the capital; or rather, by sacrificing Paris, the existence of the shade of the empire might perhaps be prolonged a few days.

On the 26th took place the conflict of Fère Champenoise, wherein valour could not long withstand numbers, and Marshals Marmont and Mortier were constrained to retire to Sezanne; and, on that day —I beg the reader to remark the date— Napoleon

experienced a loss, which, in his circumstances, was irreparable. During the combat of Fère Champenoise, was captured, by the allies, a convoy of warlike stores, which consisted of an enormous quantity of arms, ammunition, and equipments of all kinds, comprising almost the whole of the materiel that remained to us. This acquisition was deemed so important by the enemy, that a bulletin and order of the day were printed, announcing the success. A copy of this document fell into the hands of Marshal Macdonald, who rightly judged such intelligence should not be concealed from the Emperor, for he knew, as I have stated in the first volume of these *Memoirs*, that Napoleon always desired to be immediately informed of bad news. At this epoch, indeed, Napoleon was so unfortunate that all information, not authenticated, was concealed as long as possible; but of the veracity of the bulletin the marshal entertained no doubt; he, therefore, repaired in person to the imperial head-quarters, where he found the Emperor preparing to recapture Vitry, then occupied by the Prussians. To dissuade him from this now useless attempt, the marshal put into his hand the fatal bulletin. This was on the morning of the 27th. Napoleon read, but could not credit the intelligence. "No," said he to the marshal, "you are deceived; it cannot be true." Then, having inspected the bulletin with much attention, "See here," resumed he eagerly, "examine for yourself; to-day is the 27th, and the bulletin is dated the 29th. You must at once perceive that to be impossible; the bulletin is false!" The marshal, who paid more attention to the contents than to the date, was struck with astonishment; but, having shewn the paper to Drouot, "Alas! marshal," said the general, "the information is but too true; there is only a mistake of the press,—the 9 is a 6 reversed!" On what trifles do sometimes depend the mightiest events. A figure reversed sufficed to maintain Napoleon's dreams of empire!—

Henceforth it was easy to perceive that all must be at an end. On the 28th, the allies passed the Marne at Tripot, and the next day at Meaux, where the divisions of Wrede and Sacken remained in position, in spite of the vigorous attack by which Marshal Mortier repulsed General Yorck, at Claye. The remainder of the 29th was devoted by the allies to completing their dispositions for attacking Paris on the morrow; and by the two Marshals, Marmont and Mortier, to sell dearly their entrance into the capital. They could not defend it with success; a capitulation saved the city. This was imputed as a crime to Marmont: Such is the justice of men!

CHAPTER VI.

STATE OF PARTIES — DEPARTURE OF MARIA LOUISA FOR BLOIS — JOSEPH — BATTLE OF PARIS — MARMONT'S RETURN WITHIN THE WALLS — NIGHT OF 30–31ST MARCH — CAPITULATION — ASPECT OF PARIS — ENTRY OF THE ALLIES — ENTHUSIASM — DISCUSSION ON THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT — VIEWS OF ALEXANDER — MODERATION OF THE ALLIES — PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT — DECREE OF THE SENATE — NAPOLEON DETHRONED.

The grandees of the empire, and the ablest subjects of Napoleon, were divided, at this period, into two great classes, wholly different from each other. The first class was composed of those men who had been the companions in arms, and, in many instances, the patrons, of Napoleon. Theirs was a privileged sept, whose members, though bowed beneath the same yoke which weighed upon all, and though serving with enthusiastic zeal the man who had lifted them from the crowd, did not, in their imagination, limit France to the imperial head-quarters, nor forget that there had existed a home — a country — a France, in fine, before they gave her a master. They looked to the preservation of these as a measure separable from the existence of the empire. The other class, constituted of those whom I am inclined to term children of the empire, knew not a thought anterior to the present order of things. They beheld only Napoleon and the empire. In ardent and adventurous youth, they had been called from the school to the camp,

by the voice of him who seemed to have predestinated them to that glory, honour, and fortune, which they courted above all things. Hence their devotedness to the person of a single man: their willingness to hazard all — compromise all — in order to prolong the political life of their emperor. Fortunately, on the other hand, the constituents of the former class those who had shed their blood on the fields fought prior even to the fame of General Bonaparte, or under his eye, and guided by his example, could not conceive that any single man, whatever might be his genius or his claims, ought to be preferred to France. These men dreaded nothing so much as the dangers of a civil war, and were ready to make every sacrifice for France. This distinction was not limited to the ranks of the army, but extended also to the high civil functionaries of the state. The reader will bear this in mind, for it will assist to explain the conduct of those of elevated rank, during the events of the end of March, 1814.

It is impossible, without having witnessed their effects, to conceive the intensity of those passions which, at this period, agitated all minds in the capital, both for and against Napoleon, before the name of the Bourbons had yet been pronounced. In fact, these princes had no party. To the new generation, they were almost totally unknown: forgotten by many; feared by those of the old conventionals by whom they were still remembered, they possessed, in reality, only the frail support of the drawing-rooms of the Fauxbourg St Germain, and of some remnant of the emigration. But as the emigration could put forth only unavailing wishes in favour of the ancient family of our kings, so it is very certain that this class contributed very little to the return of the Bourbons. One thing, however, is clearly demonstrated, that the follies of the emigrants, and their absurd pretensions alone, rendered possible, in the following

year, the return of Bonaparte, and the second exile of Louis. In fact, at the end of March, 1814, before the surrender of Paris, there reigned in the public mind a longing for change; men knew well what they would not have, but had not yet resolved on what to choose.

The departure of the Empress from Paris was not decided upon till after considerable discussion. On the 28th of March, the Council of Regency assembled in an extraordinary meeting, where Maria Louisa presided. Joseph strongly advocated her departure, grounding his opinion on a letter from the Emperor, which ordered, that, if Paris should be threatened, the Empress Regent and Council should retire to Blois. The arch-chancellor (Cambacèrés) supported the same opinion, which was finally carried. It had been argued in opposition, that, by remaining in Paris, the Empress was more likely to obtain favourable terms from the allies; or even, like her grandmother, Maria Theresa, by presenting herself with her son to the people, rouse the citizens to the defence of the capital. This latter resolution, doubtless, was the more advantageous to the interests of Napoleon; but, even if acted upon, could only have retarded for a few days an event which had now become inevitable. Still, it would have been productive of great difficulties; but Joseph had few resources in case of emergency: the arch-chancellor desired to be gone, doubtless recollecting the comfortable prediction uttered by Bonaparte in my hearing, "If the Bourbons return, you will be hanged;" so the Empress and Council, with the ordinary guards, set out for Blois.

The Prince of Benevento, (Talleyrand,) in quality of member of the Council of Regency, likewise received orders to quit Paris on the 30th, but was prevented from passing the barrier. I had called at his house, and, on his return, was there with some other friends. At the time, the prince was accused

of contriving this agreeable restraint; I can as positively deny the fact: at all events, his conduct shewed prudent foresight. From Talleyrand's I went to the Duke de Rovigo, in the friendly intent of persuading him to remain, and to profit by his situation to secure himself from inconvenience. But he unhesitatingly refused,—with such exclusiveness had he attached himself to the fortunes of the Emperor. I found him seated before a large fire, burning all papers which might have compromised those who had served the police. These documents might have placed some obstacle in the way of certain arrangements on the 1st of April.

At the moment when the Empress departed, I observed many people looking out for a popular commotion and change of government; but all remained tranquil. No preparations were in progress for barricading the doors, unpaving the streets, or pouring missiles and boiling water from the roofs. A great number of the inhabitants, however, were thinking of defence—not to maintain the government of Napoleon—but from that irritation which belongs to our national character. The Parisians were indignant at the bare idea of beholding strangers masters of Paris, an event unexampled since the reign of Charles VII. A thousand different reports were in the mean time flying about, chiefly concerning Joseph, who, remaining in his capacity of Lieutenant-general of the empire, was said to be preparing to seize the supreme power. He had no energy for such an act; and, besides, he was no more wanted in Paris than he had lately been in Madrid.

Meanwhile the crisis approached. Marmont and Mortier, as mentioned, had fallen back upon Paris on the 29th, in order to defend the approaches. Throughout the night, the watch and ward of the barriers, confided to the national guard, excluded all communication so completely, that not a single stranger penetrated within the city. The two

Polignacs,* who had escaped from their confinement at Vincennes some time before, and were then at Alexander's head-quarters, made vain attempts to get admittance. The allies, however, were informed of all that occurred in Paris; and I knew afterwards, that the departure of Maria Louisa hastened their resolution to bring the struggle to a close, by redoubling their efforts to enter the capital of France. On the evening of the 29th, Marmont took up a position at St Mandé, with his right resting upon the Marne, while his left extended to Mortier's right, whose troops were collected under the heights of Montmartre.

The whole inhabitants of Paris were roused at daybreak on the 30th by the sound of cannon; in a short time, the plain of St Denis appeared covered with the allied army, whose columns poured into it from all points. The heroism of our troops could not withstand such numerical superiority; nevertheless, they made the allies pay dearly for their entrance into the capital. The national guard, under the orders of Marshal Moncey, and the pupils of the polytechnic school, transformed into artillerymen, behaved in a manner worthy of our veteran soldiers. The efforts of Marmont during that day, would suffice to render immortal the name of any commander. His troops were reduced to between seven and eight thousand infantry, and eight hundred horse: with this handful of brave men, he maintained his ground for the space of twelve hours, against an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom, we are assured, fourteen thousand were killed or wounded. He was to be found in the thickest of the fight; a dozen of men were bayoneted by his side, and his hat was shot through. But what could possibly be done against overwhelming numbers?

* The brothers who figured in the trial of Georges and Pichegru, the only survivor of whom figures still more disgracefully at present. — *Translator.*

In this state of things, the Duke of Ragusa informed Joseph of his situation, whose note, as follows, is important, when connected with subsequent events:

"If Marshals the Dukes of Ragusa and Treviso can hold out no longer, they are authorized to negotiate with Prince Schwartzenberg and the Emperor of Russia, who are in their front. JOSEPH.
"*Montmartre, the 30th March*, 1814.
a quarter past mid-day.
"They will retire upon the Loire."

It was not till long after having received this formal authorization to treat, that the French generals ceased their obstinate resistance against the allied army, since the suspension of hostilities did not take place till four in the afternoon. Joseph, as is well known, exactly at a quarter past twelve,—that is, immediately after despatching the authority in question, made the best of his way for the road to Versailles, thence to proceed to Rambouillet. This precipitate flight astonished nobody, except some few who did not know him; but several officers of his staff were sufficiently displeased at being made partners therein, as they at first imagined he was going to take up a new position in order to defend the bridge at Neuilly. In these circumstances, to save Paris, which could not be defended two hours longer, had become the only desirable measure. And when Marmont signed the suspension, which ended in the capitulation of the ensuing morning, he merited a civic crown, rather than reproaches. I have still before my mind's eye, that general's appearance on the evening of the 30th March, when he retired to his house, in Paris, from the field of battle. We were some twenty people, among whom appeared Perregaux and Lafitte, who received him in the green drawing-room, which, with its inmates at that moment, is now present to my recollection. When

the marshal entered, he was scarcely to be recognized; his beard shewed a full week's growth, the greatcoat which covered his uniform hung in tatters, and from head to foot he was blackened with powder.

Here a discussion ensued on the necessity of signing the capitulation. This appeared to be the universal sentiment: the marshal will yet recollect, that there arose but one cry around him—"You must save France!" The prefect of the department of the Seine, who was present at this meeting, well aware of what ought to be the sole duty of the chief magistrate of the capital, decidedly expressed his intention to repair, in the course of the night, to the head-quarters of the allies, at the head of the municipal body. I applauded highly this prudent resolution, and M. de Chabrol was fully alive to the immense responsibility that would be incurred, if he did not exert every effort to save Paris from the horrors of pillage, to which it would have been exposed by a protracted and vain resistance. Perregaux and Lafitte strongly expressed their opinion to the same effect; this opinion, too, they declared to be that of the public, —of whose sentiments none could be better informed than these celebrated financiers,—and that, in short, France was weary of the yoke of Bonaparte. This last proposition placed the question then to be discussed upon a much broader basis; now, not merely the capitulation of Paris, but a change in the government, was to be considered, and, for the first time, occurred the name of the Bourbons. I do not recollect who, of all present, upon hearing proposed the recall of the ancient dynasty, remarked upon the many difficulties opposed to a restoration, without a return to the past; but I remember perfectly that M. Lafitte replied, in answer to this objection,—"Gentlemen, we can have nothing to fear, if we obtain a good constitution which shall guarantee the rights of all." This prudent remark conciliated the majority of the

assembly of the green drawing-room, and influenced not a little the conduct of the marshal.

Meanwhile this memorable conference was likely to be disturbed by an unexpected incident,—the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the Emperor. Napoleon, having learned the movement of the allies upon Paris, had in all haste posted from the banks of the Marne to the road for Paris, by Fontainbleau, and already, at Froidmanteau, had expedited this envoy to the marshal. The language of this officer clearly shewed that things were viewed very differently at head-quarters and in Paris. He expressed his indignation at the bare idea of capitulation, and announced, with incredible assurance, the speedy arrival of Napoleon in Paris, which he still hoped to save from occupation. At the same time, we were given to understand, that Napoleon reckoned upon every species of defence being resorted to by an insurgent population. This address, and these proposals, I answered in terms of our own resolution, representing all such outrageous means of opposition as folly. The majority of those present seconded these opinions, and their reception was finally unanimous. At a later period, the marshal said to me, speaking of the transactions of which I have now given a faithful recital,—"I am blamed, my dear friend; but you were in my house on the 30th of March, and you there witnessed what were the sentiments of the choice of the population of Paris. I acted as I did only because I beheld assembled around me those who were entirely disinterested—men who had nothing to expect from the return of the Bourbons."

The capitulation of Paris saved France. It has been said, indeed, that, had the capital held out another day, the allies would have been ruined; that they had fired their last cartridge; and that the approach of Napoleon with his army would have rendered the plain of St Denis their Caudine forks. These stories wherewith to amuse children, and the

fine discovery of the want of ammunition, were never heard of till long after, while at the time it was evident to all, that Paris could not have held out for two hours longer. A fearful conflict might, doubtless, have been maintained in the streets, but burning and sacking would have been the consequences; Napoleon would not the less have fallen, leaving as a farewell gift to France a mountain of ashes, where had been her capital. On the contrary, what was the immediate result of the capitulation? Peace obtained, as if by enchantment. Europe was in arms against us; and within forty-eight hours not a musket was fired. Napoleon had every where exacted immense contributions; in 1814, not a halfpenny of contribution was levied. The capitulation of Paris, too, was unquestionably more honourable to France, than had been any one of those formerly signed by her enemies, when our victorious troops entered their capitals, which had surrendered without resistance.* The night passed away in quietness; for, all being informed of the suspension of arms after the 30th, men began to breathe again. Still, the future was involved in vagueness and doubt, but each, representing it according to his own wishes, found a weight removed from his mind. One party entertained hopes of a regency, which, under a different name, might preserve the power for Bonaparte. This, above all things, was to be avoided, if a durable peace were desired. Affairs, however, in the first instance, promised not unfavourably for these views. But their opponents, those who

* There occurs a singular fallacy in the reasoning which would thus claim honour to France. If the capitulation of Paris was honourable, it could be so only to the allies, whose moderation granted humane conditions to a town which, having incurred the penalties of warlike opposition, is acknowledged to have been incapable of holding out two hours. Again, Berlin, Moscow, and Vienna, bravely defended as every one knows them to have been in the field,—the last even sustained a bombardment,—can never be said to have surrendered without resistance.—*Translator.*

supported a new or a more ancient order of things, were encouraged by the certainty, that the Emperor Alexander had determined against Bonaparte, and all his family; for his remark to General Regnier had not remained a secret.

On the morning of the 31st, from daybreak, Paris presented quite a novel spectacle. Scarcely had the French troops, under Colonels Fabvier and Denys, marched from the city, when, from all its richest and most respectable quarters resounded shouts of "Down with Bonaparte! No more conscription! No more consolidated imposts!" With these cries mingled that of "Long live the Bourbons!" But this last was not so frequently repeated as the others, and, in general, I observed, that the populace heard and looked on with a sort of indifference. I walked forth early to examine the state of things. Numerous groups were formed: females were tearing their handkerchiefs, and distributing the fragments as symbols of the recovered lily: but I confess these manifestations exercised but small influence over my mind. Some hours after, I met a cavalcade, in the square of Louis XV, traversing the streets, distributing white cockades, and shouting, "Long live the king! Long live Louis XVIII!" At the head of this train, were several of the ancient nobles, among whom I recognized Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, Count de Froissard, the Duke de Luxembourg, the Duke de Crussol, Seymour, &c. In a little time, a pretty numerous crowd was thus collected, which rushed tumultuously towards the Place Vendome. What ensued there is well known; nor can the first excess of a joy, legitimate in itself, excuse the insults offered to the statue of a man whose misfortunes, merited or not, ought to have formed a protection against such outrages. These insults, moreover, affected also the army of France, which yet acknowledged Napoleon, and irritated the partizans whom he still numbered in Paris. It answered the purpose,

however, of one party, to make these unmanly proceedings pass for an expression of public sentiment, since Count Nesselrode had demanded proofs that the Bourbons were supported by the population of Paris, before he would engage to second their cause with his master.

A meeting, less public indeed, but scarcely less tumultuous, had meanwhile assembled in the hotel of Count Morfontaine, who, in consequence, presided. Here, after the most violent and ridiculous motions, of which confusion rendered the discussion impossible, M. de Rochefoucauld, happily exercising his lungs so as to obtain a hearing, where all spoke and no one listened, proposed instantly to send a deputation to the Emperor Alexander, who had his head-quarters in the hotel Talleyrand. Here I was present when the deputation arrived, consisting of the proposer of the measure, M. de Ferraud, Choiseul, and Chateaubriand, who, on that very day, had become, as it were the precursor of the Restoration by his admirable pamphlet,—*Bonaparte and the Bourbons.* He had indeed consented to join the deputation, but nothing could induce him to speak. These gentlemen were not introduced to Alexander, but had a conference with Nesselrode, who said, "I have just quitted the Emperor: I guarantee his intentions return: and say, Louis XVIII. will re-ascend the throne of France." This happy news, when announced, redoubled, if possible, the tumult in the hotel Morfontaine; nor is it to be conjectured when or how it might have ended, had not M. Talon proposed that they should sally forth to spread their lights. I unite my grief to theirs who lament the stigma brought on our national glory; but have no community of sentiment with those who, in all changes, were ever found the suitors of fortune; who, in shouting "Long live Alexander! Long live the Bourbons! Down with Bonaparte!" meant only, "Long live our places! Our pensions for ever! God bless our noble selves!"

I do not by this intend to blame the explosion of feeling which accompanied Alexander along the whole of the Boulevards, when he entered as a conqueror into Paris. The French beheld in him the hope of a happier futurity; they saw, indeed, an army of foreigners marching into their capital, but each soldier wearing on his arm a white scarf, in token of reconciliation and peace. Yet I would have had more of decent sobriety: there is a certain dignity never to be departed from, and a national gravity which commands respect: above all, I would have had forbearance towards a fallen power. However this may be judged, the certain truth is, that the allies, as they marched victorious into Paris, were received with enthusiastic acclamations. Men may approve or blame, but cannot deny, this fact. I observed all with close attention, and with deeper feelings than curiosity; for I remarked an expression of a sentiment, whose existence might have been long foreseen. Greatness seemed to have unseated reason in the mind of Bonaparte. Whoever carefully follows the series of acts during the last four years of the empire, will readily perceive, that, from the period of his alliance with the daughter of the Cæsars, the administrative forms of the empire became daily more severe and oppressive. In the intoxication of conquest, or the recklessness of reverse, one senatorial decree followed another, with a rapidity which almost decimated the population, incessantly hurrying more levies beyond the frontiers; while to these most disproportionate requisitions was added an unfeeling irony. St Jean d'Angely dared to maintain, that the conscription favoured population. I have already mentioned the attempt of the legislative body, in 1813, to emerge from its mute state, and to give a lesson to him who had never taken one. What was the consequence? The gendarmes received orders to prevent the return of the deputies to their House of Assembly. All these things were remembered, and tended to exasperate the

spirits of men on the 31st of March. The illusions, also, of an unexampled career were now daily suffering a rude dispersion; the glory which had surrounded the imperial throne, ceasing to dazzle, allowed the eye to perceive, that it was based on a mere pageant. Master of France by the sword, Napoleon no longer enjoyed right or claim, when that sword was dimmed and sheathed, since not one popular institution had identified with the nation the new dynasty which he had aspired to found. The national admiration only, not attachment, had followed him even in his best days. We love not where we fear; and Napoleon had done nothing to merit the affections of France.

Having thus examined the aspect of Paris, and viewed the march along the Boulevards, I hastened from the procession of the sovereigns to the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, in order to be there before the Emperor Alexander, who arrived about a quarter past one. Immediately after, began those political discussions, upon which so many interests were depending, and which continued till three o'clock. In the existing state of things, only one of three arrangements was practicable: 1. To make peace with Napoleon, under all possible securities; 2. To establish a regency; 3. To recall the Bourbons. As to Bernadotte, no one would have him; not that objections rested against his personal character, but because, on one hand, a cloud of rivals would have risen up around him, and civil war might have been the consequence; and, on the other, his being a native Frenchman armed against France, was a circumstance of a nature strongly to inflame the national susceptibilities. Still, though Alexander remained firm in his intention, not ostensibly to influence the government which France might select for herself, he always inclined towards his former design in favour of Bernadotte, as explained in the interview at Abo. As to Moreau, it is quite a gratuitous supposition, that the czar ever intended to support him in any view he

might have entertained of placing himself at the head of affairs in France. At all events, the cannon ball at Dresden had settled the question. The events which he had that morning witnessed in his progress through the capital, had confirmed the Russian monarch in the determination he had formed since the campaign of Moscow, to overturn, should that ever be possible, the dynasty of Napoleon. But, though the crisis had now arrived, Alexander, like most of those opposed to Bonaparte, had resolved upon what was to be put down, without having any fixed ideas of the system to be established. I assisted at all the conferences. When Alexander entered the saloon, the majority therein assembled demanded the Bourbons. Meanwhile, he pronounced no decision; but, taking me apart to one of the front windows, gave me to understand what that decision would be, by saying, "M. de Bourrienne, you have been Napoleon's friend; so have I, and a sincere one too; but peace is impossible with a man of such bad faith. *We must have done with him.*"

These last words opened my eyes; and, in the discussion that ensued upon the three forms above, and which Alexander himself had proposed, the Emperor plainly enacted a part, in pretending to doubt the possibility of restoring the Bourbons, in order to call forth more decidedly the opinions of those around him. M. de Talleyrand assured his imperial majesty, that in case of this last resolution being definitively adopted, all the constituted authorities would act with as much regularity as circumstances permitted, and that he conceived himself empowered to pledge himself for the consent of the senate. He then left the Abbés Louis and Pradt, (who, with General Desolles, had pronounced warmly in favour of the Bourbons,) to explain their sentiments, and, I think, even recommended Alexander to interrogate them, as men interested solely in the welfare of France, and thoroughly informed of public sentiment. There were present, besides us French and Alexander, the King

of Prussia, Prince Schwartzenberg, M. de Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo, and the Prince de Lichtenstein. The Emperor kept standing or walking backwards and forwards, with some appearance of agitation, then elevating his voice, said to us, "Gentlemen, you know it was not I who commenced this war; you know that Napoleon came to attack me. We are not here thirsting for conquest, or animated by the desire of vengeance. Neither I nor my allies make a war of reprisal; and I should have been inconsolable, had any thing happened to your magnificent city, the miracle of art. We are not at war with France. We have but two opponents to combat,—Napoleon, and every enemy of French liberty. William, and you, Prince," added the Emperor, turning to the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzenberg, the Austrian representative, "are not these also your sentiments?" Both assented; and Alexander repeated, in other terms, the same expressions of generosity, insisting particularly that he wished France to be perfectly free, and stating, that, though their inclinations might be known, neither he nor his allies would exercise any influence as to the form of government. Upon this the Abbé de Pradt declared that we were all royalists, and that the whole of France thought with us. Paris, he went on to observe, had that morning proclaimed the same feelings in presence of their majesties, which sentiments would be expressed in a still more solemn manner, when the people should no longer be chained down by fear. Besides, Paris was the head of France; and, in all revolutionary movements, the country had obeyed the impulse received from the metropolis. Alexander again enumerated the three propositions, speaking of maintaining Bonaparte on the throne—of the establishment of a regency—of Bernadotte—and of the restoration of the Bourbons. Upon this, Talleyrand, who of all had shewn himself thoughout the most disposed to maintain Napoleon in power, by placing restrictions on

the exercise of his authority, replied in the following words, too remarkable for me to forget,—"Sire, there are but two possible alternatives,—either Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, if you can; but you cannot, for you are not alone. Whom would they give us in his room?—a soldier! We will have no more soldiers. Did we wish one, we would retain him whom we have: he is the first soldier in the world. After him, those who might be offered to us would not have ten men in their favour. I repeat, sire, whatever is not Louis XVIII, or Napoleon, is an intrigue."

These words produced upon the Emperor all the effect which could have been expected. The question was thus simplified; and as Alexander had resolved on the exclusion of Napoleon, pressed by us all, save Talleyrand, who still left the question undecided between the empire and monarchy, he declared that he would not treat with Napoleon; and being reminded that this applied only to the person of the Emperor, added, "nor with any member of the Napoleon family." Thus, from the 31st of March, the Bourbons had in reality become sovereigns of France. A declaration was then drawn up, and signed by Alexander, "That the allies would not treat with Napoleon; that they would respect the integrity of the ancient territories of France, as these had existed under her lawful kings; that they would recognize and guarantee the constitution which the French nation should adopt; and invited the senate to name a Provisional Government, to supply the immediate wants of administration, and prepare a suitable constitution for the French people." This declaration was printed and placarded over all Paris within an hour. It produced a prodigious effect, and cut short all intrigue of a contrary tendency. In the evening I repaired again to the Russian head-quarters; and about eleven o'clock at night, Alexander said to me, "M. de Bourrienne, you must take upon you the office

of postmaster-general." On instantly assuming my duties, I found that not only had no preparations been made for a regular delivery next morning, but that the servants had been dismissed. However, by labouring throughout the night, I reorganized the service, and on the morning of the 1st of April, the delivery took place as usual; a circumstance of great importance to the cause of the Restoration. So passed the eventful 31st of March.

The principal point obtained, in the declaration above, the rest followed of course. Then fully appeared the error committed in sending away the Empress from Paris. Had there existed a government in the capital, the allies must first have treated with its members. The Provisional Government named by the senate, or rather that which had been prepared beforehand and authorized by the senate—a body too long trained in habits of obedience to make any change on the list—consisted of Talleyrand, as president; General Beurnonville; Count Francis de Jaucourt; the Duke Dalberg; and the Abbé Montesquiou. This government named as ministry, Abbé Louis, finance; Malouet, admiralty; General Dupont, war; General Desolles, commandant of the national guard; Abbé Pradt, chancellor of the Legion of Honour,—an appointment which excited derision, but the good abbé had done much for the Bourbons, and deserved something; and me, as before mentioned, postmaster-general.

In all changes, there is a crisis where fear and hope join issue; and those opposed to the acts of the 31st, still cherished illusions founded on the personal absence of the Emperor of Austria. Francis, however, coincided with his allies in every thing, and held back merely from a sense of decency towards his son-in-law. This I knew from the Emperor Alexander, who replied to my own question on the subject. While these things were transacting in Paris, the south of France had followed the example

of Bourdeaux, and declared for the Bourbons. The situation of Napoleon was thus every moment becoming more critical. Before the surrender of the capital, he had sent as his envoy to the Emperor Alexander, Caulaincourt, who arrived at the Russian head-quarters, on the night between the 30th and 31st of March. But a deputation of the municipal body and the two prefects of Paris were then receiving audience, and not till after this reception was Caulaincourt admitted. Alexander, personally attached to the Duke of Vicenza, received him, as an individual, with much complacency; but, to the envoy of Napoleon, the Emperor merely said,—"It is useless to come now, seeing there is no longer any remedy. I cannot hear you at present: repair to Paris; I will see you there." These words left few illusions in Caulaincourt's mind as to the result of his mission. The conversation which took place in Paris remains a secret; only, from some expressions let fall by the Emperor, I gathered, that the duke had been received rather as a private person than as the representative of a power which, after the declaration, could no longer be recognized. Nevertheless, the Provisional Government viewed Caulaincourt's residence in Paris with no favourable eye; and, on a representation to that effect, the Emperor enjoined his removal, declaring, that the allies could not receive the communications with which he might be charged from Napoleon. These communications were, in fact, unlimited powers to treat and to conclude upon any conditions. Caulaincourt had likewise been appointed commissary-general of Paris, while the allies remained in the capital; but these high functions had now been superseded, and he returned to Fontainbleau, where the Emperor then held his head-quarters.

The 1st of April having been devoted to the organization of the Provisional Government, and to certain preliminary acts, on the morning of the 2d the senate promulgated the following decree:—

"I. Napoleon Bonaparte has forfeited the throne; and the right of succession established in his family is abolished.

"II. The French people and the army are released from their oath of fidelity to Napoleon Bonaparte.

"III. The present decree shall be transmitted by message to the Provisional Government of France; despatched afterwards to all the departments, and to the armies; and proclaimed immediately in all the quarters of the capital."

Authorized by this instrument, the Provisional Government issued, on the same day, a proclamation to the French armies, without waiting the sanction of the legislative body, which was given on the morrow. This address, and the decree, were necessarily despatched to the marshals, and, of course, first reached those nearest Paris. The copy sent to Marmont—who, on the capitulation of Paris, had marched his troops to Essonne, where he had since remained, except during a short visit to the Emperor at Fontainbleau—was accompanied by letters from General Desolles, Prince Schwartzenberg, and myself. Mine was a note, running as follows:—

"A friend, dear friend, tells me that he will deliver into your own hand this pledge of my regard. He will influence your resolutions; a single word will suffice to decide you to sacrifice all for the happiness of your country. You—if a good Frenchman,—if a loyal knight—will fear neither dangers nor obstacles, in order to secure that happiness. We expect you—we desire you—will have you—and soon I hope that your friend, your friends, will hold you in their arms. I embrace as I love you. B."

The last sentence of the Prince's letter expressed the common tenor of the two others. "I call upon you, in the name of your country, and of humanity,

to embrace the invitation of the Provisional Government—to range yourself under the standard of the good French cause—to listen to propositions which must put an end to the effusion of the precious blood of the brave men under your command." To this letter, Marmont replied in a strain which did honour to his ancient attachment.

" To Marshal Prince de Schwartzenberg.

" Monsieur le Marechal,—I have received the letter which your highness has done me the honour to address to me, as also all the enclosed papers. Public opinion has ever been the rule of my conduct. The army and the people are freed from their oaths of fidelity to the Emperor Napoleon, by the decree of the senate. I am disposed to concur in an accommodation between the army and the people, which may prevent a civil war, and put a stop to the effusion of French blood. I am ready, in consequence, to quit, with my troops, the army of the Emperor Napoleon, upon the following conditions, for the fulfilment of which I request your written guarantee:—

" Article I. I, Charles Prince de Schwartzenberg, marshal, commander-in-chief of the allied armies, guarantee to all the French troops, who, in consequence of the decree of the senate, promulgated on the 2d April, shall quit the standard of Napoleon Bonaparte, that they shall be allowed to pass freely into Normandy, with arms, baggage, and ammunition, and with all those observances and military honours which are mutually interchanged among the allied troops.

" Article II. That if, in consequence of this movement, the chances of war shall place the person of Napoleon Bonaparte in the hands of the allied powers, his life and liberty shall be secured to him, on a property within a limited territory, fixed upon by the allied powers and the French government.

" MARMONT."

After this reply, Marshal Marmont found himself united to the cause of France; and received on the 4th the following assurance from Prince Schwartzenberg, that the proposed conditions would be respected:—

"Monsieur le Marechal,—I cannot sufficiently express to you the satisfaction which I experienced on learning the readiness with which you yield to the invitation of the Provisional Government, to range yourself, conformably to the decree of the second of this month, under the banners of the French cause. The distinguished services which you have rendered to your country are universally acknowledged; but you will add even to these by restoring to their native land the remnant of its brave defenders who have escaped the ambition of a single man. I request you to believe, that I especially appreciate the delicacy of the article for which you stipulate, and which I accept, relative to the person of Napoleon. Nothing could better characterize the noble generosity natural to Frenchmen, and which particularly belongs to the sentiments of your excellency. Accept the assurances of my high consideration.

"From my head-quarters, this 4th April, 1814.

"SCHWARTZENBERG."

We shall ascertain hereafter the circumstances which induced Marshal Marmont to resume his pledge, and the generous confidence with which it was restored by the Austrian commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSACTIONS AT FONTAINBLEAU—NAPOLEON'S JOURNEY FROM TROYES—ANECDOTES—ARRIVAL OF THE MARSHALS—THE ARMY—INTERVIEW OF NAPOLEON AND MACDONALD—ABDICATION—ANECDOTES—THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONERS—INTERVIEW WITH ALEXANDER—ANECDOTES—DEFECTION OF MARMONT'S TROOPS—TRICOLOR AND WHITE COCKADE—MARIA LOUISA, AND ACTS OF THE REGENCY—SECOND INTERVIEW OF THE COMMISSIONERS WITH ALEXANDER AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA—RETURN TO FONTAINBLEAU—DEFECTION OF NEY—AFFECTING ADIEUS OF BONAPARTE AND MACDONALD—FINAL ABDICATION—ENTRANCE OF THE BOURBONS INTO PARIS—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MARIA LOUISA AND HER FATHER.

I AM now to relate what passed at the imperial head-quarters, while we were thus engaged in Paris. The recital is from the reports of zealous and able friends, then with the Emperor, whose information I expected with the utmost anxiety—well knowing that the only danger we had to fear was from one of those instantaneous determinations which might possibly spring up in the mind of Napoleon.

On the morning of the 30th of March, while the battle under the walls of Paris waxed fiercest, Bonaparte still remained at Troyes. He quitted that city at six o'clock, accompanied only by Bertrand, Caulaincourt, two aides-de-camp, and two officers of the household. He took little more than two hours

for the first ten leagues,—a distance which he and his feeble escort accomplished with the same horses, and without alighting. About one o'clock, they reached Sens, not one of his escort knowing whither the Emperor intended to direct his course. I have since conversed with several inhabitants of that place, who assured me, that, at this time, his aspect presented an appearance of the most perfect calm. After remaining about half an hour, he again set out; but in such disorder was every thing, that the means of transport were not to be procured, so that the Emperor and his suite were obliged to accept of a miserable conveyance, in which equipage they reached Froidmanteau, twelve miles from Paris, about one o'clock in the morning. Here Napoleon learned from General Belliard, then marching at the head of a column of artillery, the first news of the battle of Paris. I know from a person present, that he received this information with calmness, probably assumed, in order not to discourage those about him. He walked above a quarter of an hour on the highway, conversing with Belliard, and afterwards despatched Caulaincourt on the mission already noticed. Napoleon then retired to the postmaster's house, and, calling for his maps, began, according to a usual practice, to mark the positions of his own and the enemy's troops, by pins tipped with wax of different colours. After this species of study, in which Napoleon engaged daily, and sometimes several times a-day, he again got into a carriage, and set out for Fontainbleau, where he arrived at six in the morning. He refused to have the state apartments opened, but encamped, rather than lodged, in a favourite small suit of rooms, and, entering his cabinet, there remained shut up alone, during the whole of the 31st. Towards evening, a message was despatched for the Duke of Ragusa, then at Essonne. The marshal immediately prepared to obey the Emperor's summons, and reached Fontainbleau between two and three in the morning. I

know nothing particular of this interview; only Napoleon retained Marmont to supper, and bestowed the highest eulogiums on his skilful defence of Paris. The marshal then returned to his troops at Essonne, and, six hours afterwards, the Emperor went thither also, to inspect the lines. Here he met Colonels Fabvier and Denys, who had been left behind at Paris, to see the terms of capitulation fulfilled, and to surrender the city to the allies. These officers rejoined the Emperor and their commander, then walking together upon the banks of the river. They did not dissemble the effects already described, produced by the entrance of the allies into the capital. The Emperor shewed himself violently irritated, and set out immediately for Fontainbleau.

In the course of the 31st, had arrived, successively, at Fontainbleau, Marshals Moncey, Lefebvre, Oudinot, and, lastly, Berthier, from Troyes, where he had been left by the Emperor. The first, at the National Guard, had defended the barrier De Clichy; the second, notwithstanding his great age, had not spared his person in the last campaign; the Duke of Reggio, the third, had been named by Talleyrand a second Bayard. Maret was the only minister present; for Caulaincourt had gone to Paris on his mission, while all the others had been ordered to remain with the Empress at Blois, and Savary, much to his affliction, had received no authority to rejoin the Emperor. All was sad and gloomy at Fontainbleau: still the Emperor retained his power, and deliberated, as I have been assured, whether he should retire beyond the Loire, or make a bold stroke upon Paris,—a design more consonant with his character; and he had actually begun seriously to arrange his plans of attack, when the news of what had occurred, and the unsuccessful mission of Caulaincourt, led him to perceive that his position was more desperate than he had previously supposed. All the information from the capital, however, served only to irritate him still more; and had the marshals,

in these moments of resentment, been under the dominion of the same unreflecting zeal which animated the younger officers attached to the Emperor, it is certain that he would have given way to an act of useless vengeance; for I cannot too frequently repeat, that the fall of Napoleon had now become inevitable.

In the mean time, the vanguards of the columns left at Troyes, arrived, on the 1st of April, at Fontainbleau, surpassing, in this instance, all former marches of any army, since these troops had traversed fifty leagues in less than three days.* On the 2d of April, the Emperor informed the generals of the events in Paris, recommending concealment, lest the soldiery, upon whom he still depended, might be discouraged. On the same day, he held a review in the court of the palace; and, the officers of his guard drawing up in a circle, he thus addressed them: "Soldiers! the enemy has stolen three marches upon us, and is master of Paris; we must chase him thence. Frenchmen, unworthy of the name, and emigrants, whom we pardoned, have mounted the white cockade, and joined the foe. The cowards! they shall receive the reward of this new crime. Swear to conquer or to die, and to cause the tricolor be respected, which, for twenty years has marshalled us onward in the path of glory and of honour." Not content with this harangue, which was inserted also in the order of the day, addressed to the army, I know, from a person worthy of credit, that, in order to persuade them to second his mad designs upon Paris, he endeavoured to make them believe in his having sincerely sought peace; affirming to them, that he had offered to the Emperor Alexander to purchase it at the greatest sacrifices, even by abandoning the conquests made during the Revolution, and to restrict himself within the ancient limits of France. "Alexander has refused,"

* Or above fifty miles a-day.

added Napoleon, "and, not satisfied with this refusal, has thrown himself into the arms of a handful of emigrants, whom, perhaps, I did wrong in pardoning for having served against France. It is through their perfidious insinuations that Alexander has permitted the reappearance of the white cockade in Paris. We will retain our own; and, in a few days, I shall march against Paris: I count upon you!"

When the boundless devotion of the guard to the Emperor is considered, it will not be matter of surprise that these words roused an electric movement of enthusiasm. From the ranks of the old companions in the toils of their chief, rose, as from a single voice, the cry, "To Paris! to Paris!" But, during the night that followed, calmer counsels were adopted by the generals, and insinuated, by degrees, into the minds of the soldiers. The wrecks of the army assembled at Fontainbleau,—the remains of a million of men, levied within fifteen months, comprising the corps of Marshals Oudinot, Ney, Macdonald, and General Gerard,—did not exceed twenty-five thousand men. To these were to be added seven thousand, yet surviving of the guard, rendering the whole amount of Napoleon's disposable force somewhat less than thirty-two thousand men. With such resources, it would have been an act of madness to attempt any thing against the armies encamped in and around Paris. These details I received from Lefebvre, who, like Massena, served France, without loving Napoleon. This officer often repeated to me, in his broad German accent, while relating the last acts at Fontainbleau, "That little ——— would not be satisfied till he had got us all done for, to the very last man." He told me, also, that Napoleon remained utterly confounded on learning with what disdain Alexander had refused to hear Caulaincourt's proposals: but humiliation, from time to time, gave way to resentment, and then especially would he urge his determination to march upon Paris. Happily for France, not one of the

marshals felt disposed to second his projects of profitless vengeance.

Throughout these trying circumstances, Macdonald displayed a truly noble conduct. Yet the manner in which the Emperor chose to inform him of the capture of Paris, seemed little calculated to conciliate a high-minded soldier. The marshal had been two days without any intelligence from the Emperor, when he received, in the handwriting of Berthier, an intimation, couched in these terms:—"The Emperor desires you to make a halt, wherever this order may reach you." Then, after Berthier's signature, were the following words, by way of postscript:—"You are doubtless aware that the enemy is master of Paris." In stating, thus negligently, an affair of such vital consequence, the Emperor's object plainly was, to lessen its importance in Macdonald's estimation. The marshal, from whose lips I heard the whole recital—but in a style of animation which the pen unfortunately cannot reproduce—expressed his deep anxiety caused by so singular a postscript, while he was far from certain that Paris had not experienced, from hostile reprisal, the fate of Moscow. Six hours afterwards, a new order reached him, at Montereau, to set forward in the direction of Paris, with all his remaining forces. On receipt of this, Macdonald, preceding his corps, set off, with all speed, and joined the Emperor at Fontainbleau, on the 31st. On arriving, he found the generals in consternation at the determination expressed by the Emperor to march upon Paris: they came in a body, to request the marshal to accompany them to the imperial presence. "Gentlemen," said he, "in the present conjuncture, such a step might displease his majesty: leave the matter to me; I am going to the palace." His own account of this visit, to which I beg the reader's attention, is as follows:—

"No sooner had I presented myself, than the Emperor came up to me: 'Eh, well! how go things?'—

'Very ill, sire.'—'What! Very ill?' How is your army disposed?'—'My army, sire, is completely discouraged; events in the capital have spread consternation through its ranks.'—'Think you it will join with me in a movement upon Paris?'—'Sire, trust not to that. Should I give such an order to my troops, I run the hazard of being disobeyed.'*—'But what are we to do? I cannot remain as I am: I have still resources and supporters. Do they tell me the allies refuse to treat? Eh, well! it is quite the same to me; I shall march against Paris: I will punish the inconstancy of the Parisians, and the knavery of the senate. Wo to the members of the government which they have plastered up, waiting the return of their Bourbons,—for that is what they want! But to-morrow I place myself at the head of my guard, and to-morrow we shall be in the Tuileries!'" While Napoleon gave way to these bursts, the marshal heard him in silence; then, seeing him somewhat calm, "Sire," said he, "you are then ignorant of what has occurred in Paris, the establishment of a Provisional Government, and"——"I know it."—"Sire," rejoined the marshal, presenting a paper, "there is something which will tell you more than I can."—"What is it?"—"Examine, sire." It was a letter from Marshal Beurnonville, announcing the sentence of forfeiture pronounced by the senate, and the determination of the allies not to treat with Napoleon, nor any of his family. "Marshal," said the Emperor, "may that letter be read aloud?"—"Certainly, sire." Macdonald handed the letter to Barrè, who read it. An eye-witness subsequently described to me the impression which this reading made upon Napoleon: his countenance became violently contracted—and, in critical situations, I had too

* At this period, the discouragement was so great, that all the roads in France were literally covered with deserters from the armies.

often observed the same effect, not to imagine what it must have been. Still commanding himself, as he could well do, when policy or self-love required, he affected a careless indifference, and persisted in his intention of marching upon Paris. "March upon Paris, sire!" said Marshal Macdonald; "that is a design which must be renounced: not a single sword will be drawn from its scabbard to second you in such an attempt." The question of abdication came then more seriously under discussion. This plan had been proposed by Caulaincourt, who represented to Napoleon, that, by personally abdicating, he might obtain from the allies a council of regency in favour of his son. I have always considered this overture as somewhat premature on the part of Caulaincourt. Be that as it may, perceiving the opinion of his marshals, finding his dethronement already pronounced, and entertaining hopes of a regency from the measure, Napoleon drew up, with his own hand, and signed his act of abdication, in the following terms:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed, that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to relinquish France, and life itself, for the good of the country, inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency under the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire.

"Done at our palace of Fontainbleau, this 4th April, 1814. NAPOLEON."

After writing this act, the Emperor presented it to the marshals: "There, gentlemen. Eh, well! are you satisfied?" It is to be remarked, however, that, in this act, the Emperor makes no mention of the decree of the senate, nor of the adhesion of the legis-

lative body. That would have been an acknowledgment of some right to the shadow of a national representation, and such was not the intention of Napoleon, even on descending from the throne: he desired that it should be perfectly understood, that he obeyed the force, and not the right, of the nation; finally, he manifested his wish, that his very abdication might wear the impress of a despotism, inseparable from his nature. What a legacy did he leave us on abdicating—the laws of the Empire!—What a codicil to France in this species of political testament! Besides, this abdication of Napoleon's was, unquestionably, very useless; but, in case any great importance had been attached thereto, it would have become altogether a mockery if circumstances had changed. The meaning might seem unequivocal to all the world; not so to me, initiated as I was in all the cunning, of which Bonaparte could not divest himself. Let it be well remarked, that Napoleon does not say he *descends*, but, that he is *ready to descend from the throne*. This exhibits one of his favourite subterfuges, by the aid of which he hoped to bring on new negotiations, relative to the forms and conditions of the regency for his son, provided the allied sovereigns should consent to that measure. This would have afforded the means of gaining time, for he had not yet lost all hope; but, certainly, he here strangely beguiled himself. He still cherished the flattering idea of the possibility of an arrangement, which should leave the throne to Maria Louisa and his dynasty. He would not believe that the Emperor of Austria would concur in the ruin of his own daughter. Accordingly, he had no sooner signed and delivered the act of abdication, than he wished to recall it, upon the report of some one who then entered, I think General Allix, and who had fallen in with an Austrian officer, whom Francis II. had sent to Prince Schwartzenberg. The general informed Napoleon that the officer in question had positively assured

him, that the transactions at Paris were contrary to the wishes of the Emperor of Austria. "I told you so, gentlemen," exclaimed Napoleon to those around him; "I told you so, decidedly! Francis II. cannot be my enemy so far as to dethrone his daughter. Vicenza, go and recover my act of abdication from the marshals. I wish to send a courier to the Emperor of Austria." Thus, in his shipwreck, Bonaparte grasped at any plank of safety, and hesitated not, on an idle rumour, to recall an act of such importance as his abdication. I make no question that the Austrian officer had spoken as reported; but, most assuredly, not the slightest misunderstanding existed among the allies. Meanwhile, the marshals were just getting into a carriage, and refused to give up the paper. "We are certain," said they, "that the Emperor of Austria concurs, and will take the whole upon ourselves."

While the conversation with Macdonald had continued, as above reported, the Emperor, who had at first advanced, returned, and remained seated. When he had formed the resolution to abdicate, he suddenly rose, took a few turns, walking with long strides through the apartment, then wrote, and at length broke silence to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, it is fitting you should go to defend, before the allied powers, the interests of my son, of the army, and, above all, of France. I name as my commissioners the Duke of Vicenza, the Marshal Prince of Moskwa, (Ney,) and the Duke of Ragusa, (Marmont.) Are you agreed?" added the Emperor, after a pause. "It appears to me that all these interests are thus consigned to good hands." All present replied, "Yes, sire." Scarcely, however, had this response passed their lips, when the Emperor, taking two or three strides, threw himself on a small yellow sofa, placed near a window, and, striking his thigh with a sort of convulsive action, exclaimed, "No, gentlemen, no!

No regency! With my guard and Marmont's corps, I shall be in Paris to-morrow."

From the marshal's information, and from what I afterwards learned of various officers present at this scene, it was easy to perceive, from the thoughts and resolutions which shot across the brain of Napoleon, how deeply his moral faculties had been unsettled by the perturbations which had assailed him during the last three months. Ney and Macdonald vainly attempted to combat a resolution equally fatal and impracticable. The Emperor rose, with marked displeasure, rubbing his forehead—a habit, when strongly agitated—and commanded them, in a loud imperious tone, to "Retire!" The marshals left the apartment, and Napoleon remained alone with Caulaincourt. The Emperor expressed much disapprobation at the reading of Beurnonville's letter.—"But, sire, it was read by your own order."—"Ah, that is true! but why was not that letter addressed directly to me by Macdonald?"—"Sire, it was at first addressed to Marshal Macdonald, but the aide-de-camp to whom it had been given in charge received orders to cause it to be read to Marmont, on passing through Essonne, because Beurnonville knew not exactly where the Duke of Tarentum might be found." This explanation did not occupy more than three minutes. The Emperor became more calm, appeared satisfied with it, and said to Caulaincourt, "Vicenza, recall Macdonald."

The duke ran after the marshal, whom he overtook at the extremity of the gallery of the palace, and, after explaining what had taken place, brought him back to the imperial presence. Macdonald found the Emperor quite calm, and, as he entered, the latter addressed him with perfect tranquillity:—"Well, Duke of Tarentum, do you then think that the regency is the only thing possible?"—"Yes, sire."—"Well, then, I charge you with the message to the Emperor Alexander: you will go with Ney, in place of Marmont: it is better that he should remain with his

division; his presence is indispensable to his army: go you with Ney; I rely upon you: I hope you have entirely forgotten the circumstances which separated us so long?"—"Yes, sire; I have never once thought of them since 1809."*—"I rejoice to hear it; but, marshal—nay, I must make the acknowledgment—I was wrong."—"Sire!" The Emperor, while speaking thus, shewed unusual emotion. He approached, took the marshal's hand, and pressing it affectionately, added only one word—"Go."

The Emperor's three commissioners, namely, Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt, had sent to inform Marmont, that, on passing through Essonne, they would dine with him, and explain the occurrences at Fontainbleau. They even invited him to accompany them to the Emperor Alexander. This obliged him to describe his situation and engagements with Prince Schwartzenberg. It became absolutely necessary, also, that he should himself go to the Prince's head-quarters, in order to arrange about the requisite passports for the commissioners, before they could go into Paris. In their presence, at his head-quarters in Petit-Bourg, Prince Schwartzenberg restored to Marmont his pledge of adherence to the Provisional Government. I know that afterwards the Prince expressed high esteem for the honourable conduct of Marmont, and considered his desire to unite with his fellow soldiers, in favour of their fallen chief, as alike natural and becoming. I believe the four commissioners were retained to supper by the prince, and on leaving table, repaired to the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, for whose answer they had been waiting.

The reader is already informed of my nomination to be director-general of the post-office. I found all things in great confusion, and an immense quantity of letters detained for nearly three years back. These

* This alludes to certain animadversions made by Macdonald on the conduct of the First Consul towards Moreau. See the Appendix.—*Translator.*

I caused to be forwarded, inserting a notice to that effect in the *Moniteur* of the 4th April; and it may give some idea of the number, to state, that nearly 300,000 francs (£ 12,500) were thus recovered by the postages. This system of strangulation, applied to communications even of the most private and confidential nature, displays a characteristic trait of the imperial government during the last years of its existence. The night following this advertisement, I was awakened by a government express, requiring my instant attendance at the Hotel Talleyrand. I arrived a few minutes before the marshals commissioners from the Emperor. During the conference which ensued, we were left in the saloon, and a consternation appeared among some members of the Provisional Government which it would be difficult to describe. In fact, had a regency been established, only voluntary exile could have saved the members of the Provisional Government. The interview was prolonged, and I vainly endeavoured, by arguments drawn from the pledge given by the allied sovereigns, especially Alexander, and, from existing circumstances, to reassure my colleagues. Meanwhile, I had leisure to be informed, that the commissioners had previously held a conference with Talleyrand, in which he said, —"Gentlemen, what do you intend? Should you succeed in your designs, you will compromise all—and they are not few—who have entered this chamber since the 1st of April: as for myself, think not of me —I wish to be compromised." The same evening, not three hours before, I had also been sent for, when Talleyrand said, in my hearing, to the Emperor of Russia,—"Will you support Bonaparte? No; you cannot, and you will not. There is no middle course between Napoleon and Louis XVIII. Bernadotte, Eugene, a regency—each is an intrigue, with neither force nor circumstances to sustain its object: Louis XVIII. is a principle." These last words became a favourite expression.

The time appeared long, to more than one of the members of the Provisional Government, General Desolles, as commandant of the national guard, being the only one of that body admitted. This arose from a wish to avoid appearing to influence the decision of the head of the coalition against the late chief of France. At length the conference broke up, and the reappearance of the marshals excited a movement in the saloon, which it would be impossible for me to describe. The expression of dissatisfaction, which we conceived to be visible in their looks, restored hope to those who, for some hours, had experienced the liveliest tribulation. I still think I see Macdonald, bearing his head high, and giving way to a burst of energetic wrath, go up to Beurnonville, and, in reply to a question addressed by the latter, answer in these words,—"Speak not to me, sir; I have nothing to say to you: your conduct has made me forget a friendship of thirty years." Then, turning to Dupont, the marshal continued in the same tone, "As for you, sir, your behaviour towards the Emperor is not generous. I grant he treated you with severity,—perhaps he may even have been unjust to you in the affair of Baylen; but how long has it been the fashion to avenge a personal wrong at our country's expense!"

These altercations were so quick and warm, and the speakers elevated their voices to such a pitch, that Caulaincourt interposed by saying, "Do not forget, gentlemen, that you are now in the residence of the Emperor of Russia." At this moment, M. de Talleyrand returned, having entered the Emperor's apartment on the egress of the marshals, and, approaching the animated group, formed around Macdonald, said, "Gentlemen, if you wish to *dispute*—to discuss, descend to my apartments."—"That would be useless," retorted Macdonald; "my comrades and I acknowledge not your Provisional Government." The four commissioners upon this retired to Ney's residence, where they awaited the reply which the

Emperor of Russia had promised to give, after consulting with the King of Prussia. Such was this night scene, more intensely dramatic than any of those imagined by the fancy of poets. Here all was real; while on the catastrophe hung the political state of France, and the lives of all who had already declared in favour of the Bourbons. The fact, too, teaches a high lesson, that all those men who then first stood forward, at the peril of life, in their cause, have successively fallen under a species of disgrace in the kingdom of the Bourbons.

On the departure of the marshals, we were anxious to know from Desolles, what had passed in the conference. Macdonald, we found, had defended a regency with much warmth. Among other expressions employed by him, I remember the following were repeated:—"I am not authorized, in any manner, to treat of conditions for the Emperor: we have full powers for the regency, the army, and France; but the Emperor has positively prohibited us from specifying any thing for himself personally." Alexander merely replied, "That does not surprise me." The marshal then resumed; spoke of the respect due to the military glory of France; strongly avowed the resolution of himself and his companions never to abandon the family of a man who had so often led them to victory; and, finally, reminded Alexander, that he had pledged himself not to impose any government upon France. General Desolles, who from the first had warmly declared in favour of the Bourbons, replied with equal animation to the arguments of the supporters of a regency; he represented to Alexander, that all those would find themselves compromised who had consented to act under the supposed protection of his pledge, repeated all the topics previously urged, and ended by expressing his conviction that a regency would only be Bonaparte in disguise. The general did not, however, conceal from us that Alexander, powerfully moved by the

forcible and persuasive eloquence of Marshal Macdonald, appeared very much embarrassed, and had finally replied to the marshals,—"Gentlemen, I am not alone; in circumstances of such grave import, it is befitting I should consult the King of Prussia, for I have promised to do nothing before conferring with him. Within some hours, you shall know my determination."

The majority of the members of the Provisional Government attributed this evasive answer to the opposing eloquence of Desolles. So thought not I, though rendering justice to his conduct. It is easy to persuade princes to take that course which is agreeable to themselves. Such were then the personal dispositions of Alexander, that I had no doubt of the final result; and beheld, in this desire of consulting the Prussian monarch, only a polite way of avoiding a point-blank refusal to the marshals.

I had also been perfectly instructed by his familiars, that Frederick William had vowed a hatred to Bonaparte which past events but too well justified, and knew, besides, that this monarch possessed a firmness of character able to resist all those considerations which might be brought into play with him as with Alexander. Besides, had the King of Prussia entertained no legitimate hostility towards Napoleon, policy would at this season have rendered him an enemy, since great popularity was thus to be gained among his own subjects, almost all of whom were then imbued with principles of liberty, and even of carbonarism, preached and propagated by M. de Stein and his disciples. But the king had no need to be instigated by political considerations so remote; he obeyed the impulse of his own feelings, in rejecting the proposition of the marshals without any hesitation and with much energy. Thus seconded to "the top of his bent," Alexander advertised the commissioners of the decision of his ally; and thus was set to rest the question of a regency, which, during some

hours, had banished repose from the Provisional Government.

Meanwhile, on the day when his commissioners reached Paris at the proper time, Napoleon, doubtful whether they would be permitted to pass the enemy's advanced posts, and resolved on marching to Paris in case of opposition, sent an aide-de-camp to Marmont, with an order instantly to repair to Fontainbleau. His impatience was such, that not only would he not wait the return of the first, but despatched a second, and then a third messenger. This rapid succession of expresses alarmed the generals commanding under Marmont, who had also, with him, given in their adhesion, and probably were ignorant of his having been freed from that engagement. They supposed that the Emperor had sent for the marshal in order to punish his defection severely, and, apprehensive of Napoleon's vengeance, resolved to march for Versailles. One of Marmont's aides-de-camp, after vainly opposing the removal of the troops, set off in all haste to inform the marshal of what was taking place. When Marmont received this sad news, he was at breakfast in Ney's, with Macdonald and Caulaincourt, all four waiting Alexander's reply to their commission. The marshal threw himself into a carriage, and drove off instantly. Meanwhile, on arriving at Versailles, and not seeing the marshal at their head, the troops, believing themselves betrayed, had broken out into open insurrection. Such was the state of things, when Marmont arrived at full speed from Paris. He was met at some distance by his generals, who besought him not to approach the rebellious soldiery. "I will go," said he, "into the midst of them; in a moment I shall either be cut in pieces, or they shall acknowledge me as their chief." Having sent forward an aide-de-camp to draw up the regiments, he advanced alone on horseback, and addressed the soldiers:—"How! is there treason here? Can you disown me? Am I no longer your comrade?—Have I not been twenty times wounded

among you? Have I not shared in all your fatigues —your privations—and am I not ready to do so again?" Here the speaker was interrupted by loud shouts—"The Marshal! the Marshal, for ever!" and all returned to their duty. This was most important; for the insurrectionary movement, which, throughout the day, had filled the Provisional Government with the greatest alarm, might have spread to the other corps-d'armee, and the cause of France have again suffered. The firmness of Marmont saved all. I alone, knowing how the marshal was beloved by the soldiery, augured favourably of the result. Still we were in a most anxious state of alarm, and express after express kept hurrying to and fro between Paris and Versailles. The first messenger from the Provisional Government informed Marmont of Alexander's definitive refusal to treat for a regency. In return, our fears as to the troops were speedily allayed. Fifteen years have elapsed, and yet I can still fancy myself present when the marshal arrived at M. de Talleyrand's, on returning from Versailles. We had just finished dinner. I see Marmont alone, in the middle of the room, seated before a small table, upon which something had been served in haste. He was the hero of the day: each of us went up to talk with him, and pay our compliments.

Happy would it have proved for France, had the government listened also to a proposition made by him the same evening, namely, that no change should be made in the military ensigns. It was, in fact, determined not to abandon the tricolor, which, for the space of twenty years, had led our soldiers to battle and victory. But some intrigue overset the whole, and a provisional decree, drawn up that night, was sent to the office, but never appeared in the *Moniteur*. I know not who meddled thus far; but of this I am certain, that Marmont complained of the non-insertion to Alexander, who promised to write to the Provisional Government to have the omission

rectified, but in vain. Finally, Marmont himself was led into the snare. Marshal Jourdan, then stationed at Rouen with his corps, received a letter, stating that Marmont had mounted the white cockade, and, thinking he could not do better than follow such an example, displaced the tricolor, and announced the change to the Provisional Government. Thus fortified, the members awaited the remonstrances of the Duke of Ragusa with unflinching assurance.—"Why, marshal, the insertion of the article was impossible. There, see; the corps of Marshal Jourdan have hoisted the white—you would not give two different standards to the army!" Marmont, of course, could not gainsay a positive fact. The subterfuge was a fatal one.

Meanwhile, while these events were passing, Napoleon had become furious at what he termed Marmont's defection, as I afterwards learned, from several officers who were at Fontainbleau. His injustice was excusable, as he had not been informed of the marshal's resuming his pledge, in order the more effectually to second the Emperor's own commissioners.* Under the influence of this error, indignant at the conduct of the senate in pronouncing his forfeiture, and full of hope in the success of the commission, Napoleon issued to his army, on the morning of the 5th of April, a proclamation touching on all these points, but evidently drawn up under the greatest irritation of mind. Of this can there be a more certain proof than the terms in which he characterizes his senate? "The senate has taken the liberty to dispose of the government of France; it has forgotten that to the Emperor it owes the power, now abused; it has forgotten that the Emperor saved one portion of its members from the storms of the Revolution, and *drew*

* It must, however, be recollected, that a defection of the troops arose from the marshal having disobeyed Napoleon's injunctions not to leave his division.—*Translator.*

from obscurity and protected the other against the hatred of the nation." What a satire did these last words imply upon his own government! his bitterest enemies never uttered any thing more severe than he has here brought against himself.

In those latter days of the empire, there were, in fact, so to speak, three governments, of which the two last were but phantoms,—the Provisional Government in Paris; Napoleon at Fontainbleau; and the ambulatory and dubious Regency of Mary Louisa. These epithets are descriptive alike of the locality and the acts of the regency. At first, it had been proposed to conduct the Empress to Orleans, then to Tours, and at last she had stopped at Blois. I have one piece, a circular to the prefects of departments, addressed by Montalivet, minister of the interior, and member of the regency, without name of printer or printing office, and with place Blois, and date 2d April, inserted in writing; so unsettled being the destiny of the Empress, that it was uncertain whence or when the acts of her government might be promulgated. The moment, too, was well chosen, to call for men and money, when the people beheld with joy an end of conscriptions and contributions! When Maria Louisa was informed of the events in Paris, she sent for the Duke de Cadore, (Champagny,) and, giving a letter for the Emperor of Austria, said to him, "Duke of Cadore, go to my father, who should be at Dijon; I rely upon you to defend the interests of France, those of the Emperor, and especially of my son." Unquestionably the Empress could not have made a better choice; and those high interests would have been defended by the duke, *si defendi possent*,—had they been defensible. After the departure of her envoy, the Empress, on the 4th, addressed a proclamation "To the French people," in which she said, "You will be faithful to your oaths. You will listen to the voice of a princess who *was confided* to your loyalty; who places all her glory in being a

princess of France, united to the destinies of the sovereign whom you had freely chosen. My son was less secure of your hearts in the days of our prosperity. His rights and person are under your safeguard." This address, so full of feeling, produced no effect; and, though informed daily of what passed at Blois, we experienced not the slightest alarm at Paris from that quarter. To the words marked in italics, attaches a circumstance which merits to be recorded. When the piece had been printed, and shewn to Maria Louisa, she drew her pen through " was confided," and inserted *confides herself.* Unfortunate woman! she did every thing to rally the cause, and inspired with interest even those who, from dread necessity, laboured against the imperial dynasty.

Her envoy, in the mean time, with some difficulty, and by avoiding the routes of the Cossacks, had attained his destination. Understanding the Emperor Francis was expected at Chanseaux, he waited his arrival, and had an immediate audience; and though personally known to, and respected by, Francis, at whose court he had resided three years as ambassador, he could obtain nothing beyond fine protestations, after a conference of some hours. The Emperor constantly intrenched himself behind the pledges given to his allies. Hoping the night would bring milder resolves, the duke begged permission to take leave next morning, and presented himself, accordingly, at the imperial levee. After new efforts, the Emperor said to him,—" I love my daughter very dearly; I love also my son-in-law: I wear them in my heart, and would shed my blood for them."—" Ah, sire," interrupted Champagny, " no such sacrifice is required."—" Yes, duke, I would give my blood—I would give my life for them; but I repeat to you, I have promised to my allies not to treat without them, and to approve all they may do. Besides, my minister, Metternich, is gone to their head-quarters, and I shall ratify whatever he may

have signed." In fact, Champagny told me, he regarded the absence of Metternich as fatal to his cause: to this I could not agree, though it is not too much to say, that, politics apart, Metternich was very much attached to Bonaparte. The Emperor had constantly expressed great regard for the Austrian minister, and, particularly, during his embassy to Paris, had loaded him with attentions. As a proof of what is now stated, when complimented on the marriage of Maria Louisa, Metternich replied, "One may well receive felicitations, in having aided in an act which has received the approbation of eighty millions of men." Such a remark, openly proceeding from the confidential minister of the Austrian cabinet, was calculated most agreeably to please the imperial ear. Nevertheless, in their personal relations, Metternich never concealed the truth from Napoleon. I remember an instance, in part of a reply made to him, after some hesitation, at Dresden. "As for you," said the Emperor, "you will not make war upon me; that is impossible: no, you cannot declare against me;—I will not believe it."—"Sire," replied Metternich, "at present we are not altogether allies; but a little while, and it is very possible we may be enemies." This was the last information Napoleon ever received from Metternich. It was clear to one not wilfully blind. On rejoining the Empress at Orleans, Champagny found her almost alone; all the grand dignitaries of the empire had deserted their charge, successively returned to Paris, and given in their adhesion to the Provisional Government.

Thus failed the commission of the Empress. To revert to that of the Emperor: When Marmont had quitted his companions, as above related, Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt returned, in all haste, to the Emperor Alexander, in order to obtain his final determination, before the movement among Marmont's troops should be known. Alexander had gone on foot to the King of Prussia's residence, at six o'clock

on the morning of the 5th, and the two monarchs, having returned to the hotel Talleyrand, were there together when the marshals entered. The commissioners were then informed, that a regency was impossible. "Such, gentlemen," added Alexander "is the conclusion I have come to, jointly with my allies. Three days ago, Paris declared itself; adhesions have poured in from all quarters. If the army have formed other wishes, we ought at least to have been informed sooner."—"Sire," objected Macdonald, "that was impossible, seeing not one of the marshals was in Paris. Who could have foretold the turn which affairs have taken? Could we foresee that a misunderstanding—a panic terror would have caused the movement among the troops of the Duke of Ragusa, who has this hour left us to recall them to their duty?" These words having wrought no change in the determination of the sovereigns, it became necessary to prepare for a full and unconditional abdication on the part of Napoleon. Before entering upon this grave question, the marshals demanded an armistice of forty-eight hours, as indispensable for the arrangements. This was granted without hesitation. Alexander had even the politeness to offer his pencil to Macdonald; and, pointing to the map of the environs of Paris, said, "Hold, marshal, mark yourself the limits of the two armies."—"No, sire, we are unfortunate, and vanquished; it belongs to you to trace the line of demarkation." The Emperor then fixed the boundaries of the Seine, the right bank being occupied by the allies, the left by the French. Discussion arising with respect to Paris, which it would have been unseemly thus to divide in two, the capital was excluded from this delimitation. By some underhand contrivance, on the map sent to the head-quarters of Schwartzenberg, Fontainbleau, the head-quarters of the Emperor, was included within the line, and the Austrians kept so close by this disposition, that

Marshal Macdonald was forced to complain to Alexander, who removed all difficulties.

While discussing these preliminaries, conformably to instructions received, Macdonald having again observed that Napoleon stipulated for nothing personally, " Assure him," replied Alexander, " that, as concerns himself, he shall have a provision worthy of the rank he has occupied; tell him, in all sincerity, that, should he wish to retire to my dominions, he shall be well received, though he carried desolation into the midst of them,—that I shall ever remember the friendship which united us. He shall have the island of Elba, or *something else.*"

Having taken leave of the Emperor, the commissioners prepared to return to Fontainbleau. The same day, the 5th of April, I saw Alexander,—who appeared as if relieved of a weight by thus definitively settling the question of a regency,—and learned that he intended to quit Paris for some days, delegating his powers to M. Posso di Borgo, as commissioner to the Provisional Government. On the 5th, also, Napoleon, for the last time, reviewed his troops in the court of Fontainbleau; he remarked a degree of coldness in the officers, and even among the men, who, two days before, had manifested such enthusiasm. This change so affected him, that he remained only a few minutes on parade; and, retiring afterwards to his apartments, saw his army no more till the day of his departure.

An hour after midnight, on the morning of the 6th, Marshals Ney and Macdonald, with Caulaincourt, arrived at Fontainbleau, to render an account of their mission. Ney first announced to Bonaparte that the sovereigns required a simple abdication, without any condition, beyond the assurance of personal safety. Then followed the other commissioners to the same purpose, but after a more gentle fashion, for Ney was little versed in the courtesies of speech. When Macdonald had ceased speaking, Napoleon replied, with some emotion, " I know, marshal, all you have done

for me—with what warmth you have pleaded the cause of my son. They desire my simple, unconditional abdication! Well, I again empower you to act on my behalf. Go and defend my interests, and those of my family." After a moment of silence, "Marshal, where shall I go?" Macdonald then reported Alexander's offers to the Emperor. "The island of Elba, or *something else!*" quickly interrupted Napoleon, "What is that *something else?*"—"Sire, I know not."—"Ah! doubtless it is the island of Corsica, which he has declined naming, to avoid the *quodlibet*. Marshal, I refer every thing to you."

Thus passed over the interview; not, indeed, without some outbreakings at first, but far more smoothly than expected. The marshals returned to Paris, after receiving new powers from Napoleon. On arriving, however, in the capital, Ney gave in his adhesion, so that Macdonald returned alone to Fontainbleau, where Caulaincourt had remained. The Emperor expressed surprise and disappointment, when informed of Ney's absence; but the friends of that renowned soldier concur in admitting his want of moral courage, when not on the field of battle. I was not, therefore, surprised at his coming over to us, before some others of his comrades. As to Macdonald, he shewed himself one of those generous spirits whom wrongs render only the more faithful. Napoleon had now proof of this. Macdonald, returning thus alone to Fontainbleau, found the Emperor, on entering his chamber, seated in a small arm-chair before the fireplace. Napoleon had no other clothing save a dressing gown of white dimity; his naked feet were thrust into slippers; his elbows rested on his knees, and his head was supported with both hands. He remained motionless, and seemed buried in profound thought. Two persons only were with him,—the Duke of Bassano at a little distance, and Caulaincourt near the fireplace. The Emperor's reflections appeared so completely to have absorbed him, that he did not

perceive Macdonald's entrance, and the Duke of Vicenza was obliged to advertise him of the marshal's presence. "Sire, the Duke of Tarentum has brought for your signature the treaty which is to be ratified to-morrow." Then, as if rousing from a sort of lethargic slumber, he turned towards the place where Macdonald stood, and merely said,—"Ah! Marshal, is it you?" So altered was Napoleon's countenance, that the marshal, struck with the change, could not help exclaiming, under the first impression,—"Sire! surely your majesty has been indisposed?"—"Yes; I have passed a very bad night." In fact, during the night which preceded the return of Macdonald, Napoleon, it has been asserted, made an attempt on his own life by poison. But, as I know nothing for certain on this subject, and wish to speak of what I can guarantee, I shall abstain from hazarding any conjectures on a matter of such grave importance, and so decidedly contradicted by Napoleon himself. The only person who can remove the doubts on this subject is Constant, who, I have been assured, never quitted Napoleon during that night.*

The Emperor remained seated for an instant; then rising, he took the treaty from the marshal's hand, signed without observation, and, restoring it, with the signature affixed, said, "I am not rich enough to recompense these your last services."—"You know, sire, interest never guided me."—"I am aware of

* Constant was favourite valet de chambre to the Emperor. He is about to publish private memoirs of his imperial master. Meanwhile I can state, upon almost the highest authority, that the accusation is false; that the workings of Napoleon's mind occasioned frequently, during the night, a species of mental aberration, and convulsive throwings of the body; but of attempted suicide let his memory be assoilzied. — *Translator.*

Since the first edition was published, Constant's work has been sent me. His narrative has not yet reached the point in question; but from the tenor of the volumes that have appeared, he will be found a witness in favour of the opinion above expressed. — *Translator.*

hat; I see now how much I have been deceived respecting you. I can perceive, too, the designs of those who prejudiced me against you."—"Sire, I have already assured you, that, since 1809, I have been yours in life and death."—"It is true; but since I have no longer the power to recompense you as I would wish, let me request, that a token of remembrance, very inadequate indeed, may at least remind you, that never shall I forget what you have done for me." Then turning to Caulaincourt, Napoleon said, "Vicenza, desire my sabre to be brought—the one presented to me by Mourad Bey in Egypt, and which I wore at the battle of Mount Tabor." Constant having brought the sabre, the Emperor received it from Caulaincourt, and, presenting it to the marshal, said, "Accept, my worthy friend, a gift which I believe will gratify you." The marshal, taking the sword from the Emperor's hand, replied, "Sire, if ever I have a son, this will be his noblest heritage, and while I live it shall be preserved."—"Give me your hand, and embrace me," was Napoleon's answer; and with equal emotion they threw themselves into each other's arms, and parted—not without tears.

Thus terminated the last interview between the Emperor and his faithful soldier. These details I obtained from the marshal some days after the ratification of the treaty. The sabre I recognized at once, only, since I had last seen it, the following words had been engraven on the blade:—"Sabre worn by the Emperor on the day of the battle of Mount Tabor." This seems to me to furnish one proof more of the genuine character of Napoleon, and of his desire to antedate the duration of the empire, which he thus referred to a period when he was only general of the Republic. Not till five days after these incidents, on the 11th April, 1814, when the clauses of the treaty had been guaranteed, did Napoleon sign his final act of abdication as follows:—

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares, that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy; and that there is no personal sacrifice, even life itself, which he is not ready to make for the interest of France."*

Then only, when Bonaparte had written with his own hand, and signed, the act now quoted, did Marshal Macdonald send in his adhesion, expressed with equal nobleness and simplicity:—"Disengaged from my oaths by the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, I declare that I adhere to the acts of the Senate and of the Provisional Government."

Thus terminated the legal reign of Napoleon. It is worthy of remark, that this act of abdication appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 12th of April, the day precisely on which *Monsieur* (the Count d'Artois) made his entry into Paris as lieutenant-general of the kingdom for Louis XVIII; the day, too, in which was achieved, under the walls of Toulouse, the last grand deed in arms of the imperial army, when the French

* The transactions above recited took place in a small but very elegant suite of apartments, running parallel with the gallery of Francis I. When the translator first visited this most delightful of the royal residences of France, the yellow sofa in the window, and the small arm-chair, were still in their places; and, on a small folding work table, belonging to the Empress, upon which the first abdication was written, still remained the writing implements used in renouncing so much of worldly grandeur. The ink had never been replenished, and was then dried up into a little dust, as is now the hand which then signed away thrones. At a little distance, in sight of the windows, is Bonaparte's favourite walk along the singular and beautiful rill, which, gushing into light, clear and blue as the skies overhead, gives name to the "Chateau of the Blue Fountain." A member of the "old guard," whose scars shewed he wore no idle decoration in the cross of the legion of honour, wept as he pointed out these things to my notice. — *Translator.*

troops, commanded by Soult, made Wellington pay dearly for his entrance into the south of France.

The fall and abdication of Napoleon awakened in my mind two very opposite sentiments. While sincerely felicitating myself and my country on beholding the termination of an oppressive government, I could not be insensible to the sufferings of Bonaparte, and never more than in these circumstances did I distinguish between the *man* and the *emperor*. Ah! had that man been so inclined,—had he placed limits to his ambition,—if his furious passion for European dominion had not dragged him into an abyss unfathomable,—if he had consecrated to the happiness of France that superabundance of genius which he devoted to the enslaving of nations,—if he had not cast beneath his feet the rights of Frenchmen, and constantly substituted his own arbitrary will for those rights,—if, at least, after usurping power over the national liberties, he had vowed himself to the strengthening of internal order, he would unquestionably, in his own name, have preserved a throne which so many victories, and such mighty enterprizes, had clothed with splendour! If thus, his name might have echoed with less of imposing sound to distant posterity, with how many benedictions would that name have been saluted by contemporary generations! But the evil spirit of ambition within him overcame reason, and he accomplished his destiny. How profound the subjects for meditation in the fate of a man so accomplished and so strong! What a lesson is read in that fate to kings who hereafter dare, from his example, to believe in the possibility of contemning the rights of their people!

The Count d'Artois, as already noticed, had entered the French territory on the 21st February, and, seeing the favourable turn affairs were taking, repaired, on the 16th March, to Nanci, where he awaited the issue of events. The determination of the allied sovereigns encouraged the Provisional Government

to request his presence in the capital, as a source of new vigour to the cause. The Abbé Montesquiou wrote; M. Rochefoucauld carried the letter; and, on the 11th of April, the prince reached the country house of Madame Charles de Damas, where he remained for the night. The news of his arrival spread like lightning, and every one prepared to solemnize his entrance into the ancient capital of his race. The national guard formed a double line from the barrier of Bondy to Notre Dame, for, to the Cathedral, according to an ancient usage, little observed for twenty years, the procession was first to advance. In the mean time, the Provisional Government, with Talleyrand as president, went out to meet *Monsieur* beyond the Barrier. In answer to a harangue by the former, the latter made the reply, which, promising much, promptly became current in Paris,—"Nothing is changed in France—there is only one Frenchman more." The prince then mounted on horseback, and the *cortège* moved forward. I witnessed the whole from a particular station, more anxious to observe the aspect of the men and of the times than to be an actor. Near me stood an old knight of St Louis, weeping for joy. The distant approach of the cavalcade was announced by the national air of *Henri IV*, long unheard in our streets. The open countenance of *Monsieur*, whom I had never seen before, delighted me, and seemed to inspire the confidence which it expressed. He was in the uniform of the national guard; and his staff appeared most brilliant, considering that no preparation had been made. I must, however, confess, that the enthusiasm was confined to the cavalcade itself, or appeared elsewhere only among the upper classes. The people seemed to look on with more of curiosity and wonder than any other sentiment. I must here add, in the same spirit of truth, my expression of painful surprise, on seeing a troop of Cossacks bringing up the rear: this was to be deemed the more inexplicable, that General Sacken had informed me

of Alexander's intention of permitting no foreign troops to appear. Admirable order, too, reigned throughout Paris, though seasons of change are commonly times of disturbance. This was owing to the excellent services of the national guard, and also chiefly to the strict discipline maintained, especially by General Sacken, in the allied army. Certainly, therefore, the *one Frenchman more* should, on that day, have been surrounded only by Frenchmen.

Two days previously had been witnessed a spectacle, which, though infinitely less French, has been much talked of, namely, the religious ceremony according to the Greek Church, which the allied sovereigns and troops attended in the square of Louis XV. Almost in the centre of this place was erected an altar, of a square form, and lofty proportions. Along the boulevard were posted, on opposite sides, the national guard and the allied army. All the avenues leading to the square were guarded so closely, that no one, even on foot, could penetrate within the space. As I had a window in one of the public buildings overlooking the square, at my disposal, I took my station there at eight in the morning, though my taste for pompous ceremonies was most assuredly not more vivacious than in times past. Here, after standing four hours, I had the pleasure, at midday, of seeing some half-dozen Greek priests, with long beards, enter the enclosure, and solemnly advance to the altar. These were, of course, in full panoply, and looked quite as richly dight as high priests of the opera. After this first ceremony, another *entr'acte* of three quarters of an hour had to be endured, when at length the infantry, followed by the cavalry, debouched, and in a few minutes the whole square appeared covered with uniforms. Last of all, the allied sovereigns made their entrance, followed by a brilliant staff. They alighted, and advanced to the altar on foot. What struck me most was the profound silence among such an assemblage of men

during the time of divine service; one would have imagined, from the motionless stillness of the symmetrical multitude, that he had under his eye an ably painted panorama, rather than a mass of living men. For my own part, that which pleased me most in this ceremony, imposing as it might be, was to see it concluded. I may just mention, *en passant*, that I cannot think foreign uniforms at all equal to our own; we find in them something fantastic, and sometimes even grotesque. Besides, how is it possible for a soldier to have a military air when laced like a woman, and cut in two like a wasp?

After an interval of only two days from the arrival of a Bourbon, Paris witnessed another public entry — that of Francis II. This monarch was much disliked by the Parisians; in truth, he was the object of an almost general reprobation. Even among those who, from her connection with Bonaparte, ardently wished the dethronement of the daughter, there were many who could not be reconciled to the conduct of the father towards the dynasty, with which, in 1809, he had sought an alliance as his only safeguard. Misfortune has ever sacred claims in France, and Maria Louisa, now abandoned, had more friends than in the season of her greatest splendour. So judged the people instinctively. Each knew what it was to be a parent, and had the happiness not to know what it is to be a king. The entry of Francis, on the 15th, though surrounded with all the splendour of military procession, was a cold affair. The three sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, met at the barrier on horseback, followed by the same troops as on their first entrance, and traversed Paris, but without the same acclamations. This new exhibition of the allied forces in the capital was in bad taste. A French prince resided in the Tuileries; and what fifteen days before had seemed an act of deliverance, now appeared a display of arrogant pride.

Francis had not seen his daughter since she had

left Vienna to unite hers with the fate of the master of the half of Europe. She, on her part, had, in her misfortunes, still looked to her father. Of this I have been assured by those who were well informed. While sending away Champagny on the mission noticed above, she said, to encourage him, "Even should it be the intention of the allied sovereigns to dethrone the Emperor Napoleon, my father will not suffer it: twenty times did he repeat, when placing me on the throne of France, that there he would always support me; and my father is a man of honour." I know also that the Empress never ceased to regret having left Paris by the advice of the regency. On this point any blame could rest only upon Joseph and the blind obedience with which Napoleon had habituated his councillors to defer to his pleasure. But the destinies of Maria Louisa were accomplished. Deprived of all hope, she was preparing to quit Rambouillet—whither she had come from Orleans—and to return to Austria with her son, without having obtained permission to see Napoleon once more, as she had often entreated. Napoleon himself seems to have appreciated the painfulness attaching to such a farewell, otherwise he would have expressly stipulated a last interview as one of the conditions in the treaty of abdication. I learned, at the time, that the motive which prevented compliance with the wish of Maria Louisa, was an apprehension lest she should form some sudden resolution of accompanying Napoleon to the island of Elba; and the Emperor of Austria wished to get back his daughter.

At this moment, it was not one of the least remarkable occurrences of these last times—so frightful in extraordinary events for the sovereigns of Europe—that the dethroned family and the princes returned from exile to succeed them were all concentrated within a circuit of forty miles from the capital of France. A Bourbon was in the Tuileries—Napoleon at Fontainbleau—his wife and son at Rambouillet—the

repudiated Empress only three leagues distant—the Emperors of Russia and Austria, with the King of Prussia, in Paris itself. All this appeared the more marvellous, that, only two years before, it would have been pronounced impossible within any recorded time.

When Francis set out to visit his daughter at Rambouillet, it appeared also not a little extraordinary that Alexander should be of the party. The two emperors, however, were not quite together; Francis preceded by a short interval, and, consequently, arrived first. The following particulars I give on good authority:—Maria Louisa received her father with respect, and, at the same time, with affection; she shewed herself happy in meeting him again, but the tears that streamed from her eyes were not all tears of joy. After the first effusion of filial tenderness, she complained of the condition to which she was reduced. Her father, much moved, had yet no consolation to bestow, for her sorrows were irremediable. Meanwhile time elapsed; Alexander must be at hand, and the Emperor was forced to announce the expected visitor. The first resolution of the ex-Empress was a refusal, in which she long persisted, saying to her father, "Will he make me also a prisoner before your eyes? If he enter here by force, I shall retire to my chamber; thither, I suppose, he will not dare to follow me in your presence." Already the sound of Alexander's equipages echoed through the courts of Rambouillet; as time pressed, Francis became more urgent in his entreaties; his daughter at last yielded; and the Emperor of Austria went himself to his imperial ally, and conducted him into the saloon, where deference to her father had detained Maria Louisa. That deference, however, could not carry her the length of vouchsafing a cordial reception to the man whom she regarded as the author of all her misfortunes. She received with great coldness the personal offers and protestations

of the Emperor of all the Russias, giving for answer, that she had only one wish to form,—the liberty of returning to the bosom of her family. Accordingly, a few days after this painful visit, Maria Louisa, with her son, departed for Vienna; nor was her resignation without dignity.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLUCHER — BERTHIER, CLARKE, AND THE AUTHOR, WITH THE KING OF PRUSSIA — BERNADOTTE — HIS VIEWS EXPLAINED — WRECKS OF THE EMPIRE: ITALY, EUGENE; DANTZIC, RAPP — HAMBURG — FONTAINBLEAU — THE ALLIED COMMISSIONERS — NAPOLEON'S RECEPTION — DELAYS — COMPLAINTS — FAREWELL TO HIS SOLDIERS — DEPARTURE — HIS OPINION OF WELLINGTON AND THE ENGLISH — IMPERIAL TREASURY — ANECDOTES OF THE DISPOSITION AND ADVENTURES OF NAPOLEON, DURING THE JOURNEY — INN OF CALADE — PAULINE — THE EMBARKATION.

Of the illustrious personages at that period in Paris, I had an interview with Blucher, on the 2d of April; to the King of Prussia I was introduced some days after; and Bernadotte I saw frequently. "Sir," said Blucher, on entering my cabinet at the post-office, "I deemed it one of my first duties in Paris, to offer my thanks for your attentions at Hamburg. I can assure you, had I known sooner of your being in Paris, the capitulation might have been obtained without bloodshed." I requested the marshal to explain: "Mon Dieu! had I been informed of your being here, I would have sent to beg you to come and see me; I would have given you a letter to the King of Prussia, who, I am sure, would have afforded you the means of procuring from the allies a suspension of arms, before the environs of Paris had become the theatre of war." I represented the susceptibilities of national character, and the disgrace of delivering

up the capital without a struggle. "But, bon Dieu! we would have proved to you that resistance could avail nothing; you had to do with masses."—"In my opinion, general, you are right; but, to the French, honour is every thing."—"I grant you," said Blucher; "but have you not had enough of honour? You call us, too," added he, smiling, "notwithstanding our forbearance, northern barbarians!"—"Why, then, general," replied I, in the same tone, "the present is an excellent opportunity to prove that the designation is a calumny." For this time nothing belied these good intentions; but things were changed in the following year, when I found Blucher—my Hamburg prisoner—in head-quarters at St Cloud, installed in the very cabinet where I had so often worked with Napoleon, and wherein so many and vast schemes had been meditated! What a lesson on the frailty of human greatness!

At the private audience, to which soon afterwards I had the honour of being admitted by his Prussian Majesty, Berthier and Clarke were also presented. We had been some minutes in the saloon, when Frederick William entered from his closet. I remarked on his countenance some embarrassment, and a certain air of severity, which made me think he had just been studying his part,—as grand personages are wont on similar occasions. Berthier was placed nearest; whom the King addressed with nobleness and some emotion:—"Marshal, I should have preferred receiving you as a peaceful traveller in Berlin, to accepting this visit here; but war has its successes as well as reverses. Your troops are brave, and ably commanded; but you could not oppose numbers. Europe is armed against the Emperor: patience has its limits. Marshal, you have passed no little time making war in Germany; I have pleasure in saying to you that I shall never forget your conduct, your justice, and moderation, in those seasons of misfortune."

Berthier was not undeserving of this eulogium; for, though devoid of high talent, with a weak character, and some follies, he was not a bad man. After receiving the salutations of Berthier, the King of Prussia, turned towards Clarke, with symptoms of marked displeasure. "As for you, general, I cannot say the same of your conduct as of the marshal's. The inhabitants of Berlin will long remember your government. You abused victory strangely, and carried to extreme measures of rigour and vexation. If I have an advice to give you, it is, never to shew your face in Prussia." It pained me much to hear the King thus address, before two witnesses, a man, with whom, indeed, I had never sought to establish intimate relations, but with whom I had been in habits of intercourse on public affairs, and who, though weak by nature, and a flatterer through his weakness, was, as a private individual, an excellent person. Now for my portrait, thought I; for the King, who spoke these words in a strong and angry voice, turning away abruptly from Clarke, did not seem even to hear the few unintelligible words attempted in reply, and then accosted me:—"Ah, M. de Bourrienne! [in a tone quite *piano*, as the Italians say,] I am very glad to see you; and profit, by this opportunity, to repeat all I wrote from Konigsberg. It is with pleasure I say to you, before these two gentlemen, that if all the French agents had thought and acted as you did, we should not probably have been here." I expressed my sense of so obliging a compliment by a profound reverence, and the King, having again saluted us, retired. Clarke was so overwhelmed by this reception from a crowned head, that Berthier and myself, each taking an arm, were obliged absolutely to support him down the grand stair.

Bernadotte had come to Paris a few days after the arrival of the Count d'Artois. His situation was a

disagreeable one; since, through the force of circumstances, the conference at Abo had become fruitless; and because certain writers did not spare to represent him as a traitor to his country. Opposite the hotel which he had retained at Paris for the habitation of the princess his wife, cries might be heard,—"Down with the traitor! down with the perjurer!" These threats, however, the effects of a spirit of petty revenge, evaporated in words; but, added to other things, tended to disgust Bernadotte with Paris, notwithstanding the constant friendship manifested by Alexander; and he set out for Sweden in a few days. During the period of his brief sojourn, I saw the Prince-Royal daily, and, in testimony of his friendship, received one of the few orders of the Polar Star placed at his disposal by the Swedish government. At first, he feebly denied all views on the supreme power in France; but subsequently, our confidential intercourse resuming its wonted character, he confirmed me positively in all I have stated relative to the interview, and promises of Alexander, at Abo. I inquired also of Bernadotte, what he thought of the designs attributed to Moreau, and whether he would have had him as competitor in aspiring to the dangerous honour of governing France. He assured me to the contrary; at least, that, in all his conversations, the Emperor of Russia had never mentioned Moreau, save as one, of whose military talents he was desirous to avail himself in the impending struggle. Bernadotte, too, expressed his surprise at the recall of the Bourbons, assuring me, that he could never have supposed the French nation would yield so soon and so readily to receive them back. I, on my part, felt equal surprise, that, with his experience, Bernadotte should have been simple enough to believe that the people go for something in the changes of governments.

Bernadotte returned also in 1815; but, as I shall

not again have occasion to speak of him, I may just state one fact, the authenticity of which I guarantee: When the Duke of Cadore, as minister for foreign affairs, announced to Napoleon the election of the Prince to the second grade of royalty in Sweden, the Emperor remarked,—"Ah, hah! so they have fixed upon him? It is well—quite right: they could not have made a better choice: I shall not stand in the way of his good fortune. He must not go away empty-handed—let him have two millions." An unforeseen circumstance, however, quickly interrupted this good understanding. The Crown Prince deemed his new title incompatible with that of Ponte Corvo; and Napoleon, who aspired to have all the kings of Europe dignitaries of his crown, took this, in my opinion, well-founded scruple, in high dudgeon, and, calling M. de Champagny,—"What is all this about?" said he, with irritation; "what does Bernadotte want? What is this fuss about his being a Swede—constantly a Swede? How many are there of these Swedes? I wish to have done with him, and to hear nothing more of them. M. de Champagny, you will write to that effect." Two days afterwards, the Emperor asked the minister if he had written? "Yes, sire."—"But have you written fully, as I desired?"—"I believe so, sire."—"Well, let us see the despatch." This was a demand which he almost never made. "This is not the thing," said he, sharply; "it is too soft: I said to you, that I desired to end the affair, and to be no more troubled with these two or three millions of Swedes." There can be little doubt, that this intimation had some weight in determining Bernadotte's conduct, from the campaign of Moscow to the battle of Paris.

If we cast a parting glance on the wrecks of the empire abroad, at the period when its end had been accomplished in France, we find Italy still occupied by an army of nearly thirty thousand men, commanded

by Eugene. Could Bonaparte have transported these brave and devoted followers across the Alps, immediately after the fall of Paris, he might still have effected a powerful diversion on the side of Austria. But, on the 7th of April, Eugene, being certainly informed of the irreparable disasters in France, signed, with Marshal Bellegrade, the Austrian commander, a convention, which, ratified on the 10th, permitted the French troops to retire within the limits of old France. Before taking leave of an army which he had miraculously saved, still numbering twenty-one thousand infantry, and more than five thousand cavalry, Eugene addressed his soldiers in a farewell proclamation, dated from Mantua, where had been his head-quarters since the month of February. (Mantua! how many recollections—glorious at once and painful—must that name have recalled. The fall of that town before the science of Bonaparte had been the first feat of arms which the youthful Beauharnais had witnessed; and now, in the same place, he was to bid adieu for ever to the army of France, when, nearest to their imperial leader, he had become the second among its chiefs!) "Soldiers! lengthened misfortunes have weighed upon our country. France, seeking a remedy for her woes, *has returned beneath her ancient shield.* The feeling of all her sufferings is already appeased, in the hope of a repose necessary after so much agitation. Soldiers! you are about to revisit your homes; it would have proved indeed gratifying to me to have conducted you thither. But, in separating from you, there remain for me other duties to fulfil towards the people of Italy." Upon this, the generals and officers under his command earnestly entreated Eugene, whom they all sincerely loved and esteemed, to lead them in person to the king. But the prince, either overrating his duties to the Italians, or cherishing some hopes that the son-in-law of Bavaria might secure an independent

sovereignty beyond the Alps, resolved to wait the decision of the allies in the kingdom where he had presided as viceroy. In fact he attempted some correspondence with the senate of Milan, whose members he believed well disposed in his favour, to induce that body to solicit from the allies his continuance in the government of Italy. But the little inclination entertained for the family of Napoleon was far from being increased by the agent employed. Prina had incurred the hatred and contempt of the Milanese, who heard him only to testify their displeasure. In truth, the army had not made three marches from the head-quarters at Mantua, when a revolt broke out at Milan. The minister of finance, Prina, was assassinated, and nothing could have saved the viceroy from the same danger, had he been in the capital; so highly exasperated were the Italians, always ready to shew courage when there is no longer danger, and whose whole patriotism evaporates in being Austrians under a French yoke, and Frenchmen under the dominion of Austria. In this general effervescence, his friends considered the viceroy as fortunate in having been able, almost incognito, to join his father-in-law at Munich. At the same time, General Grenier, second in command, conducted the French army across the Alps: and thus, after nine years' existence, fell the kingdom of the Iron Crown.*

In Germany, we still retained two important points, Dantzic and Hamburg. In the former, my friend Rapp commanded. After sustaining a year's siege, he found himself constrained to open the gates, and

* In the midst of our greatest disasters, the senate of Milan had despatched a deputation to felicitate *Napoleon the Great*, on having triumphed over all his enemies. By the way, the members of deputation heard of the siege of Paris. Nathless these worthies pursued their journey, arrived in the French capital, and offered felicitations to—whom?—the allies, *on the fall of the tyrant!—Author.*

deliver up a city which he had defended to the last extremity, and yielded only when his post had become a heap of ashes. Rapp had stipulated that the garrison should be sent into France, and the Duke of Wirtemberg, who commanded the siege, had granted this condition; but, the Emperor of Russia refusing the ratification, Rapp, now destitute of all means of defence, was made prisoner, and, with his men, marched off to Kiow. Of the siege of Hamburg, I have already spoken. Early in April, the Russian general, Beningsen, commanding before the place, informed of the Emperor's fall, hastened to notify the state of things to Davoust, in order to spare the farther effusion of blood. The latter affected to discredit a report which cut short all his prospects of greatness, and even fired at the white flag hoisted in the allied lines, as a signal that the Bourbons reigned. But, finally, having harangued his troops, told them of Napoleon's forfeiture, and caused them to mount the white cockade, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government. The officers and men collected their *honourably* gathered wealth, converting it into diamonds and other commodities of small bulk and great value. In May, General Gerard arrived, with orders to take the command, and, towards the end of the same month, the inhabitants beheld, with inexpressible joy, the French troops march out of their city, though bearers of much of their property, and leaving to them the remembrance of a government which will be handed down with execration from one generation to another. Once beyond the walls, the various nations composing the garrison corps separated, according to the convention with Soult,—French, Dutch, Italians, and Poles, pursuing their respective routes, never, probably, to be reunited under the same banner,—vain emblem of conquests and of glory that had for ever passed away!

Meanwhile the fallen chief, who had been the soul

of the mighty system whose last fragments were thus dissevered, remained still at Fontainbleau. But the period of departure was at hand. The 17th of April had been fixed as the day upon which he should set out on his journey for the Island of Elba. Napoleon, having agreed to the arrangements in this respect, demanded to be accompanied to the place of embarkation by a commissioner from each of the allied powers. Count Schuwaloff was sent on the part of Alexander; Colonel Sir Neil Campbell represented England; General Kohler was chosen by Austria; and Count Waldbourg-Fruches appeared for Prussia. These four commissioners arrived, for the first time, at Fontainbleau, on the 16th, and next day had separately an audience of the Emperor, who retained always with him Generals Drouot and Bertrand.

Although in this audience the Emperor received with great coldness the commissioners, whose presence he had himself requested, considerable difference might be remarked in their respective receptions. Colonel Campbell experienced the most gracious treatment; and, as he still bore the traces of wounds, Napoleon asked in what actions he had fought, and upon what occasions he had been decorated with the orders which he wore. Having afterwards inquired concerning the place of his birth, and the colonel replying that he was a Scotsman, the Emperor congratulated him on being the countryman of Ossian, his favourite author, whose poems he praised highly, though (I know something of the matter) acquainted with them only through the medium of poor enough translations. In this first audience, he said to the colonel, "I have cordially hated the English; I have made war against you by all possible means; but I esteem your nation. I am convinced there is more generosity in your government than in any other. I should like to make the passage from Toulon to Elba on board an English frigate." The Austrian

and Russian commissioners were received with indifference, but without any marked displeasure. Not so the Prussian envoy. The two former Napoleon had retained about five minutes; the latter he dismissed in a harsh manner. "Are there Prussians in my escort?" — "No, sire." — "Why, then, give yourself the trouble of accompanying me?" — "Sire, it is no trouble but an honour." — "These are words of course. You can have no business here." — "Sire, it is impossible for me to omit discharging the honourable mission wherewith I have been intrusted by the king, my master." At these words Napoleon turned his back upon Baron Fruches.

The commissioners supposed that Napoleon would start no difficulties, and depart without delay. But it was not so. Having required to see a copy of the route they were to follow, he objected to the arrangement, either through caprice, or from a desire to prolong the time. It was singular that the course marked out was exactly that which he had himself proposed to take, from Toulon to Paris, on returning from Egypt; while the road he now pretended to prefer was the same for which, as the reader will recollect, he changed his original intention, and so caused Josephine to miss us. Again, by a singularity not less remarkable, the route through Burgundy, as now traced by the allies, was that by which, in the following year, Napoleon marched to Paris, from his exile. But, to leave these curious, perhaps trivial, coincidences, the commissioners, unwilling to oppose Napoleon, whom they had orders to treat with every deference, yet without powers to agree to the change required, postponed the departure, wrote to their respective principals, and, on the night between the 18th and 19th, received authority to travel by such route as the Emperor might prefer, when the departure was definitively fixed for the 20th of April.

On that day, by six in the morning, the carriages were in readiness, and the imperial guard drawn up in the grand court of the palace of Fontainbleau, called the court of the "*White Horse.*" The whole population of the city, and adjacent villages, had assembled round the palace. Napoleon sent for General Kohler. "I have reflected," said the Emperor to the envoy, "upon what remains for me to do, and have come to the resolution not to depart. The allies are not faithful to their engagements; I can, therefore, recall my abdication, which was merely conditional. More than a thousand addresses were presented to me last night, conjuring me to resume the reins of government. I renounced all my rights to the crown, only in order to spare France the horrors of a civil war, never having any other object in view than the glory and happiness of the country; but, aware now of the discontent inspired by the measures of the new government; seeing in what manner they have fulfilled the promises made to me, —I can explain to my guard the reasons which have induced me to revoke my abdication, and we shall see if they can seduce from me the hearts of my veteran soldiers. It is true the number of troops upon whom I can reckon will not exceed thirty thousand men; but it will be an easy matter for me to raise them to one hundred and thirty thousand. Know, also, that I can, quite as easily, without compromising my honour, say to my guard, that, considering only the repose and happiness of France, *I renounce all my rights*, and expect my soldiers, like myself, to support the will of the nation." These words, which I report from the general's own mouth, threw Kohler into great embarrassment. I remember, also, to have told him at the time, that, had Bonaparte, at the commencement of the campaign of Paris, renounced all his rights, and descended to the rank of a citizen, the immense masses of the allies must have sunk under

the efforts of France. Kohler stated, also, that the Emperor complained of Maria Louisa not having been permitted to accompany him to Elba; but finally added, "Well! I shall still remain faithful to my promise: but, if new causes of complaint are given, I shall consider myself freed from all engagements."

Time, meanwhile, wore away. At eleven o'clock, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, whose name I have forgotten,* entered to say, that the grand seneschal had desired to announce, that all was ready for the departure. "Am I, then, reduced," said Napoleon, "to regulate my actions by the grand seneschal's watch? I shall set out when I choose: Perhaps I shall not go at all: Leave me." As all those points of imperial etiquette, which he so much loved, were retained, when it pleased him at length to leave his cabinet, in order to enter the saloon where the commissioners awaited his approach, the doors were thrown open, and "The Emperor" announced. No sooner had the words been pronounced, than he instantly drew back. However, his disappearance was but for a brief space; he entered the saloon, crossed the vestibule with hurried step, descended the stair, and, at mid-day precisely, stood at the head of his guards, as when reviewing them in the court of the Tuileries, during the brilliant times of the Consulate and Empire. Then ensued a spectacle which was really touching,—the parting of Napoleon and his soldiers. I enter not into details, which are known to all. His address to his old companions in arms, which he delivered with a firm and sonorous voice, as in the days of his triumphs, belongs to history.

The following is Napoleon's last address in the court of Fontainbleau:—

"Soldiers of my old guard, I bid you farewell.

* On the authority of the French editor, it was M. de Bussy. —*Translator.*

For twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honour and of glory. In these last times, as in those of our prosperity, you have not ceased to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men such as you, our cause was not lost—the contest had been interminable: but it must have become a civil warfare; and France would have been only the more unfortunate. I have sacrificed all my own interests to those of the country. I depart. Do you, my friends, continue to serve France. Her happiness was my sole thought; it will ever be the object of my prayers. Lament not my fate. If I have consented to survive myself, it is that I may once again be the instrument of your glory. I will give to history the great things which we have performed together. Adieu, my children! I long to press you all to my heart!" Having here desired the eagles to be advanced, Napoleon folded them in his arms, and added, "I cannot embrace you all, but I do so in the person of your general. Soldiers, farewell! be always good and brave!"

After pronouncing, as the final adieu to his soldiers, —"Farewell, my children! my best wishes shall ever accompany you; remember me!" Napoleon entered his carriage with Bertrand. The cavalcade drove off in the following order:—General Drouot, in a close carriage, with four seats; the imperial carriage; the commissioners of Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia, each in a separate vehicle, and successively as mentioned; last came two carriages with the imperial household. Six other carriages, with the rest of the suite, followed, by a different road, it having been proved by a report to me, as postmaster-general, that the horses, otherwise necessary, could not be collected upon one road.

During the whole of the first day, nothing was heard, along the whole of the route, but shouts of

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" and Napoleon, with ill disguised irony, blamed the impertinence of the people towards their legitimate sovereigns. The guard accompanied him as far as Briare. From this place he wished to set out during the night; but, notwithstanding my precautions, horses were wanting, and the journey was not resumed before mid-day of the 21st. A little before setting out, he had another conversation with General Kohler, during which he said to him, among other things, "Well! yesterday you heard my address to my soldiers; it pleased you, I understand; and you witnessed the effect it produced. Such is the manner in which they must be spoken to, and treated: if Louis does not follow the same example, he will never make any thing of the French soldiers."

While things continued to manifest the public opinion favourable to him, Napoleon conversed freely with the commissioners: but always treated the Prussian envoy with least cordiality. All these particulars I know from subsequent conversations, and from daily reports transmitted to me at the time. He made no secret to Colonel Campbell, of the motives whence this coldness proceeded, namely, that Prussia had shewn the first example of desertion, in the Russian campaign. At Braire, the colonel having been invited to breakfast, the Emperor conversed with him on the Spanish war, and spoke in high praise of the English nation, and the military talents of the Duke of Wellington. Yet, on the 21st, Napoleon must necessarily have been informed of the battle of Toulouse. In this conversation, Napoleon broke out into reproaches against the senate, and expressed a desire that the funds which had been taken from him should be disbursed to the army.

In reference to this, I may introduce here some details on the imperial treasury: Napoleon, as I have mentioned, had amassed in the vaults of the left wing of the Tuileries a sum exceeding three hundred

millions of francs. Of this, more than forty millions (£1,670,000) were in gold. A great portion of this enormous sum disappeared during the campaign of France: great surprise was occasioned by the sudden circulation, in January, 1814, of a vast quantity of five-franc pieces, quite new, though with the date 1806. The Emperor had lent, from the imperial treasury, sixty millions to the annuity fund, and forty millions to the consolidated duty fund; he had, besides, purchased a large share in the Bank of France. On the 31st of March, there were found in the treasury only twenty-eight millions, of which ten were reclaimed. In the confusion, too, the Provisional Government resumed what had been lent; so that, in fact, the administration, though debtor to the imperial treasury, constituted itself its creditor, and so balanced accounts. It was of these transactions that Napoleon complained, and justly; for, whatever opinion might be entertained of the system which thus, by forced means, hoarded up the greater proportion of the circulating medium of continental Europe; or by whatever means the money might have been acquired; it was now personal property, and, in good faith, not liable to the law of reprisal,—a savage code at the best. Even the sums taken by the Empress to Blois were charged against the treasury, as fraudulent abductions. Those who acted thus, in opposition to the faith of treaties, saw not at the time that they were providing the only just pretext for future disturbance.

On the 21st, Napoleon slept at Nevers, where he was still received with acclamation by the people, who, as in various other cities, mingled in their applause imprecations against the commissioners of the allies. He set out again at six next morning, but, beyond this, ceased the cheering welcome; for, being no longer attended by the guard, which Cossacks had now replaced, Napoleon had the mortification of

hearing *The Allies for ever!* substituted for *The Emperor!* At Lyons, however, which he entered in the night, and where he merely changed horses, the favourite cheer arose from a few scattered groups around the post-house.

Augereau, from first to last a republican, though made Duke of Castiglione by Napoleon, had constantly been among the discontented. On the dethronement of the Emperor, he was one of a very considerable body who became royalists, not from love to the Bourbons, but from hatred of Bonaparte. He commanded at this time in the south, and was among the first to send in his adhesion to the Provisional Government. Outrageous in all things, as uneducated men always are, Augereau had allowed to be published, under his name, a proclamation, than which nothing could be more violent or insulting, even to grossness, against the Emperor. Whether Napoleon was or was not informed of this proclamation, it is impossible to say; but so far is certain, that, on the 24th, upon meeting Augereau at a short distance from Valence, he feigned to be ignorant of all, if not really so, and, stopping his carriage, hastily alighted. Augereau did the same, and they embraced in presence of the commissioners, from one of whom I had these details. It was remarked, that Napoleon took off his hat, while Augereau affectedly remained covered. "Where are you going?" asked the Emperor: "to court?"—"No; at present I am on my way for Lyons."—"You have conducted yourself very badly towards me." Finding Napoleon used the familiar second person singular, Augereau assumed the same liberty, and they conversed as when both generals in Italy:—"Of what have you to complain?" replied the latter; "has not your insatiable ambition brought us to the condition in which we are? have you not sacrificed every thing to it—even the welfare of France? I care no more [the term used had greater

energy still] for the Bourbons than for you: I regard my country alone." Such was Augereau's discourse, as he himself reported it to me. Upon this, Napoleon suddenly turned away from the marshal, took off his hat to him, and returned to the carriage. The commissioners, and all those composing Napoleon's suite, were indignant at seeing Augereau remain in the road with his hands behind his back, keep a travelling cap on his head, and merely acknowledge the Emperor's courtesy by a disdainful wave of the hand. It should have been in the Tuileries (and there who more obsequious!) where this ought to have been the bearing of these haughty republicans: on the road to Elba, such behaviour was low-bred insolence.

At Valence, Napoleon beheld, for the first time, French soldiers with the white cockade in their caps: they belonged to Augereau's corps. At Orgon, the air resounded with cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Here the gaiety, real or assumed, which Napoleon had shewn throughout the whole of his journey, began to forsake him. Few cries of any kind had been heard for several stages, when, at the last post-house from Avignon, while fresh horses were getting ready, a person in a peasant's dress, but whose fine shoes and silk stockings strangely contrasted with such rude habiliments, and still more remarkable by his gold-branched spectacles, came up to the carriage. He had crossed the fields in all haste; and, getting upon the shoulders of another individual, leant in at the window, as if endeavouring to recognize some one. He was reminded of his improper behaviour by the Emperor's valet, and requested to retire; but paying no attention to this intimation, an attendant seated outside significantly shewed a pistol, when he took the hint, and moved off, apparently before his strange curiosity had been gratified.

Had Napoleon arrived at Avignon three hours later than he did, unquestionably it would have been

all over with him; but the rioters were not astir at five in the morning, and the escort did not even change horses in the city. About an hour afterwards, the Emperor, tired of the carriage, alighted, and, with Colonel Campbell and General Bertrand, walked up the nearest hill. His body servant, also on foot, was a few paces in advance, when he met a post-office courier, who said,—"These are the Emperor's carriages coming up there?"—"No, they are the equipages of the allies."—"I tell you they are the Emperor's. You must know I am an old soldier, and not so easily deceived. I served in the campaign of Egypt, and wish to save the life of my general. I have just passed through Orgon; the Emperor is there hung in effigy; and, should he be recognized, he is a dead man. The miscreants have put up a gallows, and suspended a figure dressed in a French uniform smeared with blood, and bearing this inscription on the breast, 'Thus shalt thou be one day.' I know not how it may fare with me, for giving this information: but I care not—profit by it." The faithful courier then set off at a gallop. The valet took General Drouot aside, and repeated what he had just learned. Drouot informed Bertrand, who communicated the statement to the Emperor, in presence of the commissioners. These gentlemen, justly alarmed, held a sort of consultation on the highway, and it was decided that the Emperor should set out before. The valet-de-chambre being asked what clothes he had in the carriage, produced a long blue cloak and round hat. It was proposed to place a white cockade in the latter, but to this Napoleon would not consent. Thus disguised, he set out as a courier, with Amaudru, one of the lancers who escorted the carriage, and once more eluded the good people of Orgon. When the commissioners arrived, they found the whole population of the surrounding country assembled, and shouting, "Down with the

Corsican! Down with the brigand!" The mayor of Orgon, whom I had seen almost on his knees before General Bonaparte, on our return from Egypt, addressed Pelard, one of Napoleon's valets-de-chambre —"Do you, sir, follow that rascal?"—"No; I follow no rascal; I am attached at present to the commissioners of the allied powers."—"Ah! you do well; he is a great scoundrel. I would hang him with my own hand. If you knew, sir, how we were cheated by that thief. It was I who received him on his return from Egypt. We wished, forsooth, to take out the horses and draw his carriage: I would now avenge myself for the honours which I rendered him on that occasion." The crowd augmented visibly, vociferating with that fury by which the inhabitants of the south manifest either their joy or hatred. Some of the most infuriated wished to force the imperial coachman to call out "*Vive le Roi!*" Upon his courageous refusal, more than one sabre was raised, when, fortunately, the horses being harnessed, in an instant the postilions started at a gallop.

The commissioners would not stay to breakfast at Orgon, but, paying for what had been ordered, they carried away something to eat by the way. The equipages did not overtake the Emperor before reaching Calade, several stages in advance, where he had arrived with his attendant about a quarter of an hour previously. He was then standing by the fire in the kitchen of the inn, chatting with the innkeeper's wife. At that moment she was asking him if the tyrant would pass soon. "Ah! master," she went on, "it is all nonsense talking; we have not done with him yet. I am always for what I said before,—we shall never get rid of him till he be at the bottom of a well, with stones above: I shall never be satisfied till I have him so pickled in our yard. You see, sir, the Directory sent him to Egypt, thinking to have done with him; but no! he came back again; and

back he will come now, you may be certain sure of it, unless"—— So far the good woman had her say, when, having finished skimming her pot, on looking up, she perceived that the only person who had not his hat in hand was precisely the one to whom she had been thus speaking. She stood in amazement; but her compunction for having spoken in such terms of the Emperor to the Emperor himself, banished all her wrath, which was speedily replaced by an equal ebullition of kindness. There was no sort of attention or respect which she did not lavish upon every body, from Napoleon down to Amaudru. An express was instantly despatched to Aix for white ribbons to make cockades; she had all the carriages drawn within the court yard, and every entrance to the inn barricaded, and even disclosed to the Emperor, that it would not be prudent to pass through Aix, where twenty thousand people waited to stone him.

In the midst of all these disquieting transactions, dinner was served, and the Emperor placed himself at table. So admirably did he maintain superiority over the agitation which must necessarily have been internally experienced, that all present at this strange entertainment, who have spoken to me on the subject, declared that never had Napoleon played the agreeable with greater success. The rich stores of memory and imagination which he displayed, charmed every one; and, as if throwing in the remark carelessly at the close, he said,—"I really begin to think the new government entertains a design upon my life: come, let us see how we can foil the attempt?" Then, as if he had sought to exercise his ever active fancy, in which a thousand schemes were constantly crossing and succeeding each other, he fell upon contriving how they should avoid the threatened assassination at Aix. Again, for a moment, he would return to Lyons. Once on the borders of the Rhone, he would descend that river, take ship, and embark for Italy.

These dreams occupied him but for a moment; stern necessity broke in upon his illusions, as some suppose it does upon our agency, and he prepared to continue his journey.

Meanwhile, many sinister countenances were seen assembling about their present lodging, when the commissioners began seriously to consider what was to be done at Aix. While they deliberated about sending a messenger to the mayor of that city, a man from the crowd without, who would not give his name, requested to speak with the commissioners, and offered himself to be the bearer of their letter. This proposal was accepted, and a note written to the mayor, in which the commissioners stated, that, if the gates of the town were not shut within an hour, they would pass, with two regiments of Hulans, and six pieces of artillery, and fire upon all that should molest their passage. This menace produced its proper effect, and their unknown messenger returned with the assurance, that the magistracy of Aix would be responsible for all consequences within their own jurisdiction. But urgent danger still threatened at Calade; the numbers outside the inn had greatly augmented during the seven or eight hours which the retinue had remained, and shewed sufficiently to what excess they were ready to proceed, if the entrances had not been carefully secured. The majority had five-franc pieces in their hands, bearing the head of the Emperor, whom, by this resemblance, they hoped to discover. At this moment, Napoleon, who had not slept for two nights, was in a small apartment off the kitchen, and dozing on the shoulder of one of his valets. He was roused by the announcement that all were ready to start; but it had been previously understood, that he should assume the cloak and bonnet of General Kohler's courier, and mount the box of the Austrian commissioner's carriage. The rightful owner of the habiliments

happening to be almost twice the size of their temporary wearer, the Emperor, buried rather than concealed in his disguise, passed safely through two lines of *curious* observers, who looked in vain for the original of their five-franc pieces.

In a moment of despondency, at Calade, Napoleon said to those around him, "I renounce, now and for ever, the world of politics. I will no longer take any part in whatever may happen. At Porto Ferrajo I can live peaceably; there I shall be happier than I have ever been. No! were this day the crown of Europe to be offered me, I would not accept. I will employ myself in study,—with the sciences and mathematics. You have sufficient evidence what the people are—I have done well never to esteem mankind. My treatment of them has been better than they deserved. Yet France!—the French!—what ingratitude! I am disgusted with ambition; I have no longer a wish to reign!"

Napoleon having gained his own carriage, in the manner just mentioned, the retinue drove off, and passed round the walls of Aix—the gates being closed—without entering the city. The Emperor thus avoided the danger which had threatened, but did not escape altogether from the insults of the multitude. A part of the populace had got upon the walls and trees, whence a glimpse of the carriages could be descried, and his ears were again wounded with the cries, "Down with the tyrant! Down with Nic!" These ignoble vociferations were heard for the first quarter of a league from the town. Rendered gloomy by these indications of hatred, Bonaparte remarked, in a tone of mingled grief and contempt, "The men of this part of France are always the same,—braggarts and desperadoes. These provincials committed frightful massacres at the commencement of the Revolution. It is now eighteen years ago since I first came among them, with a few thousand men, to deliver two

royalists, whom they had threatened to hang. What was their crime? Why, having worn a white cockade. I saved them; but not without difficulty were they rescued out of the hands of these infuriated monsters; and to-day, you observe, they are ready to begin anew the same excesses against any one among them who should rufuse to wear the white badge!"* About three miles from Aix were found a relay of horses, and an escort of gendarmerie as far as the Castle of Luc.

At a little distance from Luc, in a country house belonging to M. Charles, member of the legislative body, the Princess Pauline Borghese then resided. Informed of her brother's misfortunes, which she had hardly conceived it possible for him to survive, she resolved on accompanying him to Elba. Her presence was a source of great comfort amid the Emperor's tribulations; and she attended him to Frejus, in order there to embark in his company. At Frejus, the Emperor found Colonel Campbell, who had quitted the escort on the road, and had arranged for preparing in the harbour the English frigate *Undaunted*, intended from the first to convey the Emperor. Notwithstanding the desire expressed by himself to that effect, Napoleon shewed much reluctance to embark in the *Undaunted*.† At length, however, on the 28th of April, he set sail for Elba in that frigate, which now no longer bore Cæsar and his fortunes.

* In a very valuable collection of autograph letters lately to be seen in Paris, was one from Lucien to Bonaparte, stating, that he was then in prison at Aix, as a royalist. This probably has reference to the incident in the text, for the dates nearly agree. — *Translator.*

† The *Undaunted*, of forty-six guns, was then commanded by Captain Usher. Probably Bonaparte's reluctance to embark, if not sheer waywardness, arose from the name, which, as translated into French, would be *L'Indomptable*, one of the leading ships in the French fleet at the battle of Trafalgar. — *Ibid.*

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL OF LOUIS XVIII — RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS, AND STATE OF ADMINISTRATION — WRETCHED SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT — INCAPACITY OF MINISTERS — ANECDOTES — SYMPTOMS OF AN APPROACHING CRISIS — ANECDOTES — MIDNIGHT COUNCIL — BOURRIENNE MADE PREFECT OF POLICE BY THE KING — LANDING OF BONAPARTE — AUTHENTIC DETAILS OF HIS PLANS IN ELBA — FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVIII — ANECDOTES OF THE JOURNEY TO LILLE — DEPARTURE FOR GHENT AND HAMBURG — ENTRANCE OF BONAPARTE INTO PARIS — ANECDOTES — ASPECT OF FRANCE DURING THE HUNDRED DAYS — MADAME DE STAEL — OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE — WATERLOO — WELLINGTON — BLUCHER — FOUCHE — GOVERNMENT OF THE BOURBONS — RAPP'S INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON — CONCLUSION.

The force of time is the most irresistible of all forces. We have seen it elevate, and we have seen it overthrow, the sovereign of the moiety of Europe. Turn we now to his successors:

During the winter of 1813–14 some royalist proclamations made their appearance in Paris; and as they contained the germs of the charter, were carefully intercepted by the police. My family and myself devoted several hours each day to multiplying copies of these documents. But for some time the royalists could only cherish hopes. At length, as we have seen, Bourdeaux received within its walls a son of France; and, on the 25th March, 1814, sent two of its citizens

to invite, within the same protection, Louis XVIII. I know the King had resolved to accept this homage, and was preparing for his departure, on board a frigate, when the events of the 31st changed these dispositions. Leaving his retreat, he was received in London, by the Prince Regent, on the 28th April, with all the ceremonial due to his rank.* From the period of the Emperor of Russia's final declaration, an active correspondence had been maintained with the Provisional Government, and, on the 24th of April, Louis landed at Calais, from the *Royal Sovereign*, British man-of-war. For descriptions of the rejoicings on this occasion, I refer to the journalists, who had only to change the word *imperial* into *royal*, in describing the enthusiasm, of which, *according to order*, they had long been the faithful echo. The King slept at Amiens; next day, at Compeigne, the Provisional Government, the ministers, and marshals, tendered the assurance of their respective homage and fidelity. Berthier spoke for the marshals and the army; he extended to twenty-five, instead of ten years, the evils under which, he said, France had groaned; but from *him* this was in keeping—other language would have been unbecoming from the mouth of one whom the Emperor had unceasingly loaded with favours. At Compeigne, too, the Emperor Alexander met Louis XVIII, and the two monarchs dined together.

For my part, I did not go to Compeigne, the orders which I had constantly to give not permitting me to be absent, but was at St Ouen on the 2d May, when the King arrived. Here, when his majesty entered the saloon through which he was to pass to

* Upon this occasion, the sovereigns of France and England exchanged the orders of the *Holy Ghost* and of the *Garter*; George IV. being the first, and, I believe, the only Protestant prince ever decorated with the former insignia.

dinner, M. Hue recognized me, and apprised the King, who, advancing some steps towards me, said, "Ah! M. de Bourrienne, I am most happy to see you. I know the services you have rendered me, both in Hamburg and in Paris. I have pleasure in expressing my gratitude." We shall see. At St Ouen, Louis XVIII. promulgated the declaration which ushered in the charter. Here, too, the Senate presented a draught of the "Constitution;" and, to maintain, *in extremis*, its title of *Conservative*, that body stipulated for the *conservation* of all its endowments and pensions.

On the 3d of May, Louis XVIII. made his entrée into Paris, the Duchess d'Angoulême being in the same carriage. There was not the same enthusiasm as when Monsieur entered. The people looked on in amazement. This coldness became still more apparent, a few days after, when he established the red corps, which Louis XVI. had abolished before the Revolution. It was, moreover, deemed by all a most strange proceeding to remit the direction of affairs to M. de Blacas, who could know absolutely nothing of France. This gentleman, too, affected an omnipotence quite ministerial. On the morning of the 11th May, I had gone to the Tuileries to present my portfolio to the king, in virtue of my privilege of being immediately under the sovereign. M. de Blacas would needs receive my portfolio. I resisted, and pleaded my right of immediate access to his Majesty: he told me it was by order of the King. Of course my papers were then resigned to him. I soon fell a victim to the vengeance of a courtier. Two days after this affair, I had, as usual, repaired early to my cabinet in the post-office, and mechanically unfolded the *Moniteur*, which lay upon my desk. What did I read there? that Count Ferrand had been appointed to the office of postmaster-general in my stead. Not an intimation! not a single line in writing! no decree! no

ordonnance! In very truth, I fell a-rubbing my eyes, thinking it must surely be a dream. *Sic vos non vobis*, afterwards recurred to me, when, on account of services and devotion to the cause of the Bourbons, I was especially excepted from the deed of amnesty by Bonaparte. On recollecting what had happened between Blacas and myself, I had no doubt whence the blow proceeded. The day following that on which I had been thus extruded from office, appeared in the *Moniteur* the first ministry of Louis, thus organized: Talleyrand, foreign affairs; Abbé Montesquiou, home department; Abbé Louis, finance; General Dupont, war; M. Malouet, admiralty; M. de Vitrolles, secretary of state; M. de Blacas, master of the household, with a seat in the council; and, finally, M. de Beugnot, for the police. Of these eight, six had been recruited from the imbecility of France. This was soon proved; from one end of the kingdom to the other, nothing was heard but complaints against the measures of government. From every region crowds upon crowds of courtiers were to be seen at the Tuileries, mendicants for rewards, in virtue, it is to be presumed, of the vows they had secretly put up for the royal cause in the antechambers of the imperial court! The Legion of Honour was absolutely put to the hammer; whoever could but contrive to shew that he had worn an epaulette, metamorphosed himself at once into colonel; and the smallest sprig of the smallest gentility, became sir count, or my lord marquis, at least. The abuse of an institution which had wrought prodigies, was one of the greatest evils of the first restoration. To prevent misconception, let me state here a personal instance: I happened to be at Sens when Monsieur restored the monument erected over the ashes of his august parents. The day after this ceremony, the prefect of the Yonne transmitted to me, in name of the prince, an officer's cross of the Legion of Honour, for the trouble I had taken. I

immediately called upon Monsieur, thanked him, but begged to return the cross, as I had been a member only four months, and had done nothing deserving such promotion, rapid beyond precedent. I supposed there must be some mistake. Monsieur received me with his usual condescension, found my reasons excellent, and resumed the cross. "Who refuses, muses," saith the proverb; truly so it was with me, for, after seeing all the world promoted over my head, I had not my cross of officer till 1823; remaining a private nearly ten years. At the epoch in question I received two crosses, either by way of compensation, or through another *mistake*.

Ridicule, meanwhile, had assailed the restoring the usages of the ancient regime under every shape. The satirist had here a wide field; for example, my successor, M. de Ferrand, was in the habit of saying, "Why, the charter may be a good sort of thing, but what possible dignity can it have, when it was not registered by the parliament of Paris?" Really, I can yet scarcely think myself awake, when reflecting on the miraculous incapacity of the people who managed our affairs after Talleyrand's removal to the congress at Vienna, whither he repaired in September. Every body then would be and thought himself a statesman; and, Heaven knows what pranks the scholars played in absence of the master! The emigrants, as has been so aptly said, neither had forgotten nor had learned any thing, and shewed themselves with all the old pretensions and absurd vaunting. The greater part of these vain and silly personages might have served as counterparts of the character in one of Voltaire's novels, who goes about constantly exclaiming, in answer to every thing, "*A man such as I!*" These gentry were so full of their own pretended merit, that they were thereby blinded to the extent of seeing nothing else. Not only had they disregarded the wishes and the necessities of France, which, in

overturning the empire, hoped to have recovered liberty from the ruins, but they neglected every information. *Men such as they* not know all things! Did a man of experience, of both past and present parties, offer any advice on what was going forward elsewhere—" Pooh, pooh! he is an intriguer—an alarmist; he wishes to make himself of consequence. *Men such as we* know every thing; yet he pretends to see farther into a millstone than *we*. Leave him alone!"

From the month of December I had sure indications of an approaching catastrophe. Hortense, I knew, had been so busily intriguing at Plombieres, that Eugene, who intended to join his sister at the waters, hearing of, and not caring to be involved in, these intrigues, had formed a different resolution, after his horses, carriages, and an aide-de-camp, had already arrived. Friends, too, on both sides of the question, participated or enjoyed these apprehensions, while each added to my information. Proposals even were made directly to me, of " titles, riches, honours, if I would range myself among the friends of an old friend." One of my intimations referred to a man afterwards unfortunately but too conspicuous. " Yesterday," said my friend, one, too, entirely attached to the royal cause, " I met Charles de Labedoyère; you know how intimate we are. I remarked a strange agitation on his part. I asked him to dine with me, but he declined, because we should not be alone, but begged me to dine with him to-day. We conversed long on the present posture of affairs, and, you may be sure, as usual, did not agree. There is, however, a compact between us; we dispute—say a hundred ridiculous things, and still remain the same good friends as before. But what gives me real uneasiness is, that, on parting this evening, Charles wrung my hand, saying, " Courage, my friend—farewell! to-morrow I am off for Grenoble. Within a month you will hear of Charles de Labedoyère!' "

My conviction of an approaching crisis had become so strong, that, in the month of January, I resolved to solicit an interview with M. de Blacas, certainly not with the intention of compromising any one, but to place the results of my information at the minister's disposal. Let me then be permitted a brief excursion into the region of absurdity; the reader will barely be able to conceive the union of such fatuity and self-conceit: M. de Blacas received me not. What was I in comparison with a *man such as he?* I enjoyed, however, the signal honour of seeing his secretary; and, if the circumstance merits remembrance, he was a churchman by name Abbé Fleuriel. What a study for a comic poet! Abbé Fleuriel was the Adonis, the beau-ideal of self-satisfied impertinence! How vast a share it had of the dignity which befits the great secretary of a great minister; and how pretty, too, when it said, with the most careless grace, "My Lord the Count is not at home!" But three mouths such as his would have been required to add full volume to the words, "My Lord the Count," such a swell did he seem inclined to give them. My Lord the Count *was* at home; I knew it. But will it be credited?—the Abbé—the secretary, requested to be informed of my business with the minister! I turned my back upon the coxcomb, without deigning to reply, and left the place, amazed to find the affairs of France confided to such hands. Devoted, however, to the cause of the Bourbons, and things appearing serious, I wrote, on the same day, to M. de Blacas:—No answer; two days after, when, although with regret, I wrote that I had something most important to communicate:—No answer. Unable to comprehend the cause of this inexplicable silence, I returned to the Pavilion of Flora, and besought the charming Abbé Fleuriel to explain, if so be he might, the cause of his master's impertinent silence. "Sir," replied the sable penman, "I received both your letters; I

laid them before my Lord the Count; I do not know why he has not replied to them. I can do nothing in the matter: but my Lord the Count is so engaged! my Lord the Count has so many affairs! my Lord the Count cannot attend to all!"—"My Lord the Count will repent of it, perhaps," said I; "Good morning, sir." I may just conclude this affair, by stating, that, after the second restoration, I again encountered the Abbé at the Tuileries. He expressed regret that I had not been admitted by M. de Blacas; but, unwilling to alter his tone, he had the assurance to repeat,—"But really, if you had known how he was engaged!"—"Mr Abbé," said I, "there can be no doubt of the count's engagements. We may judge of them from his works."

I had thus experience in my own person of the truth of what had been reported to me of M. de Blacas. This minister had succeeded Count d'Avuray, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the king, concentrating the whole power in his cabinet, and so monopolizing the royal favour, that even the most esteemed servants of Louis had first to apply to M. de Blacas. As for him, upon any one giving salutary advice, he would say, with imperturbable self-sufficiency, "Who? that man? pshaw! he is an intriguer—a Bonapartist—a visionary—an alarmist—a grumbler. I do not wish to hear him mentioned." And the man of good advice was fairly bowed out. As an instance, take the following, which occurred a few days after my own misadventure: General Balathier desired to speak with the King on the events which he also foresaw. His majesty contented himself with saying, "Let him see Blacas." Balathier was accordingly received by the favourite minister, who, having listened to his communications, answered, "Eh! bon Dieu! Sir, these are old women's tales. Singular enough! So you conceive yourself better informed than we who are at the head of affairs?"—

" Certainly, my lord," replied Balathier, with perfect military frankness; " certainly I am, on this point, much better informed than you, surrounded by flatterers, who say only what may please you." — " Sir, I tell you again, that I know completely all you would instruct me in." What miserable vanity!

Seeing that nothing could be done with M. de Blacas, I wrote to M. de Talleyrand, then at Vienna; and, as he corresponded directly with the King, I make no doubt that my communications reached his majesty through this channel. But time had been lost, while events hurried on; and, before Louis XVIII. had clearly learned his danger, it was too late to take effectual precautions.

The circumstances of the return of Bonaparte are known to all, and may be read in various publications; I shall, therefore, forbear any recital of that inconceivable enterprize. As for myself, so soon as I was informed of the rapidity of his advance upon Lyons, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the army and the people, I prepared to set out for Belgium, there to await the close of this new drama. My arrangements were completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was on the point of commencing my journey, when an especial message from the Tuileries conveyed the King's pleasure that I should repair thither immediately. This order occasioned no inconsiderable alarm, but I did not hesitate to obey. Being introduced, the King addressed me with great kindness, but in a tone very expressive of his meaning, — " M. de Bourrienne, can we count upon you? I expect all from your zeal and fidelity." — " Your majesty shall have no cause to complain that I betrayed your confidence." — " 'Tis well; I am about to re-establish the prefecture of police, and appoint you prefect. Go, M. de Bourrienne, do for the best; I confide in you." It was singular enough, that on the 13th, while the King in Paris thus placed me in

office, Bonaparte, at Lyons, signed a decree, excluding Talleyrand, Marmont, myself, and ten others, from the general amnesty.

In the first moment, I had listened only to my zeal for the royal cause, and accepted; but reflection on the responsibility, and small chance of now being serviceable in my office, I confess, filled me with alarm. My apprehensions were not diminished on witnessing the proceedings of the council, which was held that night in the Tuileries, in the apartments of M. de Blacas. The ignorance of our real position then manifested by the ministers surpasses all belief. These great men of the state, with all the means of power and knowledge in their hands —the telegraph, the post-office, money, the police and its innumerable agencies — absolutely knew nothing of Napoleon's march, and asked me to give them information. I could, of course, only report what I had collected on 'Change, or picked up here and there during the last four-and-twenty hours. I did not conceal, that all their precautions would be vain. This brought on the discussion, how to dispose of the King? where was he to go? One proposed Bourdeaux; another, La Vendée; a third, Normandy. At length, one high in authority gave his voice for Melun. "If it come to blows," said I, "that is the most likely place for the engagement." I was answered, that the appearance of the King, in his carriage with eight horses, would rouse a marvellous enthusiasm among the soldiers! "Do not think of resistance," said I; "not a soldier will draw a trigger. Defection among the troops is inevitable: they amuse themselves, and get drunk in their barracks, with the money which, to purchase their fidelity, you have distributed among them within the last few days; but do you know what they say? I will tell you,— 'He is a good enough sort of person, Louis XVIII; but, huzza! *the little corporal for ever!*'"

On the first news of Bonaparte's landing, the King had sent an express for Marmont, then at Châtillon, whither he had gone to receive his mother's last sigh. The marshal had counselled Louis to remain in Paris, and to shut himself up with his household — about five thousand devoted and honourable men — in the Tuileries, which were capable of sustaining a siege. This design he supported by stating, that the effect produced by the rapid advance of Napoleon from the Gulf of Juan, would be more than counterbalanced on the public mind by the spectacle of an aged monarch defending himself in his palace. I was of a different opinion, and proposed Lille as the nearest and most secure, consequently, in the state of things, the best asylum. It was past midnight before the council broke up, without coming to any determination though, when the time came, Lille was selected for the King's retreat.

On being introduced into the royal cabinet, after the few words already noted, Louis asked what I thought of the situation of affairs? "Sire, I think Bonaparte will be here in five or six days." — "How, sir?" — "Yes, sire; in five or six days." — "But measures are taken, orders given, and the marshals are faithful to me." — "Sire, I suspect no one's fidelity; but I can assure your majesty, since Bonaparte has disembarked, that he will be here before eight days. I know him, and your majesty does not know him so well as I; but, sire, I dare to assure your majesty, that he will not be here six months: he will commit excesses which will be his ruin." — "M. de Bourrienne, I augur more favourably of events; but if misfortune decree that I must again leave France, and your second prediction be accomplished, you may rely upon me." During this conversation, the King appeared calm and resigned, shewing that philosophy which springs from a peaceful conscience, tempered by adversity.

On the morrow, I repaired again to the palace, and received an order to arrest five-and-twenty persons, according to a list given. I attempted to shew the nullity and mischievous tendency of this step, but in vain; some abatement was made in favour of twenty-three, who were to remain under surveillance, but the two first were absolutely to be arrested —namely, Fouché and Davoust. The King more than once repeated,—"I desire that you cause Fouché to be arrested."—"Sire, I beseech your majesty to consider the effect."—"It is my especial pleasure that you arrest Fouché; but I am sure you will fail, for André could not succeed." I dared not disobey an order so express; not a moment was to be lost. Arrangements made, my agents presented themselves at the hotel of the Duke of Otranto. On exhibiting their credentials,—"How!" exclaimed Fouché, on glancing it over, "this warrant is null—it is good for nothing; it purports to come from the prefect of police, and there is no such functionary." In my opinion, Fouché was right; for my nomination having taken place during the night, the appointment had not yet been officially announced. On his refusal to follow these my underlings, a party moved off to the head-quarters of the National Guard, to obtain assistance. Desolles, the commandant, repaired in his turn to the Tuileries, to get fresh powers from the King. During these comings and goings, Fouché retained all his coolness; conversed with my agents, and, feigning to enter a closet, which opened upon a dark passage, left my unfortunate myrmidons bewildered in the midst of darkness, slipt away, gained the street, got into a hackney coach, and drove off. So ends the famous history of Fouché's arrest. As to Davoust, he was my personal enemy; I therefore only placed him under surveillance.

These orders were given on the 15th; the same day, I called upon M. de Blacas; and, after some con-

versation on the best manner of securing the King's safety, asked him what previous information he had obtained of Bonaparte's departure from Elba. "The only thing which we knew positively," replied the minister, "was by an intercepted letter, written from the island of Elba, on the 6th of February, addressed to Mr ——, resident in Grenoble; but I can shew it you." He then took from the drawer of his writing table, the original letter, which I read. The writer thanked his correspondent for information which had been sent to the *inmate* of Elba. Afterwards, the letter went on to state, that all was prepared for the departure; that the first favourable opportunity would be seized for that purpose, but before finally determining, certain inquiries must be answered. Then followed questions upon a great many details,—what regiments had been sent into the south—the place of their cantonment; whether the officers had been appointed, as agreed at Paris; if Labedoyère was at his post,—concluding with a hope that the correspondent would leave nothing to desire in his replies on these important points. The communication was long, and struck me as containing every requisite information, respecting the intended landing on the coast of Provence; on returning it, therefore, I could not help saying to M. de Blacas,—"That letter, methinks, gave sufficient warning; what was done?"—"I immediately caused the letter to be copied, sent the copy to M. de André, that he might give the order to arrest the individual to whom it had been addressed." And this was all that had been done to counteract a conspiracy of this nature—that all, too, occupied three days, and consequently failed even in its limited object of securing the Grenoble correspondent! In truth, as much might have been expected, when the police had got hold of the affair. My movement of surprise did not escape notice,—"What would you have done?" I entered into a detail of measures

more congenial to the firm and prompt government to which I had been accustomed. "You may be right, sir," said M. de Blacas, "but how could it be helped? I am but *new* here."—"*Green* any where," I thought, should have been the word. The evil, however, was, for the present, irremediable; though I had no fear for the future: the momentary resurrection of the empire had, indeed, become inevitable, but only for a moment. My friends will bear witness, that I constantly maintained, Bonaparte would not remain six months in France. In recalling him, men did not wish the individual whom they thus recalled; they acted, not from love to his person; nor was it from faithfulness to the remembrance of the empire, that a portion of France embraced its cause anew: it had become the general desire, at whatever price, to shake off those inane counsellors, who conceived they might treat France as a country conquered by and for the emigrants; Frenchmen desired to rescue themselves from a government which seemed resolved on treading under foot all that is dear to France. In this state of things, some hailed Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater part regarded him merely as an instrument; to this latter class belonged, especially, the old republicans, united with whom were those of the new generation, who had hitherto beheld liberty only in promises, and were blinded enough to believe, that this idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.

But let us pass, in brief review, the circumstances and designs which had wrought this consummation, so far as respected the return of Napoleon. During the commencement of 1815, events in Italy, from the state of the rest of Europe, had not attracted much attention. These events, however, considered relatively to the gigantic plans long meditated by Napoleon, and now about to be attempted, were of vast importance. All was yet so complicated, and, in the congress, advanced so slowly, that a local

occurrence might exercise an extensive influence over the general affairs of the Continent. In the month of February, when all arrangements were now completed for the departure from Elba, Murat requested permission from the court of Vienna to conduct, through its provinces of Upper Italy, an army destined for France. On the 26th of the same month, Napoleon left his island prison. These two facts have necessarily a close connection with each other. Unquestionably, however extravagant, Murat never could have conceived it possible to obtain, by force, from the King of France, recognition of his claim to the throne of Naples. His occupying that kingdom had never been regarded save as an usurpation, at the court of the Tuileries; and I know that the French plenipotentiaries at Vienna had special instructions to insist in congress on the restoration of the Two Sicilies to their ancient sovereign, as a consequence of the restoration of the crown of France. I likewise know, that this demand was strongly resisted on the part of Austria, whose government has never viewed, without extreme jealousy, three European thrones occupied by the single house of Bourbon. Murat, therefore, was well aware of the part he might play in France, by there supporting the conspirators, and the views of his brother-in-law. Thus he daringly advanced to the banks of the Po, leaving his country and his capital exposed; and incurring by this movement, the hostile resentment of both Austria and France. It is incredible that he would have acted thus, unless previously assured of a powerful diversion, and the assistance of Napoleon in his favour. There is a possibility, indeed, that Murat contemplated securing himself in Italy, while the whole powers of Europe should be engaged anew with Napoleon: but both suppositions lead to the same conclusion,—that he was a party to the enterprize of Bonaparte. Murat, however, thus acting

rather like an adventurer than a monarch, having failed in an attack against the bridge of Occhio-Bello, was constrained to retreat, and his ill-advised expedition ended by ruining the grand cause in which it was intended to co-operate.

The plans and intentions of Napoleon, again, as conceived in the island of Elba, were as follow, and I guarantee the authenticity of the details now given:— Almost immediately after his arrival in Paris, he was to issue directions to his most devoted marshals to defend, to the last extremity, the entrances of the French territory, and the approaches to the capital, by manœuvring within the triple line of fortresses which girdle the northeast frontier. Davoust was set apart for the defence of Paris, while there was a stone to defend; he was to arm the populace of the suburbs, and to have, besides, twenty thousand of the National Guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not knowing well the situation of the allies, did not believe they could unite and march against him so speedily as they did in the sequel. He hoped to anticipate and counteract their dispositions, by causing Murat to march upon Milan, and by arming Italy. The Po once passed, and Murat approaching the capital of Italy, Napoleon, with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Massena, increased by troops sent post to Lyons, was to cross the Alps, and revolutionize Piedmont. Having recruited his army from among the insurgents, he was to join the Neapolitans at Milan; there proclaim the independence of Italy, united under a single chief; and afterwards march, at the head of one hundred thousand men, upon Vienna, through the Julian Alps,— a route by which victory had already guided him, in 1797. This was not all. Numerous emissaries, dispersed over Poland and Hungary, were there to foment troubles, awaken thoughts of liberty and independence, in order to spread disquiet through

Austria and Russia; and we were to have beheld Europe freed, out of revenge for not having allowed herself to be enslaved by Napoleon. It would have been a solemn, but singular spectacle; nor is the thought without grandeur, that such a man, in such a place, cherished these meditations.

As the means of success in these bold manœuvres and mighty combinations, Napoleon had calculated upon assuming the initiative in military operations. For my part, never had I beheld his genius more fully developed than in this vast conception — which was not matured in one day. This design, in fact, comprised the essence of all he had ever aspired to accomplish — embraced all the great enterprizes which he had meditated, from the first of his fields to his latest hour, on the imperial throne. The final object alone was changed — from empire to liberty; but success would, in all likelihood, have restored the original plan of selfish ambition. According to this scheme, his line of operation extended over a basis of five hundred leagues, from Ostend, by the Alps and Italy, to Vienna. He would thus have secured immense resources of every kind; would not only have prevented the Emperor of Austria from marching troops against France, but have probably constrained him to terminate a war, of which the hereditary estates supported the whole burden. Such were the alluring prospects unfolded before the imagination of Napoleon, when he set foot upon the deck of the vessel that bore him from the rocks of Elba to the shores of France. But the reckless precipitation of Murat roused Europe to an attitude of preparation, and the brilliant illusion faded like a dream.

Upon the attempted execution of this great enterprize, it is unnecessary to enter; how troops, sent against their ancient leader, served only to swell his triumphant escort, is known to all the world; how his eagles flew from tower to tower, has been

repeated to satiety. These were the visible effects of the secret resolutions, now for the first time explained. I may mention one thing, not generally known, though it may be readily conceived,—that, after hearing of the decree promulgated at Lyons, I little cared that he should catch me at Paris. On the other hand, the duties of office detained me, and I had resolved not to quit my post before the royal family should be in safety. I need not say with what distressful feelings, during the 19th and 20th, I witnessed their departure; or how sad a spectacle is the palace of a king, at the moment when he is constrained to leave it. After assuring myself that all was tranquil, and that no danger existed so far as the princes were concerned, I set out, alone, at four in the morning, taking the route for Lille; so fully was I persuaded that the King had followed the northern road. Nothing extraordinary marked my progress before reaching Fins. Here I found a great number of carriages stopped for want of the means of conveyance. I had entered more than once the public room, and asked the postmaster for horses. "Wait your turn," very gruffly said the man in authority; then added, "Do you come from Paris?"—"I just passed through; I come from Sens."—"Any thing new in Paris?"—"Nothing, so far as I know."—"An express has just passed; he will be there this evening."—"Who?"—"Pooh! You not know? Bonaparte."—"No! Indeed?" I could not exactly tell what to make of this conversation, when the postmaster quitted the room rather mysteriously. Thus left to my own, by no means pleasing, cogitations, I had stuck myself up as if eagerly perusing a large proclamation in Russian and French, fixed against the wall. It was one I had procured, while postmaster general, from the Czar, protecting all post horses from military requisition. "Sir," said the postmaster, who now entered, "you see there an

order which saved me from beggary." — "You would not then surely do any injury to him who signed it?" — "God forbid! — I knew you from the first — you served me in a just matter, which had brought me to Paris when you were our head — I have this moment been out on your account; your chaise is at the corner of the garden, with the only pair of horses remaining; my son is to act as postilion, and will not spare the spur."* The postmaster was true to his word, for I observed the private signal of haste transmitted from one postilion to another, and, by an hour after midnight of the 21st, found myself before the gates of Lille. They were shut; but a wretched lodging was obtained in the suburbs, which I entered with a sense of happiness, surpassed only by the felicity of quitting it next morning.

On the 23d, the King, who, after all, had adopted my opinion, arrived at Lille. As a consolation for my own mishap, I found his majesty had scarcely fared better at the gate. I placed myself among those who waited his alighting at the hotel. No sooner did he perceive me, than, extending his hand, the King said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne." I had the honour of sitting down to table with his majesty, but the breakfast was a melancholy one. The events of the time formed the subject of conversation, and all viewed them in a sombre light. Berthier, also present, partook largely in the general depression. I alone seemed to have any confidence, and ventured, as in the Tuileries, to predict, "that most likely within three months the King would be on his return to his kingdom." Berthier continued

* The reader will bear in mind, that a postmaster in France is not, as with us, "a man of letters" merely, but has charge of all the relays over a certain district; and that in France, as over the whole of the Continent, all posting is in the hands of government. — *Translator.*

biting his nails as usual; and his majesty, giving me plainly to understand, by his manner, that he put down my observation among the flatteries to which he was accustomed, replied,—"Monsieur Bourrienne, when I am king, you shall be my prefect of police." We shall see. The kindly answer gratified, without deceiving me. It soon appeared that Lille was no place for the King: the Napoleon fever had seized the troops in the garrison; even the guard shewed evident symptoms of having caught the infection. Nor, it must be confessed, ought there to have been matter of surprise in the fact, that the soldiers of the old army shewed discontent, sacrificed as they were to constantly recurring arrivals of the ancient servants of a monarchy of which they recked not; nor that they hailed the return of him whom they had so often followed to victory and honour.

Yielding to the entreaties of his faithful friends, Louis, therefore, left Lille on the third day after his entrance; but the resolution was taken with regret, and not till Marshal Mortier, who commanded under the Duke of Orleans, and whose conduct under difficult circumstances merited the highest praise, had stated that he could no longer answer for his soldiers. The King removed to Ghent. In the preceding September, he had named me charge-d'affaires at Hamburg. On the point of departing beyond the soil of France, the King conceived that my presence in the north of Germany would prove useful to his cause. I therefore set out immediately, and without reluctance, for a place where I had many friends. Though thus removed from the immediate theatre of events, I continued to be informed of all important transactions.

Bonaparte entered Paris on the 20th of March, at eight o'clock at night. Nothing could be more dismal than this entry. The darkness was increased by a thick fog. The streets were deserted, and on

every countenance might be read an expression of vague alarm. The white standard, torn down in the morning from the Tuileries, had been replaced by the tricoloured flag; but the former ensign still floated above most of the public buildings of Paris. Even throughout the day, numbers of the military continued to display the white cockade. Not one appeared to greet Napoleon on his passage, till he had arrived at the approach to the Tuileries, where, in the vestibule, and in the pavilion of Flora, his intimate confidants had assembled, and conducted him to his apartments. In the square of the Carrousel were to be heard some shouts of "The Emperor!" but these were drowned in "Down with the calotte!" vociferated by the rabble.

Two hours after my departure—that is, at six in the morning of the 20th—Madame Bourrienne also left Paris, for an asylum about twenty miles distant. At nine on the same morning, an individual devoted to Bonaparte, with whom, however, I never had any intimate correspondence, sent an emissary to my house, requesting to see Madame de Bourrienne. My sister-in-law replied to the envoy, and was strictly questioned respecting my absence. This envoy stated, at the same time, that, above all things, I ought to avoid following the King; and, if I returned quietly to Burgundy, the great personage whom I do not name, but whom the reader will perhaps divine, would answer for my pardon with the Emperor. Twelve hours after—when Bonaparte arrived—a lady also called upon my wife; my sister-in-law again went to meet her in the garden, without a light, that they might not be observed, and through a piercing cold, for the temperature seemed in unison with the transactions. She was accompanied by another lady, who, on the night preceding, had been at Fontainbleau to see Bonaparte, and had been charged with a message for me to remain at my post, as prefect of police, and

to fear nothing, as pardon and complete oblivion were certain. On the morrow, General Berton came, to assure Madame de Bourrienne of the same amicable relations, and to induce me, whom they supposed concealed in Paris, to appear. Though sensible of these instances of friendship, I never for a moment regretted having left Paris. At this epoch, too, I obtained information, which, afterwards followed up, enabled me to discover the real motive of Bonaparte's hatred, namely, that he suspected me of a correspondence with London. This, I found, had arisen from a General Van Driesen having mentioned my name, in a letter to the King, at Hartwell, as the person who, at Hamburg, had dictated to him a draft of a royal proclamation, which I certainly did, because, then, a royalist at heart, I found he was likely to ruin the cause, by injudicious publications. This had come to the Emperor's ears,—for he had agents about the King at Hartwell, whose station placed them above suspicion, and who thus knew the most secret matters transacted there. The report, however, had been greatly exaggerated, and I do not know, certainly, that he had now discovered his mistake; but am persuaded, had I remained in Paris, that Napoleon would have given no serious evidence of his displeasure. He was irritated, however, by my absence, or supposed concealment, and six emissaries were sent to my house to examine and seal my papers. Their harsh investigations gave great trouble to Madame de B. and my family. They even searched the pockets, and ripped up the lining, of my old clothes for papers. I was not the man, however, to be so caught: before my departure, I had taken precautions which set my mind at rest; and they had their labour for their pains.

But not only upon men able to bear the evils of flight and exile did persecution fall; women, whom a system of tricks, unworthy of the Emperor, had

formerly condemned to expatriation, had now to fear new severity. The beautiful Madame de Chevreuse, who had been banished for having had the courage (then a rare quality even among the nobler sex) to say, that she was not made to be the Queen of Spain's jailor, died of a broken heart, in the arms of the Duchess de Luynes, her mother-in-law. The illustrious exile of Coppet, on the Emperor's return, was in a state of health little capable of bearing up against any sudden and violent emotion. This had been brought on by her flight from Coppet to Russia, immediately after the birth of a son, the issue of a private marriage with M. Rocca. Under these circumstances she saw no other means of safety but in renewed exile. This, indeed, was not a long one; but Madame de Stael never recovered from the effects occasioned by its inquietude and fatigues. The authoress of *Corinne* naturally recalls to my mind her most faithful friend, Madame Recamier, who was herself not secure against the severity of Napoleon. She did not, indeed, fly from Paris, in 1815, though she had returned in 1814, only through the force of events, and without her exile having been revoked. That exile was pronounced in a singular way. Madame Recamier paid frequent visits to Madame de Stael at Coppet: irritated more and more by such intercourse, Napoleon ordered Fouché to intimate, on the last of these occasions, that Madame Recamier was perfectly mistress of her motions in going to Switzerland, but not so in returning to Paris. "Ah! sir," replied she, to the minister, "a great man may be pardoned the weakness of loving women, never that of fearing them;" and Madame Recamier departed for Coppet.*

* A beautiful retreat on the Lake of Geneva: next to Paris, the favourite residence of Madame de Stael—if one like her, who *lived* only in a crowd, could have a favourite abode amid

To return to the epoch denominated the Hundred Days: It is worthy of remark, that Bonaparte, on attaining the consulate, passed exactly an hundred days in the Luxembourg, before his installation in the Tuileries. If I did not see Paris at this latter era, my correspondence sufficiently proved to me, and the information has since been confirmed by even the partizans of Bonaparte, that never since the excesses of the Revolution had the capital been so mournful and gloomy, as during these three months of agony. None had confidence in the duration of this second reign. It quickly became the general opinion, that Fouché, in supporting the cause of the usurper, was secretly betraying it. Throughout the whole mass of society, fears of the future agitated men's minds, and discontent was at its height. The sight of the federates traversing the suburbs and Boulevards, shouting "Long live the Republic!" and "Death to the Royalists!"—their sanguinary songs—the revolutionary airs performed in the theatres—all threw a sort of stupor over the mind, and an impatient anxiety as to the issue of these disquieting events.

One circumstance, which, at the commencement of the Hundred Days, tended most directly to open men's eyes, still dazzled by the reflected light of Napoleon's past glory, was the non-fulfilment of the vaunting promises that the Empress and his son were to rejoin him immediately.

This clearly shewed that he could not count upon a single ally; and it would have been blindness,

the silent magnificence of nature. It is very possible to conceive, from a former portion of these *Memoirs*, how Bonaparte came to dislike Madame de Stael; but, save from his own weakness, it is incomprehensible how he came to fear her. Madame de Stael's vague notions of liberty are calculated to prove not less injurious to real freedom, than her crude sentimentality to real virtue. — *Translator.*

indeed, notwithstanding the prodigious activity which reigned in the military preparations, to suppose that he could triumph over the whole of Europe, then evidently arming afresh against him. When the first news of Bonaparte's disembarkation was received at Vienna, the congress had made but slender advances towards the final arrangement of affairs. The members of that high assembly considered themselves as labouring in the reconstruction of an enduring and desirable order of things, and proceeded with that wise caution and maturity of examination indispensable to the accomplishment of this object, especially after an agitation by which all interests had been more or less displaced. The plenipotentiaries, on hearing of the landing in the Gulf of Juan, signed a protocol of their conferences. This was supposed, but erroneously, to have been drawn up by M. de Talleyrand. There had been another, which, chiefly through his instrumentality, operating by means of M. de Labrador, minister of Spain, had been rejected, as too undecided. This first protocol, or declaration of the 5th May, being set aside, that of the 22d was adopted, which consisted in adhering to the treaty of Paris. The reader will be gratified by the following letters on these details, addressed to me by M. de Talleyrand, the first politician of the age :—

" *Vienna*, 19*th April*, 1815.

" Every account that reaches me from the interior of France, proves that Bonaparte is there in the greatest difficulty. All confirms that the immense majority of the nation is against him; that, in truth, he has no one on his side save the army; and that, even of the troops, the new levies are far from being devoted partizans. The southern provinces have not submitted to his authority. There the Duke d'Angoulême continues to maintain his position. His troops increase daily. He has advanced with them

upon Lyons, and, by my last news, that city is declared in a state of siege. On the other hand, troops are advancing to the frontiers with the utmost celerity. Throughout, military operations are commencing with the greatest energy and activity. The Russian troops which were upon the Vistula, have arrived in Bohemia four days sooner than was expected, and will reach the Rhine at the same time with the Austrian levies. Towards the middle of May, it is hoped, active operations will be begun, and the immensity of means assembled must completely remove all fear as to the issue of events. The King, of whom I had news yesterday, is still at Ghent, and well; full of courage and hope. The Duke d'Artois is at Brussels. The army of the Duke of Wellington, nearly eighty thousand strong, is concentrated near Mons. Great unanimity prevails between the Duke of Wellington and General Gneizenen commanding the Russian troops. Murat, conceiving that, while the allied powers were engaged against Bonaparte, he should find few obstacles in Italy, advanced to the Po, but has failed in his attack at Occhio-Bello, and retreated. Since then, the Austrian troops, who are receiving daily reinforcements, have obtained some advantages over him on the side of Modena."

Another letter of 5th May, after blaming my long silence, and praising an article which I had written for the journals, continues thus:—" Since my last, you must have learned that the Duke d'Angoulême has found it impossible to maintain his position in the south, as we had hoped. France, then, for the moment, is wholly under the yoke of Bonaparte. Hostilities will not commence for some time, it being the design to attack upon many points at once, and with great masses. The most perfect unanimity prevails as to military measures among the allied powers. The war against Murat continues with a success that

bids fair to render it of brief duration. He has successively demanded two armistices, which have been refused."

The following letter refers to the proceedings of the congress, and is otherwise very important:—

"M. de Bourrienne,—Bonaparte, subsequently to his arrival in Paris, having first denied the authenticity of the declaration of the 13th March, and afterwards endeavoured to weaken its effect, by different publications, some persons here thought that it would be useful to publish a second. The congress desired this question to be examined by a commission, whose report was presented on the 12th current, (May.) That report, while it confirms the dispositions manifested by the powers, in the declaration of the 13th March, refutes the sophisms of Bonaparte, exposes his impostures, and concludes, that his position with regard to Europe being neither changed, by the first success of his enterprize, nor by the offer which he made to ratify the treaty of Paris, a second declaration is in no respect necessary. In the process-verbal hereupon published by the plenipotentiaries, it will be remarked, that Europe is not represented as making war for the King, and at his solicitation; but that she declares war on her own account, because her interest requires, and her safety demands it. This is the exact truth; and it is also the proceeding most suitable in reference to the King, and most favourable to his cause. Were they to believe in France that the war is carried on solely for the interest of the King, his subjects would behold in him the author of the disasters which it will occasion. Such an opinion could have only one effect—to alienate their feelings from his majesty, and incline them to embrace the party of Bonaparte. On the other hand, from the manner in which the war is now

represented, it is Bonaparte alone to whom these evils can be attributed; a fact of which it is most important to convince all, especially in France. Receive, &c. THE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND."

Within less than a month after the reception of the above, these wise arrangements had decided the fate of the contest. During the interval, I was kept informed of the military events as they took place; but these are known to all the world. I shall make one or more extracts, from a portion of my correspondence, on less generally known topics: "I have just learned," says one of my correspondents, the Marquis de Bonnay, "that Berthier has fallen from a window in the fourth story of the Castle of Bamberg. There can be no doubt that he threw himself down. You will ask me why? You will quote to me what he asseverated to you at Brussels; namely, his invariable attachment to the cause of the King. But know we what he did afterwards? The German gazettes announced his being under surveillance; they related to us how he had attempted to enter France in disguise: are we sure that he had not compromised himself by some correspondence which had been seized?"

"I have the certainty," writes the Marquis again, "that Fouché sent, as his secret agent, to Vienna, M. de M——, who made the following propositions, to which the adjoined answers were returned:—'Do not make war, and we will rid you of the *man*.'—'Well, begin by getting quit of him.'—'Will you have the King of Rome, or a regency?'—'Neither.'—'Will you have the Duke of Orleans?'—'No.'—'Well, if it must be Louis XVIII,—content; but no nobles, no priesthood, and, above all, no Blacas.'—'Begin, by getting rid of the *man*, and his whole generation.' I am much delighted to hear you say that the Duke of Orleans was sounded at Paris,

and rejected all advances made to him. 'May God preserve him in these good dispositions!' I know not if you be aware, that, last year, in passing through Paris for Sicily, his first visit was to Madame Genlis. He remained with her till late at night, and then afterwards told one, who informed me, that, in recalling the past, they had shed many tears together.*

"Turkey has joined the universal crusade. Bonaparte must needs be greatly touched by the love which Europe bears towards his person!—Thus far had I proceeded in my letter, when the arrival of an express informed me of the successful attack of the 16th, which appears, in fact, to have commenced on the 15th. I cannot conceive how the Duke of Wellington had allowed himself to be taken unawares He set out from Brussels on the morning of the 16th June, to make a reconnoissance, and, if he had taken the right road, must have found them at it, not six leagues from his hotel. The Prince of Orange, deserves much praise for having sustained the shock, and repulsed, *with great loss*, says the despatch, Bonaparte and his eighty thousand men. You will dispense with my tears for the Duke of Brunswick, who was good for any thing only on the field of battle. After to-morrow, I expect details. An officer who left Paris on the 4th of June, and had trusted to his memory, not wishing to take with him any papers, gave to the Duke of Wellington all the details desirable on the force and distribution of the French army. A calculation, founded on inferences

* The reader need not be reminded that the Duke is now King of France. The closing portion of the extract refers to the circumstance of the young Duke, his sister, and her governess, Madame Genlis, having fled to Switzerland, at the commencement of the Revolution. Here, the Duke nobly devoted several hours of each morning to giving instructions in mathematics, as a means of support for himself and the two ladies. — *Translator.*

from this information, makes the troops of the line two hundred and seventy-seven thousand, and the national guard from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand: The infantry good, and in fine order; the cavalry bad, and naked; the light artillery better than could be expected: and, the best card in Bonaparte's hand, five hundred pieces of cannon: The fortified places in bad condition, and imperfectly provisioned, except Lille; Valenciennes and Condé held by the national guard, and by old soldiers who have renewed their service. Ah, sir! it is a great stroke to have overset the first enterprize of that man. A letter from M. de Stael, of date 2d May, states, that Bonaparte cannot stand, and that France is divided between two parties; one for the republic, of which Benjamin Constant is the soul; the other for Monsieur the Duke of Orleans. This latter is the hope of all those who are too deeply engaged in late transactions ever to expect employment under the King."

My prediction was at length accomplished. The battle of Waterloo had thus opened the gates of France to Louis XVIII. The moment that information arrived of his having quitted Ghent to enter his kingdom, I also set out from Hamburg, making all possible haste, in the hope of reaching Paris in time to receive the King. On the 7th July, I alighted at St Denis, and, spite of intrigue, found an immense multitude eager to offer the homage of their congratulations. St Denis, in fact, was so filled, that with the greatest difficulty I found a small apartment in a garret, by way of lodging. Having assumed my uniform of captain of the national guard, I immediately repaired to the palace: the saloon was filled, and, in the crowd come to felicitate their sovereign, I found my own family, who, not knowing I had quitted Hamburg, were agreeably surprised. The Parisians were eager to salute their King, but

stratagem was used to keep them at a distance. Paris was declared in a state of siege, and, for four days, Fouché contrived to remain master of the capital. At this time, two things were attempted to be imposed upon Louis,—the tricolor and Fouché: against the former he stood firm; but the nomination of that fatal man appeared inevitable.

On the 7th July, the King was informed, that Fouché alone could facilitate his entrance into Paris; that he alone had the keys; that he alone could direct public opinion. The value of these assertions could easily be estimated, when it was found that the presence of the King became the first and sole bond of concord and unanimity. Every day might be seen groups of the better classes assembled under the windows of the King's apartments, giving themselves up to rejoicing, and rendering to the royal family each day a holyday. The very appearance of joy and security displeased Fouché. His vile stipendiaries insinuated themselves amid these groups, threw corrosive liquids upon the ladies' dresses, committed indecencies, and mingled the seditious cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with the loyal acclamations of "*Vive le Roi!*" By the aid of these miserable manœuvres Fouché triumphed, and contrived to have it believed that he was the only man capable of preventing those disorders, of which he was, in fact, the sole author. Fouché likewise obtained support from a very high quarter: Wellington was the influence which restored Fouché. Of the extent of that influence I felt well aware, though I did not at first believe it capable of supporting such an anomaly as Fouché, minister of the Bourbon. But I soon discovered my mistake. On the 8th of July, 1815, the principle of a privy council, composed of the Bourbon princes, and others afterwards to be named, to surround the throne of Louis, was determined; and subsequently his new treasury appointed as follows:—The Prince de Tal-

leyrand, foreign affairs; Baron Louis,* finance; the Duke of Otranto, (Fouché,) police! Baron Pasquier, chancellor; Marshal Gouvion St Cyr, war; Count de Jacourt, marine; Duke de Richelieu, master of the household; Marshal Macdonald, to the satisfaction of all, succeeded to the Abbé de Pradt, as chancellor of the Legion of Honour. And my office, so frequently promised, and under circumstances so singular, was given to another—M. de Cazes was made prefect of police. This I owed to the appointment of Fouché; for how could I possibly serve under a minister for whose arrest I had once issued a formal warrant?

Two days after these arrangements, I called upon Blucher, established, as I have already said, in the palace of St Cloud, in order to thank him for preserving my house from pillage. After the usual compliments, "Who would have predicted," said Blucher, "that, after having been your prisoner, I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg; I can now return the favour at St Cloud. God knows what may be the result of all this; one thing is certain, that this time the allies will enforce conditions which shall remove all fears of danger for a long while to come. The Emperor Alexander is unwilling to make the French pay too dear for the evils they have inflicted upon us. He attributes them to Napoleon; but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war,—and pay, some one must. It might pass for once, but we will not be brought back a second time at our own expense. Of one thing I can, however, assure you, you will lose none of your territory. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated to the King, my master, in my presence, 'I honour the nation; and I am resolved that the French shall retain their ancient

* In the first list the name is Abbé Louis; the individual in both cases is the same.—*Translator.*

limits.'" Taking advantage of this communicative disposition, I made some remarks to Blucher on the excesses committed by his troops. "What would you have me do? I cannot have an eye every where; but I assure you, for the future, on your recommendation, I shall cause to be punished, severely, all disorders that fall under my notice." Spite of these fine promises, however, his troops continued to give themselves up to the most revolting excesses. The Prussian troops have, consequently, left, in the environs of Paris, a remembrance as odious as that which is retained of Davoust's corps in Germany. Of this, a singular instance fell under my own observation: In the spring of 1816, I was going to Chevreuse, and stopped to feed my horse at a village inn. I sat myself down on a seat near the door, beside the proprietor of the tavern. A large dog began a-growling, when his master, a respectable looking old man, called out, "Will you be quiet, Blucher!"—"What a name," said I, "to give a dog!"—"Ah! sir, it is the name of a rascally ——, who did us much mischief last year. You see my house: there are the four walls, and that is all. The scoundrelly Prussians left me nothing. We were told they *comed** for our good—but let them return! I am old, but have sons; we will track them at every turning of the woods, as we would so many wild boars." Still, the dog kept growling—my host every now and then interrupted his discourse to call louder, "Quiet now, Blucher!" I looked in upon his house; it was, as he had said, denuded of every thing; and tears filled the old man's eyes, as he related his misfortunes.

Before his flight to Ghent, the King had shewn himself so condescending, as to promise his signature to the marriage-contract of one of my daughters.

* The verb in the original is inflected, as in the patois, or cockney French, of the environs of Paris.—*Translator.*

The day appointed was precisely the fatal 19th of March; the signing, as may well be supposed, did not take place. In the month of July, I renewed my request, and as my future son-in-law was only a lieutenant in the navy, the severe etiquette of the court required that the signature should be affixed at a petty levee; and it was even talked as if the new monarchy would be compromised by doing otherwise! The King, however, resolved to sign at a grand levee. The reader may laugh, but I frankly confess this little triumph afforded me no small pleasure.

Soon after this domestic incident, the King named me counsellor of state; and, in August, having resolved on convoking a new Chamber of Deputies, appointed me to preside in the electoral college of my native department of the Yonne. Upon this nomination, I called upon M. de Talleyrand, to receive my instructions. The prince stated, that, conformably to the intentions of the King, I must see the minister of police. "Absolutely," was my reply, "I cannot see Fouché: you know our relative positions."—"Go," said M. de Talleyrand, "go to him—you may be sure Fouché will say nothing on past occurrences."

My repugnance to this step is not to be described: but I could not, of course, disobey the King's injunctions. I found Fouché, at nine in the morning, walking in his garden, in the most complete dishabille. He was alone, and received me as an old and intimate friend, whom he had not seen for a long while! This ought not to be matter of surprise,—so well could he bend his hatred to the exigency of his position: he never once alluded to his arrest, and the reader may be assured such was not the subject upon which I wished to turn the conversation. I asked for instructions on the elections at Yonne. "On my word!" said Fouché, "I have none to give; get yourself

elected, if you can. Endeavour only to keep General Desfournaux at a distance; all else is to me the same thing."—"What is your objection, then, to Desfournaux?"—"The ministry dislike him."* I was preparing to take leave,—"You are in a great hurry," said Fouché; "stay a moment." He then turned the conversation upon the Bourbons, in a way which I dare not mention: asked me how I could so easily resolve to support their cause? I replied, "That I wished to see France rescued from military despotism, and only aided in a restoration which I had long foreseen, and ardently wished. I have the conviction," added I, "that Louis XVIII. will finally recognize the necessity of a constitutional government,—the only one possible in France."—"Thus, you think the French unanimous in favour of the Restoration?"—"I believe the majority to be favourable."—"You know not, then, that a moral opposition to the government of the Bourbon dynasty manifested itself in all the departements, from the very first months of their return? The old partizans of the republic, and the agents of Bonaparte, went about diffusing their opinions, that the Bourbons would return with superstition and the emigration. I can shew you a hundred reports to that effect. You know, that whatever was attempted by the government, for a whole year, tended but too well to exhibit its real dispositions. Has there ever been an opposition more direct against the interests and glory of a nation? and that relapse, so decided towards the past, did it not, at the time, impress every one with fearful apprehensions for the future? The royalists of 1815 have shewn themselves exactly as they were in 1789. In all the important acts of 1814, a total oblivion was

* This remark is curious. The representatives of thirty millions, free by a charter, were chosen only after instructions received from the minister of police!—*Translator.*

put upon the events that had intervened, and upon the march of the age. The egregious folly has been committed, of wishing to force a people, enlightened by ages, to forget its knowledge, and to create for itself other truths. It was attempted, by main force, to cause a retrogression, and to put all to the hazard, that the present might decide upon all the past, in favour of these antiquated notions. This inexplicable conduct gave occasion to say, that we had placed a counter revolution upon the throne. Again the same measures are in agitation; but I am here, and will oppose with my whole might. We must terminate the grand contest of the Revolution, which is not yet ended, after twenty-five years of overturnings and of lessons lost upon inexperience: the nobility and the clergy go for nothing every where, save in La Vendée. Not a sixth part of the French would place themselves under the ancient regime, and I pledge myself that not a fifth of the nation is frankly devoted to the legitimate authority. You pretend to be ignorant, that, in 1814, the French declared themselves loudly for a foreign prince—for the Duke of Orleans—and for a regency: very well, there is not one foreign prince whom the constitutional party would not have preferred receiving at the hand of the Alliance, because, in such a case, the constitutionalists could have demanded, as the condition of submission, that the rights of the people should be upheld. I can assure you, that, among the constitutional party, there would have been but one exclusion insisted upon,—that of the family of our old kings. After this, surely, you would not rank one man of that party among the supporters of the Bourbons!"

Thunderstruck on hearing such language from the mouth of a minister of the crown, I answered Fouché,—"I am, doubtless, far from approving of the system followed in 1814, and none blamed it more loudly then myself; but you will permit me to say,

that I cannot, with you, see those evils, with which superstition and the emigration are about to deluge France. Unquestionably, there will still be faults; there will be men incrusted with antiquated ideas, but time will, by degrees, remove these. On the contrary, I think there may be remarked, a progressive feeling of attachment in favour of the dynasty of the Bourbons: the number of their partizans augments daily. Patience; there must be laggards in the march of civilization, as in the train of a victorious army. Illumination of the mind, like the light of day, must dawn gradually. There are no improvements which I do not desire, but I would not have them precipitate; and am therefore convinced, that the Bourbons alone can, by little and little, establish true public liberty. You, I willingly grant, must be the better informed of the various tendencies of the public mind; but the agents who transmit to you these reports, look with their own eyes upon the things of which they speak; and you know men too well, not to be aware that they view matters through the prism of personal opinion. If all these reports on the state of France be correct, our situation would be deplorable; for, from complaints, the people will pass to menaces; from menaces to violence; attempts will be made to overturn what at present exists; and there will infallibly result a civil war. From such a consummation, God preserve us!"

Fouché listened to me very attentively, mused for a moment, passing his long fingers across his pale forehead, and then replied,—"I conceive you are in error; but the civil war will come: you may depend upon it, that, in more than sixty departements, only a handful of royalists would oppose the mass of the people. The royalists would prevail in an eighth of the departements, and in the rest would be constrained to silence."—"But, if I understand your grace, you do not seem to think it possible that the Bourbons can

remain?"—"I do not tell you my opinion," replied Fouché, with an ironical smile; "but you may draw what conclusions you like best from my words: that is to me a matter of absolute indifference."

I seized the moment to break off this most extraordinary conference; and, farther, considered it as a sacred duty to lay the whole before the King. No Blacas any longer monopolizing access to the royal presence, I demanded and obtained a private interview with Louis; and, by aiding the prompt dismissal of Fouché, enjoyed the satisfaction of repairing at least one of the evils inflicted by the Duke of Wellington upon France. Fouché had, in fact, so completely betrayed the cause which he had previously pretended to serve, and Bonaparte knew this so well, that, during the Hundred Days, while they were discussing, in his presence, the King's ministry at Ghent, some one said, "But among all these, I see no minister of police!"—"Eh, parbleu!" interrupted Bonaparte, "that's Fouché's place."

Soon after my interview with the King, I set off for the elections at Yonne, and had the honour of being returned representative for that departement to the Chamber of Deputies. On revisiting Paris, I was profoundly affected to observe the government recur to measures of severity, to punish errors which it had been better policy to attribute to the misfortune of the times. No consideration shall ever prevent me from giving tears to the memory of Ney, who, in my opinion, was the victim solely of certain foreign interferences. His death was conceived to be a mean of disabling France, and, for a length of time, incapacitating her for undertaking any thing, by indisposing against the royal government the army of the Loire, who thus mourned its best beloved chief, and one who had so often led on its squadrons to victory. I have no positive proofs on the subject, but, in my opinion, the blood of Ney was the requital of that gratitude

which Fouché conceived he owed to the foreign influence whereby he had been raised to the ministry. The reader will not have forgotten what Blucher said to me of the determination to weaken France.

Towards the end of August, I had the lively satisfaction of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a very long time. Rapp was not of the number of those generals who betrayed the King on the 20th of March. He told me he remained at the head of his division at Ecouen, under the orders of the Duke de Berri, and did not give in his submission to the minister of war till after the departure of the royal family. "How did Napoleon receive you?" inquired I. "You know," answered he, "what sort of fellow I am,—a perfect ignoramus in politics: I waited till he sent for me; I had taken my oath to serve the King: I acknowledged no other service, and would have fought against the Emperor."—"Bah!"—"Yes, my good friend, and so I told him."—"How! did you venture?"—"Without doubt: I told him the revolution was a forced one. 'Sblood,' replied he, with somewhat of anger, 'I knew you were before me: and, if we had come to blows, I would have sought you out on the field of battle.'—'I would have shewn you a Medusa's head,' answered I.—'What! would you have fired upon me?'—'Unquestionably,' said I.—'Ah! parbleu! that is too much,' cried he; 'but your soldiers would not have obeyed you; they retained all their affection for me.'—'What could I do?' replied I: 'you had abdicated; you had left France; you yourself had engaged us to serve the King, and, afterwards, you return! And then, to speak frankly, I augur no good of what has happened: wars, still more wars! France has had more than enough of war already.' Upon this," pursued Rapp, "he assured me he had other views; that he wished no more war, but desired to govern in peace, and to occupy himself exclusively with

the happiness of his people. When I objected the hostility of foreign powers, he told me he had made alliances. He afterwards spoke to me of the King,—how I liked him. I answered, that I had every reason to be satisfied. In the course of conversation, the Emperor extolled highly the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. Afterwards, he related the occurrences of his passage from Elba, and journey to Paris; complained of his being accused of ambition; and, as at this word I allowed a peculiar expression to escape, 'How! am I then ambitious? look,' tapping his belly with both hands, 'can a man so fat as I be ambitious?' Then devil take me if I could help saying, 'Ah! sire; your majesty is surely quizzing me.' He pretended to speak very seriously; and, some minutes afterwards, remarking my decorations, began to banter me on the Cross of St Louis, and of the Lily, which I still wore."

I conversed with Rapp about the enthusiasm said to have been shewn on the route traversed by Napoleon, after his landing. "Why," said Rapp, "I was not there more than yourself; but all those who accompanied him, have since confirmed the truth of the details, as published; only, I think I remember to have heard Bertrand relate, that, in one circumstance, he had some fears for the Emperor's life, had any assassin appeared. It was while approaching towards Paris from Fossard, where the Emperor had breakfasted. Napoleon's escort were so fatigued, that they had fallen behind, so that he was left almost alone, when a squadron, then in garrison at Melun, came out to meet, and escorted him to Fontainbleau. On the whole route, from what I was told, he appears to have incurred no real danger."

We began afterwards to talk of the existing posture of affairs; and I asked my friend how he found himself situated; for the condition of the generals who had commanded divisions of the imperial army

in the campaign of Waterloo, was very different from what it had been in 1814. "I had resolved," said Rapp, "to live in retirement, to take no part in any thing for the future, nor even to put on uniform. I had thus never put my foot within the Court of the Tuileries since the King's return, when one morning, about eight days ago, riding out along the avenue of Neuilly, I observed one from a group of horsemen, on the opposite side, advance towards me. It was the Duke de Berri. I had merely time to say, 'Is it you, my lord?'—'Doubtless it is I, my dear general; and since you will not come to us, I must needs come to you;—breakfast with me to-morrow morning.'—*Ma foi!*" continued Rapp, "what could I do? he said this with so much kindness that I could not refuse. On the morrow I went, and was so well received that I shall return; but will never ask any thing. If only these scoundrels of Russians and English!"———

The reader is aware of my nomination in August to be counsellor of state; on the 19th of the following month, I was appointed minister of state, and member of the privy council. I shall be pardoned in concluding with a circumstance flattering to me on this latter occasion: The King had desired M. de Talleyrand, in quality of president of the council of ministers, to present to his majesty a list of those persons who should compose his privy council. Having looked over this list, he said to the minister,—"But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here two of our good friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles."—"Sire, I thought their nomination would appear to them much more flattering by coming directly from your majesty." The King then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of Count Alexis de Noailles. Thus the two names are to be found on the original ordonnance in the handwriting of Louis XVIII.

So terminates what I have to say on the extraordinary and often fantastic events, whereof I have been a spectator, or wherein I have taken a part, during the course of an exceedingly agitated career, of which all that now remains to me is—the recollection.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX TO VOLUME IV.

Note A. Page 53.

Maria Louisa was born December 12, 1791; her mother was Maria Theresa, daughter of the King of Naples, and first wife of Francis II. Her character is represented as having been extremely amiable from her earliest years—a circumstance which exercised no inconsiderable influence in determining Napoleon's choice of a second consort. On the abdication, in 1814, the ex-Empress, by the treaty of Fontainbleau, was secured in the archduchy of Parma, including the territories of Placentia and Guastella. Since the final settlement of affairs, in 1815, Maria Louisa has resided chiefly on her Italian estates. These, of all the divisions of the Peninsula, are the best governed, and in the dominions of the ex-Empress of France, the traveller will find cheering evidence of content and comfort amid the wretchedness and misrule which every where else prevail throughout a country blessed by nature, and cursed of man. Maria Louisa is married to the Count de Neipperg, formerly her chamberlain, a *mésalliance*, and, of course, not recognized: nor is it altogether because a foreign word, that *factotum*, applied to the count, is marked in italics by Bourrienne. The marriage either had, or should have, taken place long before 1825, when it was first acknowledged.

The Duke of Reichstadt—who, as King of Rome, had lost a crown before he could know its value, or deplore its loss—the sole issue of Napoleon's marriage with Maria, has constantly resided in Austria since the abdication of his parents in 1814, and chiefly at Vienna or Olmütz. Some years ago, the translator frequently saw the duke at Vienna. He was then a handsome, slightly formed, and very interesting-looking boy, in full possession of great animal spirits; his favourite employments then seemed to be riding and driving. In the upper part of his countenance, he strongly resembles his father; in the lower, the obtuser and less distinct contour of the German physiognomy prevails over the more delicate and well-defined outlines of the Italian features. Much has been said of the education given to this singularly-fated individual. From good information, the writer was led to regard it as extremely, culpably, and intentionally defective. Two instances may suffice: Professor M——, of Vienna, so well known as a linguist, under whom the translator studied German literature, stated to him, that several years had been devoted to conning over the most obscure portion of the history of Switzerland, with the duke, to the careful exclusion of all knowledge of European history of a late date. The professor also stated, that a colleague of his own had braved the imperial resentment, and resigned his situation of tutor to the duke, because a police agent regularly took his station in the room during the hours of communication between the preceptor and his pupil! The translator does not guarantee the truth of these statements, but pledges himself for the fact of their having been communicated to him, and from a source not likely to be deceived.

Note B. Page 108.

Moreau, (Jean Victor,) born at Morlaix, in Brittany, August 11, 1763, was of respectable parentage. When the commencing disputes that terminated in the Revolution broke out, he resided at Rennes, as a student of law. He disliked the profession for which his friends had

destined him: the times were calculated to increase his love of a military career; and after having once inlisted clandestinely into a regiment from which his release had been purchased, he determined to embrace the offer of commanding a body of volunteers from his native province, and with them joined the army of the north. Pichegru, the commander-in-chief, was his friend; his own genius and ardent study of the theory of war did the rest; and in 1793, at the age of thirty, we find him general of division. In the campaign of 1794, Moreau most highly distinguished himself in the Netherlands: but, while pursuing a course of victory, he was deprived of his father, who fell a victim to the democratic rage of the very men whom the son served with such faithfulness. Nor can we easily pardon that ambition which stifled in Moreau's breast the yearnings of natural affection, and thus made him the voluntary servant of a parent's murderers. He had his reward; for, after assisting in the wonderful conquest of Holland, during a winter campaign, he was made general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine and Moselle. In this capacity, during the campaign of 1796, he passed the Rhine, defeated first Wurmser, and afterwards the Archduke Charles. But, in the end, having been led forward by the retreat, while he was weakened by the brave resistance of Prince Charles, he found himself, in turn, obliged to retire before the fresh reinforcements which had joined the Austrians.

It was on this occasion that he peformed his famous retreat through the Black Forest,—an achievement which added more to his reputation than many victories. In the next campaign of 1797, he took the baggage of General Klingen, in which, as recorded in the text, were found the proofs of his old friend Pichegru's apostacy. By his tardiness in not forwarding these until the discovery had been make elsewhere, he incurred the displeasure of the Directory. During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, Moreau commanded both in Germany and Italy; and, though personally successful, general calamity rendered his partial triumphs unavailing. Subsequent events identify his history with the narrative in the text.

After his mock trial, Moreau passed the succeeding

eight years in America, upon an estate at some distance from Philadelphia. The motives and means which induced him, in 1813, to join the allies, are detailed by Bourrienne, not without some share of the indignation with which that fact is still remembered in France. Such animadversions are just; nothing can excuse bearing arms in a hostile army against our native country, whoever may, for the moment, be at the head of her affairs. Moreau's motives now, for the first time, certainly appear. They were detestable: he fought not in the cause of his lawful sovereign, but for himself; not against Bonaparte as the enslaver of his country, but as a rival, from whose downfall he hoped his own exaltation.

The Vignette to the present volume represents the scene of his fall. The monument is erected on the spot where he was struck down by a discharge from some flying artillery planted among the trees, which are seen extending from the walls of Dresden, a little to the left. The foreground is the face of the height by which the Russian army was covered, and behind which it was stationed. Moreau and Alexander, with Lord Cathcart and Sir Robert Wilson, had come forward to make a reconnoissance; Moreau was somewhat in advance of the Emperor when the shot took effect.

Macdonald, (*Charles Louis James*,) born in Sancerre, November 17, 1765, is the son of a gentleman of the family of Clanronald, who, in 1745, had joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and who, after the battle of Culloden, fled to France, having rendered services of rather a conspicuous nature, as commissary for the rebel army. At an early age, young Macdonald entered, as sub-lieutenant, or ensign, the regiment of Dillon, composed chiefly of Scotch and Irish, in the French service. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he embraced its principles, but without participating in its excesses and crimes. In 1794, we find Macdonald a colonel; and, next campaign, as general of brigade, in the conquest of Holland, he began to be known beyond the ranks of the French army. One of the most astonishing acts of that memorable winter campaign, was Macdonald's passage of the Waal on the ice, in face of the batteries of Nimeguen. From

serving on this frontier, Macdonald had little correspondence with Bonaparte, till after the return from Egypt, when his name occurs among the supporters of the future Consul. But Napoleon had discovered the honest republican principles of Macdonald, and disposed of his opposition by sending him on distant missions. In 1803, on returning from Copenhagen, he expressed, in high terms, his indignation against the trial and banishment of Moreau; and thenceforth, till 1809, remained unnoticed, and lived in retirement in the country. When the immense forces of the Austrian empire were in arms, with the assistance of Russia in perspective, Bonaparte remembered the cool judgment and steady bravery of Macdonald, and gave him a command in Italy. From Italy the general drove the Austrians through the defiles of the Alps — followed them into the heart of their own empire — astonished Napoleon by joining him just as the battle of Wagram was about to commence, and, as stated in the documents quoted in the text, p. 41, gained a marshal's baton on that field, the best planned and best fought of all Bonaparte's battles. Among all the marshals of France, there was not one so pure from every stain on the soldier's character — so daringly honest with Napoleon in his prosperity — so lastingly true to him in his adversity, as this his only Scottish officer. He was no less faithful to Louis, resisting every solicitation of his ancient leader. Nor, as the reader finds, were the Bourbons ungrateful; chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and peer of France, Macdonald enjoys the highest honours of soldiership. After the Restoration, many officers who held gratuities in other countries, stipulated to retain them. Madame Moreau, the widow of Macdonald's ancient friend, secretly applied to powerful friends at the Neapolitan court, that the revenues of the dukedom of Tarentum might be continued. The Marshal getting knowledge of this circumstance, wrote immediately to the French plenipotentiary, prohibiting all interference. "The King of Naples," said the high-minded soldier, "owes me nothing, for having beaten his army, revolutionized his kingdom, and forced himself to seek refuge in Sicily." The King of Naples, being informed of this, said, — "Had I not laid it down as a principle, to maintain none of the

French endowments, I would have made an exception in favour of Marshal Macdonald."

The political services of the Duke in the Chamber of Peers, since the second restoration, have been equally remarkable for their wisdom and moderation, as they were prior to the return from Elba. In fact, had two measures, one for the remuneration of the emigrants, whose property had passed into other hands, and another for the fulfilment of the imperial grants, been passed, the disasters of 1815 might have been avoided by France. The Marshal has been twice married; his first wife was one of the most beautiful women in France, Mademoiselle Lemonville; the second was the widow of a brother-in-arms, General Joubert. He has daughters, but unfortunately cannot fulfil his promise of transmitting to a son the sword of his chief, so honourably presented—the gift of gratitude and the reward of fidelity.

In 1820, Macdonald passed several months in Scotland, chiefly among his clansmen in the Highlands and Hebrides. Respecting this visit a singular tradition is received in France,—namely, that on being introduced to Sir Walter Scott, the Marshal offered to place at the disposal of the historian, authentic and unpublished intelligence on certain important and misrepresented events. Sir Walter declined the proffered aid, with the remark, "Thank you, Marshal, but I prefer taking my materials from popular and current reports." We relegate this to the class of fables.—*Duke of Tarentum.*

Marmont, (*Frederic Louis,*) was born of a noble family at Chatillon, upon the Seine, July 20, 1774: and entering the army at an early age, was among the first military companions of Bonaparte. Their intimacy commenced at Toulon, and throughout the whole of the *Memoirs*, Marmont consequently appears frequently. Marmont's military genius is of a high order, and his defeat at Salamanca—where he lost an arm—aided as he was by the talents and fame of Soult, redounds to the glory of the Duke of Wellington. Marmont remained faithful to the Bourbons without having ungratefully abandoned Napoleon; and on this subject Bourriene's details are very interesting. The history of this Marshal, however, supplies a striking

instance of the great injustice of the world, both in its praise and censure. In 1814, Marmont became the idol of popular applause, from his celebrated defence of Paris, as narrated in the present volume. But, after all, this act was a mere bravado—an unavailing, hopeless spilling of human blood; for Marmont knew, and all knew, that Paris could not finally be defended; since, while no assistance was expected, its protracted fall could be of no value. Under these circumstances, the sparing of the French capital was solely an act of generosity on the part of the allies; nor can there be any doubt, had they not been generous, that Marmont had brought upon himself, upon his brave surviving followers, and upon Paris, the military consequences of defending a post with an inadequate force, and with the intention of merely causing loss. At the present moment, again, Marmont is the object of detestation, for having adhered to the cause of his sovereign, in the defence of a post intrusted to his fidelity. In resisting, by force of arms, during the late fearful transactions in Paris, the Marshal probably urged the performance of a painful duty; but, nevertheless, a duty: nor ought the chaplet of his just fame, gained in so many contests, for his country's honour, be now torn from his silvered head, because a stern necessity has tried his soldierly faithfulness and obedience.—*Duke of Ragusa*, 1809.

Note C. Page 114.

Poniatowski, (*Joseph*,) nephew of Stanislaus Augustus, the last King of Poland, was born 9th May, 1763, at Warsaw. From an early age, and throughout his career, when not led by the influence of the king, his uncle, he displayed wonderful activity, and great love of his country. But that influence often paralyzed his energies, and gave to his conduct an apparent irresolution, which brought it under suspicion with the different parties. During the campaign of 1792, he fought the Russians, in the commencement of the contest shewing great zeal and foresight, but, in the end, he allowed himself to be more intimidated by the orders of the court than by the

progress of the enemy. After the accession of his uncle to the confederationo Targowitz, Prince Poniatowski took leave with the greater part of his best officers: but, in 1794, when the Poles again essayed to expel the Russians, he returned to the Polish camp as a volunteer. This noble conduct gained the esteem of the whole nation. Kosciusko confided to him a separate division, with which he rendered important services during both sieges of Warsaw. When all hopes of restoring Polish liberty fell with Kosciusko, Poniatowski retired into private life, refusing splendid offers, both from Catharine and Paul, in the Russian service. When the creation of the grand-duchy of Warsaw awakened once again the ardent longings of Polish patriotism, Poniatowski accepted the office of minister of war. As commander-in-chief, with very inferior forces, he obliged the Archduke Ferdinand to retreat. In 1812, the Russian expedition called him again, "not willing, to the field," at the head of the Polish army. The circumstances of the death of the prince are described in the text. The monument erected in the garden of M. de Reichenbach is not, however, a sarcophagus, but a simple square pedestal, terminating in a very obtuse pyramid. It is granite, not marble, and overhung by the light foliage of the acacia, not the weeping willow. The very amiable proprietor of this sweet, but melancholy spot, told the translator, that the prince was shot from behind a clump of firs growing at a little distance, by soldiers of the enemy, just as he was about to leap his horse into the river. The prince left a natural son: the royal line of Poland exists only in a collateral branch.

These brief notices may be closed with the life of a commander, whose career is traced in the text, from his first appearance in arms, until he became second in rank to Napoleon alone. *Eugene Beauharnais* was born in Brittany, on the 3d September, 1780. The death of the father, as already related, had exposed the boyhood of his son to severe privations. As a security against the dangers to which a noble descent drew upon the most illustrious names in those times of democratic rage, the future

viceroy served as an apprentice to a joiner Rue de l'Echelle. In this street was living, not many years since, a lady, who recollected often to have seen him with a deal upon his shoulder. In his fifteenth year, learning that his father's sword had come into the possession of General Bonaparte, he resolved in person to request its restoration. "Well, my brave youth, what would you?"—"General, I come to ask from you my father's sword?"—"Who is he?"—"Count Alexander Beauharnais." The countenance, bearing, and frank procedure of the youth, pleased Bonaparte, who immediately placed in his hands the relic which he sought. Eugene covered it with tears and kisses, and gratefully took his leave. To Josephine's visit of thanks for the attention paid to her son, has been erroneously assigned the commencement of that correspondence which issued in consequences so important to both. They had previously met at the table of Barras.

In 1797, the young Beauharnais joined his father-in-law, then before Mantua, as aide-de-camp. From this period to the abdication in 1814, he was constantly in the field, or, during brief intervals of peace, actively engaged in the discharge of the highest civil offices. He formd one in the Egyptian expedition, and was naturally among the few selected to accompany Bonaparte in his daring flight along the Mediterranean. Our author has described the sorrowful meeting of Madame Bonaparte with her husband, and the affection of her son, ready to forego all his prospects, and abide by his mother's fate; nor can there be a doubt, that if Bonaparte ever seriously entertained a resolution to repudiate Josephine at this time, his attachment for Eugene aided effectually in combating such a determination. Another eyewitness has graphically described the part allotted to young Beauharnais in the tragi-comedy of the 18th Brumaire. On that morning he entertained at breakfast, in his own lodgings, a party of junior officers, whom he had directions afterwards to conduct to the grand reunion at the Hôtel Bonaparte. During breakfast, one of these thoughtless youths amused his companions by mimicking the foibles of the members of Directory. Each of these sallies was received with loud acclamations; and thus they set out in

a fit mood for treating with violence those whom they had just overwhelmed with ridicule.

The fortunes of the house being established by the Consulate, Eugene received the command of a brigade of the consular guard, at the head of which he distinguished himself in the "day of Marengo." In the interval, he rose through various subordinate grades, and, on the foundation of the empire in 1804, was created prince. In the succeeding year he became viceroy of Italy. After the victories of Jena and Austerlitz, in which his gallantry had been conspicuous, Eugene was raised to new dignities, being declared Prince of Venice, successor to the Iron Crown, and a few months later, in the commencement of 1806, received from Napoleon the hand of the Princess Augusta Amelia, daughter of the King of Bavaria. The honest declaration of Rapp, as contained in the text, shews that these honours were conferred with the general approbation. The interval of comparative peace which succeeded, Eugene passed in his Italian government; and, had it been possible for any administrator of Napoleon's measures to retain popularity, the viceroy would have preserved his; and it is a very unfair inference, that, because the Italians were against him in 1814, he did not therefore merit their support: the support of Italians has ever been given to the strongest.

In the Austrian campaign of 1809, Eugene displayed his usual intrepidity and conduct. After defeating the Austrian armies opposed to him in Italy, he forced the passes of the Alps, penetrated into Hungary, then defeated the Archduke John, in the important battle of Raab, and joined the Emperor most opportunely, to share in the decisive victory of Wagram. But, in recompense of these exertions, he reaped the disappointment of his own hopes, and beheld the elevation of an Austrian Princess to the imperial throne of Josephine. For the honour of both mother and son, Eugene instantly determined on retiring; but the forsaken Empress absolutely forbade such a step. The succeeding spring added a final dignity to the viceroy, in his appointment to the succession of the grand-duchy of Frankfort, an accession which rendered him one of the wealthiest princes of Europe. During

the campaigns of 1812–13, the son of Josephine lent most effectual support to the falling fortunes of Napoleon. In the fatal retreat from Moscow, with the exception of Ney, he was the only commander who maintained something like discipline among his troops. The subsequent events in Italy, during the winter and spring of 1814, are detailed by Bourrienne. To oppose the hostility of the Austrians, and the treachery of Murat, required no ordinary talent; while both were resisted by the viceroy, with equal prudence and resolution, until resistance could no longer avail.

Escaping from Italy to the court of Bavaria, Beauharnais was soon summoned to Paris, by the death of his mother. On his visit to the Tuileries, he caused himself to be announced under his father's title, Viscount Beauharnais. Louis XVIII. received him graciously, addressed him by the title of prince, and offered a residence in France, with his rank of prince and marshal. These Eugene refused, on the score that he must then, as junior, be below all the marshals whom he had formerly commanded, and again retired to Munich. In the intrigues which preceded, or in the events consequent on the return from Elba in 1815, there is no evidence that Eugene interfered. Or, rather, Bourrienne proves, that though not ignorant of their existence, he in no wise participated therein. In the final arrangements, however, after the battle of Waterloo, the allied sovereigns stripped him of all his dignities and possessions, under pretence that he had conveyed information to Napoleon of their design to confine him in St Helena. Granting, however, such intimation to have been sent, the intention might have been good, rather than evil,—to encourage Napoleon to desist, and to make terms while he might, not to instigate him to tempt the uttermost. From this period, to his death, February 21, 1824, Eugene continued to reside at the court of his father-in-law, who had conferred upon him the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg, or with his sister, in a beautiful retreat on the lake of Constance.

Little justice has been done by English writers to the character of this eminent individual. From French

authors, and men of all characters in France, whose opinions are farther corroborated by his actions, we might quote conclusions, which rightly place him in military science not inferior to the best, and in the qualities of the heart, equal to any, and far superior to most, of Napoleon's commanders.

THE END.

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